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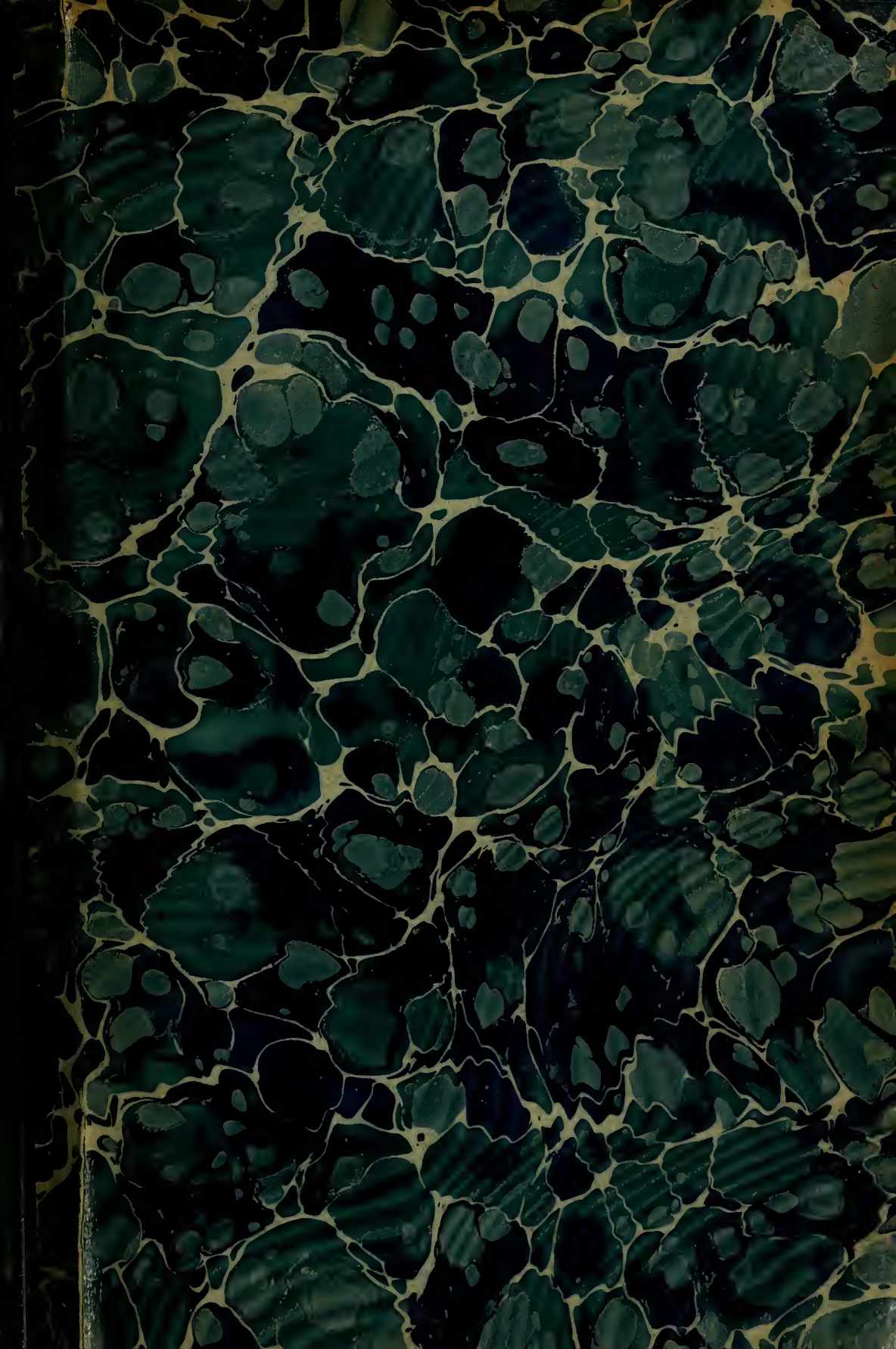
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The Overland Monthly

Vol. LXXI—Second Series

January-June 1918



OVERLAND MONTHLY CO., Publishers

259 MINNA STREET

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of OVERLAND MONTHLY, published monthly at San Francisco, Cal., for April 1, 1918.

State of California, County of San Francisco/ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. Marriott, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, F. Marriott, 259 Minna St., San Francisco. Editor, O. Black, 259 Minna St., San Francisco. Managing Editor, O. Black, 259 Minna St., San Francisco. Business Manager, F. Marriott, 259 Minna St., San Francisco.

2. That the owner is F. Marriott.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

F. MARRIOTT,

Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1918.

(Seal)

MARTIN ARONSOHN,

Notary Public in and for the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

(My commission expires September 20, 1919.)

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JANUARY - 1918



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*Picturesque Scenes in the Valleys and
Mountains of California*



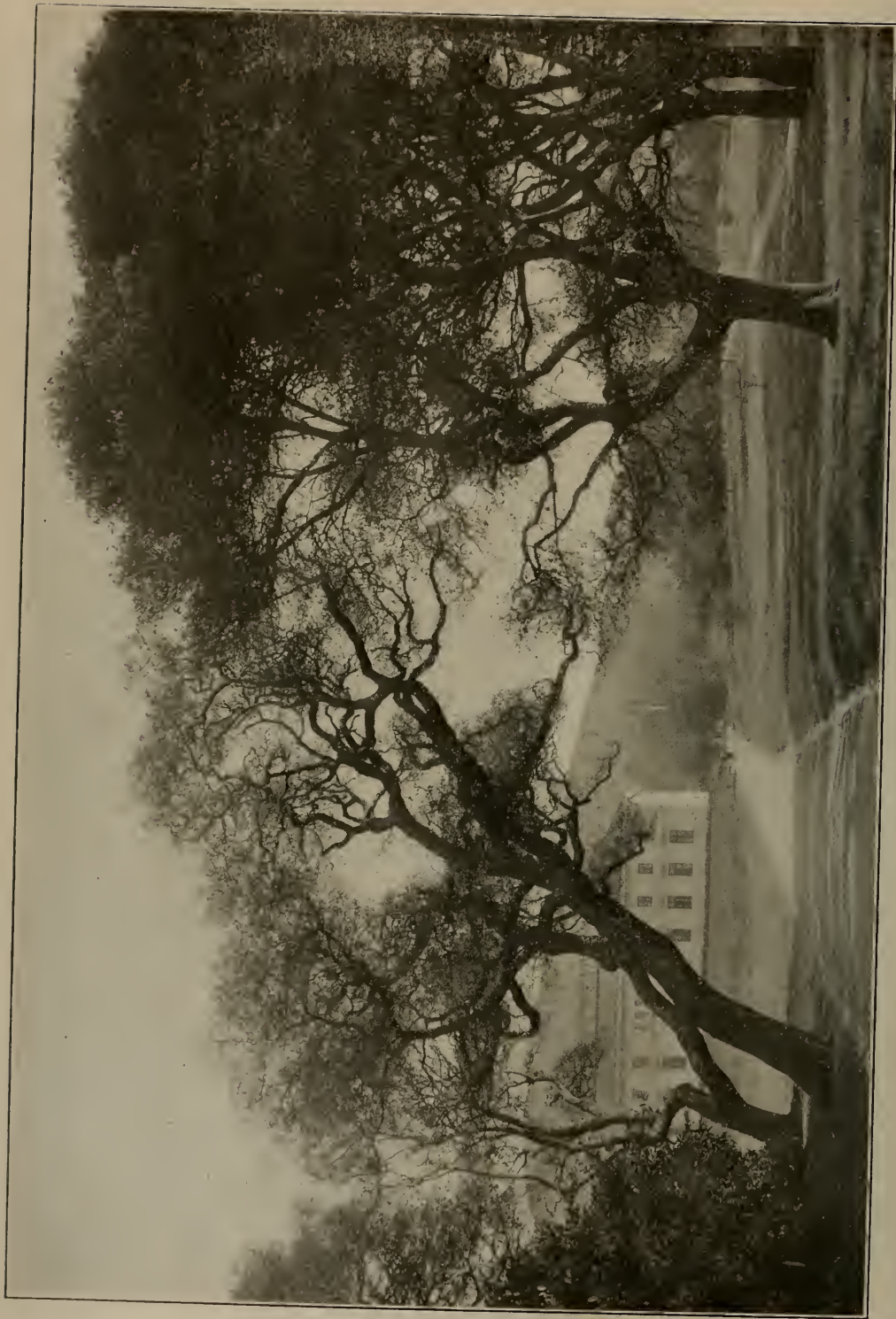
Ostrich Tree (Monterey cypress), Monterey, bordering the Pacific Ocean.



Passing a picturesque bit of mountain scenery.



In a level redwood forest of California.



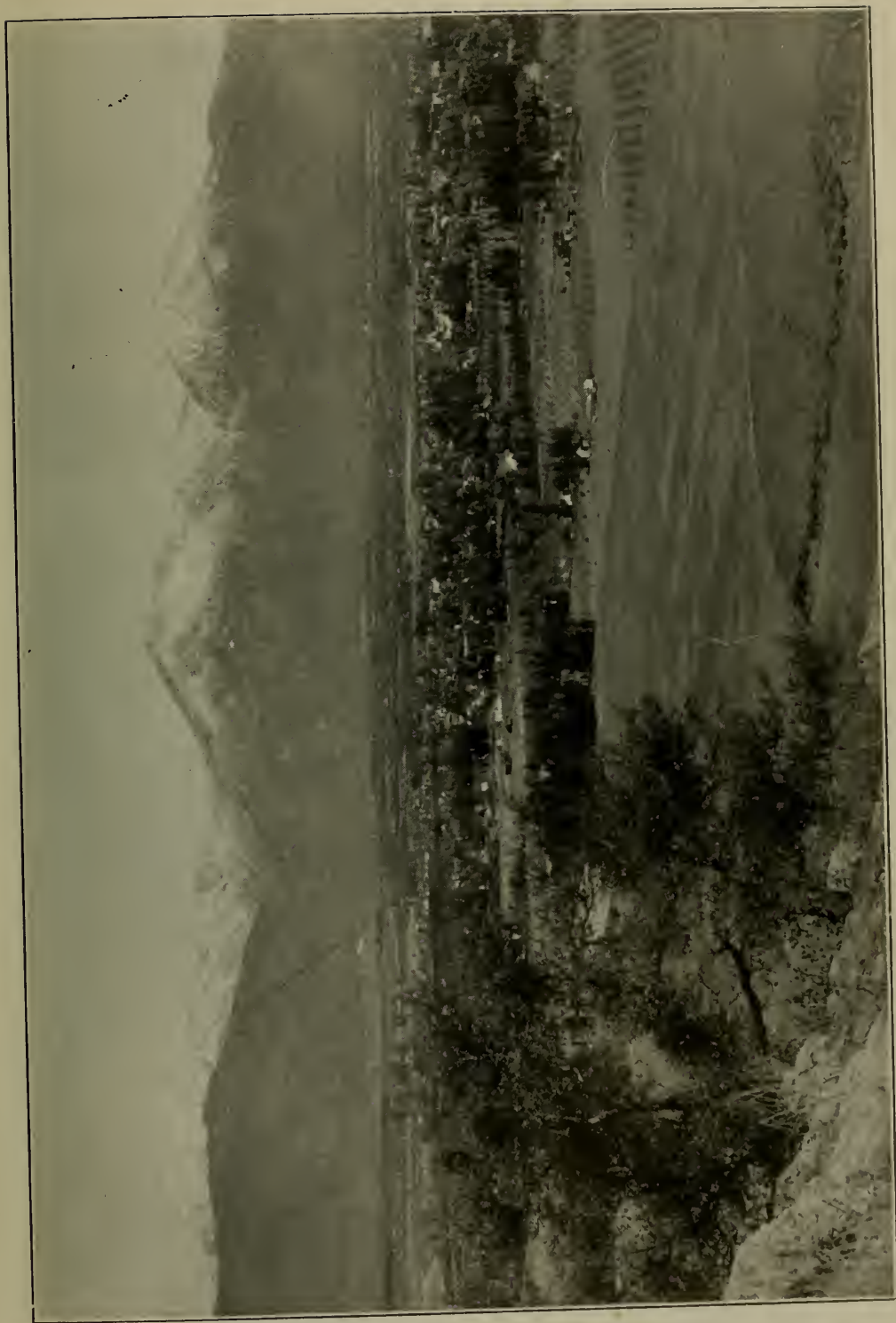
The oak ringed campus, University of California



Browsing sheep in the foothills.



A corner of the Tallac meadows near beautiful Lake Tahoe, Sierra Nevada Mountains.



City of Pomona, Southern California, snow-covered mountains in the distance.



Motoring through the snow down a lateral road of the Great Highway.



On the western slope of the Santa Lucia Mountains sloping to the Pacific Ocean shore.



View of Honolulu from "The Punchbowl."



Tomb of the Kamehameha dynasty, Nuanu Valley, Honolulu.

Aloha Oe, Liliuokalani

By Henry H. Hart, Member Hawaiian Historical Society

AUWE, auwe, ua make kuu Ali 'i.
Aole e hoi hou mai,"
(Alas! alas! dead is my chief
And no more will return.)

Thus goes up the wail for the dead
from all Hawaii, wherever dwell the
sons of Wakea.

To far-off Niihau the winds have
carried the sad tidings. Kona and
Puna and Waipio have heard it. Bleak
Molokai and fair Maui know it.

"Auwe, auwe." From every cottage
and hut and hamlet, from Kona's lava
coast to Kauai's barking sands, hark!

comes the wailing kanikau, a people
grieving for its queen. Hear it, as in
shrill, quavering accents its barbarous
cadence is borne far out to sea, even to
Waipio's ancient cliff, hailing the spirit
winging its way to lua Milu, hastening
to meet its loved ones of the house of
Keawe-a-heulu who await it. There
they stand in ghostly array, those who
have gone before. Kaiulani is there,
born to the purple, shorn of her birth-
right. And there stand Likelike, and
Leleiohoku, whose death cleared the
way to Kalakaua's throne. Emma, be-



The late recent Queen Liliuokalani.

loved of her people, and all the long, long line of Kamehamehas.

Again the dirge is borne to us, now weirdly rising, now falling, as the breaking waves upon the shore.

It sings of coral reefs and purple seas, the green of palms, the sweep of snow-white sands along the shore. It chants of the days that are no more, when the gods walked on earth with men, of heroes and of giants, of bloody war and sacred peace. Hear the crooning kahuna, calling death upon royalty's foe, hear the lusty cries of the rowers, urging the war canoe o'er the waves to conquest.

Now the song changes. It recites the deeds of the House of Keawe, bravest of the brave. It sings of the breaking of the tabu, of the death of the old gods. We see Kapiolani daring the wrath of Pele, now made impotent by the God of Elijah, the noble deeds of all the race, the line of Kalakau. The singer chants the tale of how they first came to Hawaii's land, in the dim, dark days of old. Then Pele reigned supreme, and man was held in cruel

dominion. Far back to great Kahiki, land of the south, ran unbroken the line of Keawe-a-heulu.

"Auwe, auwe, ua make kuu Ali'i." Alas, alas, gone is our chief, and now is the name no more.

Thus, though young Hawaii may have forgotten, old Hawaii remembers. The years of missionary teaching, the greed and the gain of the haole (foreigner), the century of civilization, all fall away as the husk from the coconut. The dim eye of the mourner brightens in memory of the life that was. He recalls the rule of Kamehameha, Napoleon of the Pacific. Again he hears the tales of his fathers, told around the poi bowl, tales of the pomp and the glory of the days that are past. As in a mist he sees the barbaric glory of the kings. The kahili and the feather cloak, dread emblems of sovereignty, are borne before the chief. Again the people kneel in haste, lest their shadow pollute the royal pres-



Tomb of the Kalakana dynasty, the burial place of Liliuokalani, Nuwanu Valley,



Kamehameha IV.

ence. Again does the heiau, temple of the gods of Polynesia, run red with victims' blood, and faintly echo the songs of kahuna and of chief within the forbidden walls, calling on the god of war.

And now to the dreamer of dreams, to him of the race that is passing from the earth like the shadow before the light, comes the sound of soft crooning. Through the thick purple velvet of the star-sprinkled night, mingling with the soft lapping of the waves on the moon-kissed beach comes the throb of a drum. Throb-throb-throb, never ceasing, never changing, now booming louder, now sinking softer, hark how the hula drum, the great pahu hula, older than Pele, as old as Wakea, sends forth its summons. And now, see. The people gather, with gourds and with torches, with rattles and nose-flutes, old men and young men, women and children.

Not the modern hula, this, bastard of dance halls, but the chanted song and story of the kings of old Hawaii,

to the glory of the dead, and the honor of the living. Now step forth the dancers, swaying gently to the music, every muscle in their bodies responsive to the rhythm, telling the tale with gesture and with posture, as they chant the ole and the mele. How strange the whole scene is, lighted by the moon and stars and torches! This is old Hawaii, untouched by civilization.

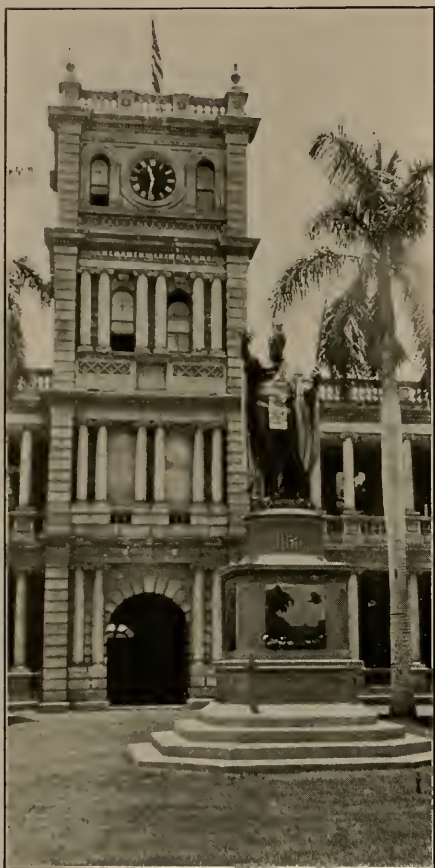
They sing of the glory of Keawe, of the line of Liliuokalani, and on the breeze the words are carried:

"A burst of smoke arises, from Pele's
pit unto the skies,
Hawaii is beneath, birth-land of
Keawe,
Where landed the chief from Kahiki,
From his voyage on the dark-blue
waters."

The swift tropic dawn is approaching. Through the leaves of the hala and the palm the skies grow pink and pearl and silver. The chill wind, first herald of the dawn, sweeps down from cliff and headland. The dancers grow



Kamehameha V.



Statue of Kamehameha in front of the Judiciary Building, Honolulu.

weary, their gestures weak and lifeless. Silent is the pahu hula, the great drum of the hula. Silent are the nose-flutes, the calabash and rattle. Now the song reaches its end, in one long, plaintive wail:

"Po Puna, Po Hilo."—

"Night, it is night o'er Puna and Hilo."

Yea, and it is night in all the length and breadth of fair Hawaii nei. For its last great ali'i is dead. The last tie that bound Hawaii of today with that of yesterday has been severed by the passing of Liliuokalani. The last heir to the throne of the noble Kamehameha has gone to the great beyond, and with her has departed the remnant of the glory that was once Hawaii's.

When she shall have been laid to her rest in beautiful, storied Nuuanu where once played gods and goddesses, when the gates of the tomb of the Kalakauas shall have closed upon her, when the black kahilis shall have been sadly borne back to the city which she loved, then will the most pathetic chapter in all Hawaiian history have been written.

Born a scion of the tabu chiefs, companion of kings and the children of kings, fate willed that she herself should ascend the throne, first reigning queen of the eight Hawaiian isles—and the last.

Yet misfortune was written in her name at birth—"Jealousy of Heaven"—for the time was out of joint, and in two short years she was shorn of crown and throne. Her palace became her prison—and from that prison came Hawaii's sweetest song, "Aloha Oe," written by Hawaii's captive queen.

But though no longer sheltered in Iolani, home of kings, she still remained the queen, queen of her fast-disappearing people, idol of their hearts. Their fealty was as loyal to her in holoku as it had been in gown of state, and who would rather be queen of a land than of the hearts of its people?

To many a thousand souls, of the sea-girt isles Queen "Lil" was the embodiment of old Hawaii, last representative of that mighty race whose deeds of valor and of wisdom were sung by the bards of their people long ere the prow of Leif Erikson ploughed the seas, a race whose fathers, also children of the sea, ventured forth when the earth was young, out of the unknown night of the south, and came up out of fabled Kahiki, conquering the land of Pele. Then the land was the king's, and his the lives of the people. Life was simple and was good, the sun was warm, and the earth teemed with fruit. Then in his white-winged ships came the haole, with his rum and his vice, his clothes and his hymns, and from that day the sun has grown dim for the child of Wakea.

The white man has been too strong for the brown man, as they have ever

been since time began, as they ever will be until the brown man passes from earth—and he is passing swiftly. The same sad story is sung by the waves on every land of the broad Pacific. And so has it been with Hawaii nei, “each isle a stanza, and the whole a song.”

As the white man came with death, so has the brown man departed in death. It was but four generations from the tragedy of Cook at Kealakekua to the memorable day at Iolani Palace, in January, 1893, when the late queen relinquished the throne of her fathers. They fitly mark the beginning and the end of the eternal conflict between the white and the brown man in Polynesia. And, as ever, the white man is victorious.

Deposed, Washington Place became her palace-ancestral home of her white husband, the late John Owen Dominis. To her beloved Hawaiians she was yet their lawful queen, child of Heaven. To her they owed and gave an unquestioning fealty, and her home became for them the center of Hawaiian life. Outside its door they would fall on their knees, and, thus walking, pass into the presence of their ali'i—strangely reminiscent of the kolo-kolo of their fathers, who thus approached the royal presence, and who thus prostrated themselves at the mere mention of the name of the sovereign, or at sight of his food or possessions.

Whatever the American, stanch republican as he is, may think of such barbaric practices, there was always something pathetic in the sight of this train of old, bent forms of ancient servitors, thus rendering their homage to a weak, gray-haired old woman—a common mortal, no longer able to enforce one small prerogative of that exalted rank into which she had been born. But her people gave her this loyalty as freely as though the power of life and death were still in her hands. It was the last homage of a dying race to its ancient ideals.

One of the quaint ways in which Liliuokalani's people strove to show their love was by the ancient custom of



Mrs. C. R. Bishop (Bernice Pauaha).

hookupu—the “gift-bearing” to the sovereign. From the blind beggar at the street corner to the proud descendant of tabu chiefs, they would crowd in to see their queen, each bearing a gift, heaping them in a huge pile outside the house. They were free-will offerings, given out of the fulness of their hearts to the queen they loved so well, yet whom they were so powerless to help regain that power which they believed to be hers by divine right. The queen could not know the donors, and they did not seek to be known. They were simply paying their ancient feudal rent in kind, after the manner of their fathers before them, since that day when first Pele took up her abode in Kilauea of Hawaii.

The gifts were the best they had—fowls, squeaking pigs, tara wrapped in fresh green ti leaves, bananas, fish of varied hues, and cocoanuts, and, best of all, their generous, unstinted, unselfish love for their queen.

In 1838, the birth year of Liliuokalani, the missionaries had been in the



Print of an old-time native hut. Very few of these are now remaining on the islands.

islands but two decades. Admitted on sufferance by the king and his high chiefs, those who followed them sought to rule behind the sheltering feather cloak of royalty. All teaching was in the hands of the haole, and he used it well. For when he taught the docile, soft-voiced Polynesian the doctrine of submission he failed to teach him how to save himself from the vices of the white civilization which he brought with him. He took away the graceful island dress and gave the holoku instead—a mother-hubbard of the style of 1820—and useless clothes. For him nakedness was heathenish, even though healthy. And the native meekly donned them—and died as

never before. Then newcomers realized the value of the land, and acquired it for themselves, and prospered thereon. As one old Hawaiian naively, yet bitterly put it: "They told us about Heaven, and while we were looking up, they took everything we had."

With landed property came the necessity of more laws, urged upon and passed by the meek natives at the instance of the haole, until finally, throwing off all pretence, he ascended the seat of power in his own name.

The monarchy fell. No need here to tell the tale. The young republic entered upon its career of four short years. Then came annexation day.

On that sad day



Queen Emma, wife of Kamehameha IV, King of the Hawaiian Islands.



Early polo grounds at Moanalua, Honolulu.

when a nation died, no true and loyal Hawaiian walked abroad, and the skies themselves wept bitterly. For the last time the band played "Hawaii Pono" as the national anthem. There following the salute of twenty-one guns, the last to honor the eight-barred banner of Hawaii. At noon "taps" sounded its ever melancholy note, the beautiful flag slowly and gracefully sank from the masthead—even as gently and unprotestingly as Hawaii's sons have ever lain down to their eternal rest—and the Hawaiian nation had forever passed away.

Hawaii was American, as it was destined to be from the day the Stars and Stripes first displaced the Mexican eagle on the coast of the Pacific. The seed was sown at Kailua, the day the missionary came — the fruit was reaped by the children of these same men, in the palace of the king.

That night Iolani Palace slept protected by Old Glory—and the same moon kept vigil as in the day of Maui the fisherman, and the ghostly palms whispered one to the other the old, old tales of love and hate, of war and peace, of all that they had seen on the shores of the eight seas of Hawaii, since the keels of the war canoes of the conqueror had first grated on their sands.

The haole had rendered his account to the land whence he had come, and the nation which had given to the world its greatest island king had ceased to be.

And now the last of that great race has gone, and old Hawaii is no more.

Well may the women tear their hair. Well may Hawaii's people keep their vigil all the night, till dawn tinges Haleakala with rosy light. Well may they listen to the voice of the spirit in the sigh of the



Princess Victoria, Kamamalu, sister of Kamehameha IV.

night wind and the rush of the waters
on the snow-white sands. For their
light has gone out, and there is naught
for them but to patiently await until
they too shall be summoned to take
their places with their beloved in the
land of Po.

"Auwe, auwe, ua make kuu Ali 'i,
Aole e hoi hou mai."
Alas, alas, dead is my chief,
Dead is my liege and my friend.
* * * * *
Alas, alas, gone is my friend,
And no more will return.

MY SONG

The Northern pine in the rock-ribbed hills,
The canyon stream a thread below,
The wide plateaus where the keen wind blows
The timber line and the glacier snows
Have waited for me I know.

How can I rest in the little hut
Where the corn rows bake in the sun,
While the thrill's inside and the call's outside
And the road is stretching far and wide
And my song and I are young?

As I go out of the little gate
I look again to the brown hut there;
A blue jay sits on the step at the door
And questions if I shall return once more—
But songs are not sung of brown huts bare.

My song is the voice of the pines and fir
And the pine seeds hid in the needles dark,
The winds that stir, the cricket's chirr,
The night hawk's cry, the pheasant's whirr
And the life that thrills in the tamrack bark.

My song is the flame of the molten clouds
That hang in the sunset, gold and red;
Of the trail that leads to the mountain crest,
The camp fire's glow and the earth's cool rest
And the spaces and stars o'er head.

My song is the sweep where the sage grows thin
And the wild lands piled to the sky;
The mottled plain all parched with age,
The rattler curled there under the sage
And the eagle that soars on high.

The corn stalks stand so crisp and sere
And the day is scarce begun—
Why should I wait at the small brown gate,
The road is clear and the sun sets late
And my song and I are young.

JOHN FOREST PARKER.

A Tahoe Serenade

By Ellen M. Del Port

THE Truckee River leads you playfully along its shoreline, bidding you hold your breath yet a little while, for soon you will have arrived at one of Nature's treasure palaces. Before you realize it, you have landed at the Tavern. It rises like a chalet planted on the shore of an Alpine lake, and you stop a moment to answer its welcome. You can see a strip of blue through the pines beyond; at first you think it's sky, but suddenly you wake from your reverie to realize that stretched out before

you, framed on all sides by giant mountains, is the lake itself.

The day is waning, and a pink-purple haze is rising in the sun's wake away across the clear, quiet, crystal waters to the shore beyond. It's quiet and dreamy, and you stop and wonder why one should travel farther. You kneel a while longer at this favorite shrine, and then reluctantly start off toward Emerald Bay, the Mecca of another dream.

In the calm, clear, brooding twilight you pass the brilliant lights of little



Nearing a Big Tree section.

homelike spots along the shoreline, glistening here and there like jewels in the dark green setting of mountains above and lake below. Farther on, the Rubicon Point juts out like a bit of enchanted isle; the horned moon is following just over the top of the pines, and you have a picture to stay in your mind as long as you keep alive the memory of this cherished spot.

Your little boat glides into Emerald Bay through a pine columned portal, and on the wings of Fancy you're entering a little lake of some Florentine villa; but no, your imagination need not serve you, for here is a Sierran gem in a new world setting, as old and as everlastingly beautiful in the moonlight as any haunt of that other world over which men have sung their sonnets for all these ages past.

You're in a sheltered cove now, with Tallac and the Maggie Peaks looming above like watching sentinels guarding the treasures scattered at their feet. Somewhere ahead there's a searchlight; a camp-fire, too, like a flaring tepee, blazes away near the shore; while here and there, all the way up the sloping hillside, the little lights glimmer through the trees, and something like a child's picture of a fiesta in Fairyland is now spread out before you.

Soon you have wafted over the little bay and stepped into this camp high up amongst the mountains, underneath the snow, with the soft, balmy breeze and the balsamy odor of pines wafting away your consciousness—leading you into this new Lotus-land, where the spirit catches the spell, the mind forgets and soul goes forth with soul on another road to Paradise.

Through the open flap of your tent you see the stars twinkling through the pines; you can hear a faint murmur like a forest prayer; there's a frog croaking away familiarly on the hillside above, a dog gives a last homelike bark, and then with the lullaby of the baby waves playing on the shore just underneath, you sink away and dream of a honeymoon with Mother Nature

high up in some misty cloud land of beauty and romance.

The dawn has made its slow, steady march along the night, and on the edge of your dream you hear a bird calling. The echo of Emerald Bay has sounded from Tahoe's shores to the Pacific, and as you hurry out, you wonder just how it compares with your mental picture.

At first it's startling; then lest it be but the fringe of your dream, you begin to drink it in. The calm, blue-emerald of this peaceful stretch of water, the snow packed high on the peaks above, the tall, stately pines lining the ridges, the little island half hidden just across, the granite boulders hanging to the mountain side—all these and more within this charming mountain wild wood; you're wide awake now with here a bit of Switzerland, there a glance of Scotland—all in your own wonder homeland of California.

Looking out through the little gateway down by Lone Pine Point, you behold again in the clear, bright sunshine of early morn, the long stretch of crystal lake, guarded by the giant mountains—Nature here in all her phases attesting to the power of something before and beyond man's dominion. Follow again along the line of pines within this jewel inlet, and you seem to lose the sense of bigness of the Lake beyond—the vast infinitude it seems to suggest a little sister to the Lake one might call it, carrying all the enchanting charm of the Lake itself, with a certain subtle fascinating tranquility—like the spell of youth or the memory of a first love down the vista of years.

A quiet walk over the soft, pine-needled path, bordered with the low, creeping, odorous wild lilac, the baby lupins, madrone, manzanita, wild sunflower, cypress and fir, and again you are on the Lake shore, looking over toward the Nevada side. Back again over a higher path, and you meet a few scattered Indians. Smilingly they greet you as you watch the primitive Darby and Joan illustration of twentieth century wedded bliss.

The afternoon finds you following



In the Bret Harte country on the way to the High Sierras.



Cave Rock, near Lake Tahoe, one of the largest watersheds in the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

the trail behind the camp toward Rubicon Valley. Somewhere back through the gap, there's a bit of Chamonix tucked between the mountains. Your eye follows the slopes, and up into the snow the trees rise stately and staunch, like a procession of climbers

scaling the perilous heights. The late sun sends a glistening flood of topaz over your picture and you start down the trail again to rest on the shore.

The camp fire finds you at night watching the blue-red ashes smouldering into dust, with stars above multi-

plied by thousands, pines reaching to the skies, Towering Tallac and the Maggie sisters standing over—hand in hand; and soon the mountain chill steals along and grudgingly you leave it all to the elves and fairies to prepare for you a feast for another day.

* * * *

The whirring buzz of a motor boat just after sun-up brings you out. The atmosphere is clear as crystal, the opposite shore but a span, and every pine stands out guarding its slanting shadow down the sloping hillside. A quiet stroll and one follows the path toward the little Swiss lodge, by the side of the elephant rock, down by the shore. A bed of pink tulips, another of purple pansies, with the suggestion of a Japanese garden as a background, makes this chosen spot an abode fit for the gods.

A row around the bay and straight ahead to where the fallen pine stretches out like a matrix in a clear-cut jewel; then the little Island beckons, and you steer for its pine clad shores. Its irresistible charm invites one up its rocky heights, and you climb up and down, and in and out until you find the mausoleum. And then they tell you this is Dead Man's Island, and you hear the story of the hermit who lived his days in this cherished spot, built his tomb amongst its rocky caverns, only to meet his end somewhere in the deep waters bordering his Island home.

The water has changed to pure emerald now; the Maggie Peak looks down over your head, Tallac peeps over the ridge across; you can see far out through the gateway to the Lake beyond; the roar of falling water is behind you, and you steal away from Mother Nature the memory of another Inspiration Point to cherish and ponder over when Fate has carried you far away from this storehouse of scenic grandeur, and when the commonplace of life stands out in your path like a black spectre of discontent, checking off your schedule of playtime to a moment here and there culled from

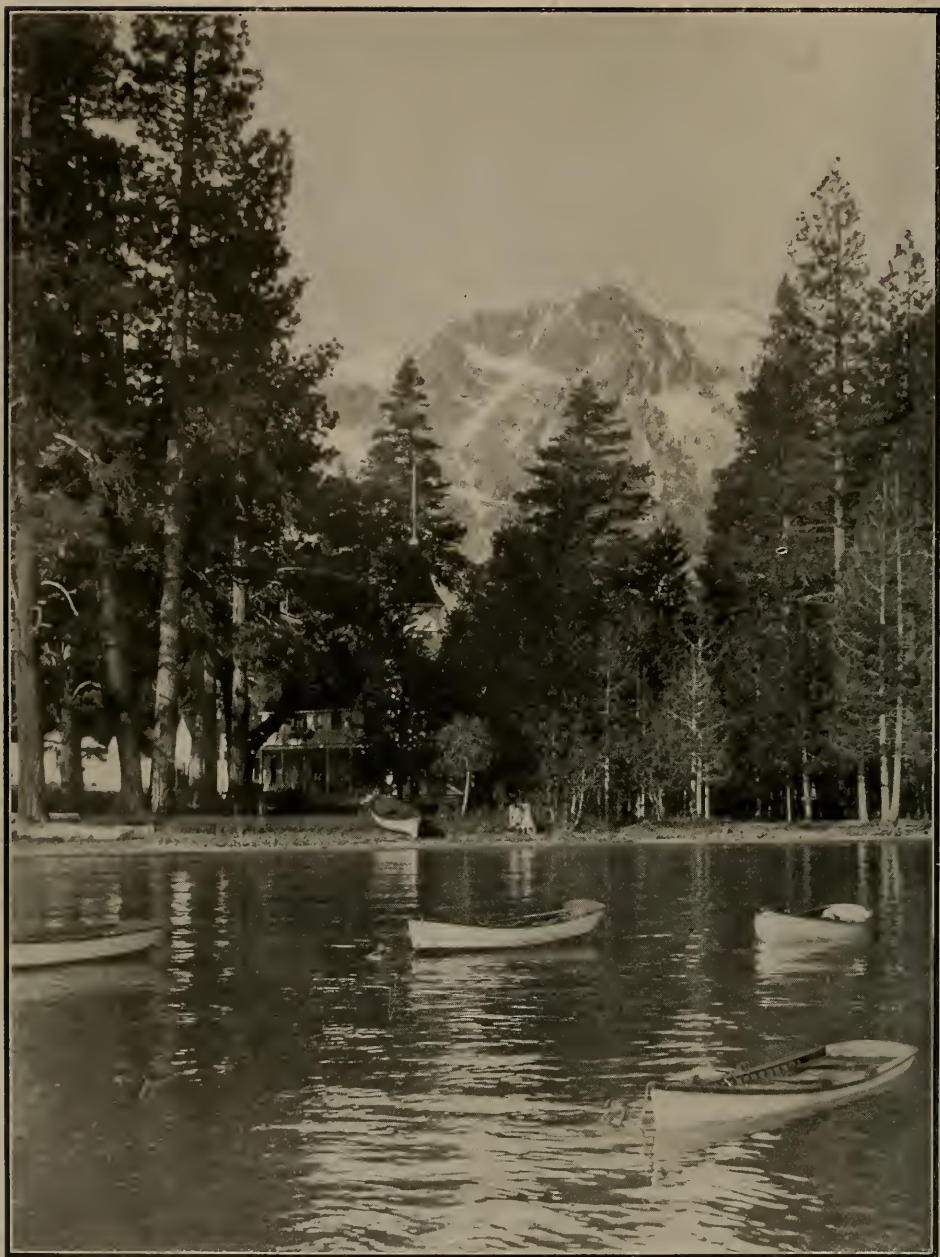
out a busy, gray, monotonous existence.

You row to shore and rest in a sylvan glade. The sun slowly ends his day just over the brink of a mountain snow-bed. The twilight steals along again; soon the camp-fire calls, and mingled with the strains of fairy music from somewhere in the trees you listen to a fish story of a trip to Granite Lake for trout—a story that sounded like the Peary-Cook expeditions to the North Pole.

But some one really found the Pole and the trout, too, for next morning we had a dainty morsel served for breakfast.

Then some one mentions a trip to the Falls and Eagle Lake, and off you start with a lunch and a picture in your mind of just how the trail winds. Up toward the Highway you can drink ice-cold water that gushes forth from little chiselled grottoes along the mountain side. You see as you skirt the ledge the fallen forest underneath, which some early snow-slide has wickedly torn away; above, down the side of Cathedral Mountain, a huge gap carved out of its side makes an amphitheatre as another display of Nature's queer caprices.

Soon you are on the Highway, with a vista before you far over the skyline of your most cherished dreams. Look now at the little Island, and you search in vain for another name to fit its beauty and charm. Away off, over the top of the tallest pines, Freel's Peak shoots up like a warning; Tallac, a little lower like a guardian angel; overhead, clear-cut against the blue, the rugged, rocky arches, spires and obelisks just out from Cathedral Peak like a Gothic study. Around another curve and the roar of Eagle Falls lures you on. You step down the natural stairway of huge table rocks and there stand by the side of this giant, roaring torrent, dashing furiously over the dizzy heights, throwing out a spray of silver beads—beating against a rocky dam and sending its flow over a second fall, larger and more furious than the first, then separating at its base into cascades and cataracts that



A southern corner of Lake Tahoe, Mt. Tallac in the distance.

flow on and on into tiny brooks and rivulets over the hillside.

You rest a bit and drink in the varied scenes stretched out like a feast before you. You're as high as the highest pine from the forest below. The little Island looks like a fairy's

haunt—something that dropped from above and might go away again in the night. The Bay has taken on another green, and around its rim stretches a border of jade. The snow-capped peaks just above you glisten and shimmer in the sunlight. The roar of the



Visitors on the way to the Big Trees.

Falls becomes a mountain symphony, and again you are lost—lost in a wonderful panoramic maze.

There's a cerise fox-glove growing out of a rock at your feet over which a purple butterfly hovers; you watch him flutter, and then, lured over the spray, he lands in a rainbow on the other side. Back he comes and you break away and follow him over the rocks, up onto the Highway, and then he points the way to a meadow, cool and shadowy, covered with thimble berries. Solomon's seal, delicate shaded ferns, blues that many an artist hungers for, and the queer, lonely, blood-red snow flower scattered strangely in these far sequestered mountain haunts.

You follow across the felled pine tree, past the huge abutting labyrinth of rock, jutting out like the entrance to an Egyptian temple, then over another fallen forest, and you're in a vale of snow. You climb over a slippery boulder, onto another trail bordered by weird, stretching cypresses; follow the sunlit path along the hillside, with a cool, rushing rivulet to your right, and soon you have reached your goal—Eagle Lake, cuddled in amongst the mountains. The lazy snow still clings to the sloping shores, the pines are

mirrored in the clear, quiet waters; overhead you see the other side of Maggie's Peak rising straight up as though it had been cut in two; another view of Cathedral Peak and its bold silhouette against the sky makes huge pyramids, Babylonish towers and temples; and again you stand ready to adore the power that shaped this magic, wondrous, solemn masterpiece.

You wander up the sloping mountain to an avalanche, and in the middle of summer, high up in the Sierras, you start snow-balling. The shadows have been creeping, too, and soon the mountains tell you it's time to leave their quiet solitude. Your eyes feast once more on the lovely little Lake. It rests like a sleeping, new born babe with the silent watchers hovering near its cradle, and you want to take it with you. But it's one of Mother Nature's pet children, far beyond the reach of man's most potent sway.

Back to camp again—resting and drinking in the perfume of wild lilac. The day is not yet done, for there's still the twilight and the moon shining on the silver snow above, with the stars peeping out through the blue like little children sneaking out for a stolen frolic.

Phoebe Hearst

By Fred Emerson Brooks



'Tis a mortal trait that seems inbred
To slam the living and praise the dead.
What good to the dead is the song of cheer?
Far better to chant of the good while here:
Thus out of the west with its golden days
There comes the anthem of human praise
For the glorious woman we hold the first,
Our Lady Bountiful—Phoebe Hearst.

The Master selected his choicest mould
To fashion a suitable frame to hold
So many virtues in limited space.
And then to crown such a winsome face
He took the sunshine out of the rose
And made the smile that every one knows.
With California she stands first—
Ask anybody but Phoebe Hearst.

He took of seed thoughts rare and kind
To plant the garden of the mind:
From every virtue that we recall,
He made the heart—It took them all:
If worth were regal then she would be
Holding the seat of royalty
As queen of the west—as Phoebe the First—
But she's far greater—just Phoebe Hearst.

As though the Master had understood
These were the hands for doing good,
He filled them well with the Golden dust:—
The world knows how they have kept the trust.
For Bounty sits at her open door,
And Largess labors to keep the score:
Our great University stands the first,
Because of a woman—Phoebe Hearst.

The Gold Baby

By Joseph T. Kescel

ONLY an occasional passenger now alighted from the stage, which daily rolled through the Montana mining camp of Pine Star.

The boom days had passed. Nearly every one of the men who had delved in its golden treasure, which made the old camp so famous, had gone with them. But few miners remained in the deserted workings, still hoping that fortune's wheel would spin them a lucky turn.

Abandoned dwellings, shafthouses and reduction plants with their costly machinery were fast becoming worthless. Rust was slowly eating its way to the heart of the valuable equipment, procured at great expense and labor.

The stage still passed through, only because it was the shortest route to a more thriving town beyond. As it jolted over the dusty street, Fred Parker listened to the driver's interesting narrative of the worked out camp. The stalwart, ruddy-cheeked young man easily pictured the familiar scene, for twenty-nine of his thirty years had been passed in mining centers.

"Whoa!" The driver sharply jammed his foot against the long iron brake lever, and the stage came to an abrupt halt before the low, rambling combination store and post office.

The door swung open, and a comely, gray-eyed young woman, carrying a small mail bag, stepped into the sunlight and ran to the stage. Before an exchange of bags had been made, Parker's admiring scrutiny was guiltily shifted. He had, however, opportunity to note the profusion of wavy brown hair and pretty face.

"Mawnin', Miss Olive!" The

driver beamed down.

"Good morning!"

Parker noted the full rich tones of the girl's voice as she smiled upward.

"Git up, boys!" The brake swung off at the driver's sharp call, and the stage again jolted forward.

"Who was that?" Parker asked by the time they were fairly under way.

"Olive Norman."

"Native?"

"Yep, born here, maybe twenty-five years back. Father used to be postmaster. He died about the time Pine Star began slipping down hill. His widow hooked onto the post office, and has held the job ever since. Between that and her store, which is in the same building, she managed to get along fust-rate.

"The girl teaches school and helps her mother in off hours. Lord only knows why they stick around here, where population's little more than a hundred miners and their families. Reckon it's on account of the old lady, who doesn't like the idea of making a new start.

"Olive ought to be in some better place than this, though, 'cause she's bright, bright as a new dollar. There's no need of my telling you what a fine looker she is—you've seen her. Her whole make-up, too, is exactly what a real man wants in a woman. I'd sort of hate to be taken off this run and miss that smile which has always met me, rain or shine."

"Whoa! Hold on a minute," Parker broke in. "I like the looks of this old place. Believe I'll size it up for a few days."

He fished a telescope from beneath the seat and jumped to the ground, as the stage came to a stop.

The driver, used to the quick changing vagaries of miners, looked down, grinned and said: "Chances are you'll be able to pick up something around the old mills, and there sure are no bars against your going as far as you like. So long," he called, kicking off the brake, and the horses moved ahead.

Parker stood irresolute for a few seconds, inhaling the dust which circled around him, and then walked briskly back down the canyon. His broad, six foot figure was outlined against the post office door as he reached for the knob. Stepping over the threshold, he walked inside, his eyes quickly picking up the trim, well proportioned figure of Olive Norman.

Her cheeks reddened until they matched the color of his own, as he asked across the counter where a hotel could be found.

"Hotel?" She smiled. "There are now no hotels in Pine Star!"

"No place where I might board for a few days?"

"Sometimes mother takes an occasional boarder."

"Do you think she'll take me?"

"Why yes, I think so. I'll ask her."

"Thank you!" Parker placed his hat upon the counter and awaited her return.

Mrs. Norman, followed by her daughter, emerged a few moments later from the living quarters at the back of the store. She quickly noted his honest, straightforward manner and unflinching brown eyes which met hers unflinching, from beneath his heavy eyebrows.

"My daughter tells me you are looking for a place to board. We can accommodate you, and there's a very comfortable place to sleep next door."

Within an hour Parker was busy, looking over the nearest reduction plant, to ascertain whether a thorough clean-up had been made after it closed down. He did not give a second thought to the mines, for they, in all probability, had been cleaned of pay ore.

Around the old mills, however,

there was always a fair chance of discovering some gold amalgam and bullion, overlooked by the workmen at the final cleanup.

Familiar with the different ways in which metals were extracted from the raw ore, he easily figured out the process that had been used at Pine Star. After being crushed in water to a fine powder, the ore flowed down over large inclined copper plates, coated with quicksilver.

To these the gold adhered, forming the amalgam. At regular intervals the plates were cleaned, the amalgam retorted and the residue melted into gold bullion.

There were many ways by which losses would occur, for quicksilver will find even the minutest opening. The melting furnaces, too, often gave good returns. Quite frequently a crucible would break, allowing its molten contents to run through some crevice in the furnace lining.

For nearly a month Parker systematically examined the different mills before deciding on which one to begin work. He found that many others had preceded him on the same quest, but this had been fully anticipated and in no way disheartened him.

Sufficient values, he reasoned, should still be found to insure an energetic man more than a good livelihood. An additional reason, entirely different from gold, was also influencing him in choosing Pine Star for his venture.

Olive Norman's sweet manner and winsome smile occupied his mind fully as much as the bullion, while he headed toward her home that afternoon.

"I'm going to start work in the morning, Olive," he said, upon meeting her at the door.

"Yes? That's good! Where?"

"At the Blue Bird Mill."

"Oh, that's fine! The Bird was the first plant to start and the last to close down."

Parker smiled at the expression of pleasure on her countenance.

"She's been worked over by a good

many, but I think it'll be easy to knock out wages, anyhow."

"Oh, Fred, I'm so glad you decided on the mills, for they will keep you out of the mines."

"What's the matter with the mines, Olive? Why, they're all right."

"I know; that is what you think." Her cheeks flushed as she went on. "So do nearly all the others that work in them. They face not only death by accident, but also the breaking down of even the strongest person's health by bad air and powder gases."

"Maybe 'tis a little dangerous, but I've never looked at it that way, and perhaps this is my chance to keep out in the sunlight."

"Not 'perhaps,' Fred, make it 'sure.'"

"Meanin' you want me to promise not to go underground again?" he finally asked. "By ginger, Olive, that smile of yours would almost make me give it."

"But why won't you give it, Fred?"

"Well, a promise," he ran his fingers thoughtfully through his bushy black hair, "a promise is sometimes mighty hard to keep."

"You should not hesitate when it is for your own good."

"Maybe that's so, but you don't understand the fascination of a game where the stroke of a pick may uncover a fortune. You wouldn't want me to give a promise and then break it, would you?"

"No-o-, but——"

"Well, let's not talk about it anymore. I'm going to give the Blue Bird a good even whirl, and it's my intention to hit the collar by seven o'clock tomorrow morning."

Parker felt more than amply repaid for the day's exertion, when Olive Norman met him on the dusty road, the next evening, and laughingly inquired: "What luck?"

"That's the day's cleanup!" He dropped a tiny ball of amalgam into the girl's outstretched hand and grinned. "It doesn't take any high mathematics to figure out you wouldn't have gold enough to fill a hollow tooth

after that's been retorted. The old-timers must have gone over the Bird with a microscope, but maybe they didn't get it all."

"Well, this is only the first day, Fred."

"Yup, I know it. And say, I sort of like grubbing around among the old mills, with the chances of hooking on to something good any minute." He linked his arm in the girl's, and they walked slowly down the canyon.

The next monthly turn of the calendar found Parker thoughtfully shaking his head over the result of his arduous labor. The Blue Bird had yielded but small return. During the next three months he systematically searched some of the other mills, but their proceeds barely covered expenses.

"A little more of this, and they'll have to send for the poorhouse wagon. Maybe it's me for the mines again, after all. That's where I would have headed before this, if it hadn't been for Olive," he mused, while trudging homeward.

Parker's gloomy expression brightened perceptibly, however, when he walked into the store and beheld Olive Norman, with her encouraging smile, who daily anticipated his coming.

"Oh, Fred! Some one has written you," she cried as he entered. "Guess who it's from?"

"One of my lady friends, most likely," came his jocular reply.

"Wrong! It's a man's writing, or I wouldn't let you have it!"

"By ginger," Parker broke out, "it's from Billy Weir, superintendent of a mine over in Gray Butte! Wonder what he wants."

The girl studiously regarded the changing expression of his face as he read the closely written page.

"Billy's looking for a mine foreman. He's offered me the job at——"

"Underground, Fred?" she interrupted him.

"Suppose so; most mines are."

"Then you won't consider it? Will you?"

"Doan know, Olive. There's two hundred a month in it, and it looks mighty good, especially when I'm hardly breaking even here."

"How about your promise?"

"Did I make one?"

"No-o-o, but you're going to!"

"Oh, am I? When?"

"Right now! Why, Fred, there are many things you can do beside mining."

"Doan know! That seems to be about my speed. Got started off underground and reckon the game's hooked me pretty solid. A good many times I figured on a ranch. It's the kind of a life I'd like. Never had any one besides myself to think a great deal about."

The bantering twinkle in Parker's eyes gradually vanished as he looked at the girl.

"But—but there is now," he went on softly; "there has been ever since that day you came to the stage for the mail. For you alone I've hung on here, doing the hardest work I ever did in my life, with the smallest result."

"For you, little girl, I'd— Well, I'd do anything you ask. If you say no more mine, that settles it!"

"Fred! The girl's face became wreathed in her old captivating smile and she popped out: "I do!"

A small, but heavy object, wrapped in burlap and carried in the crook of Parker's arm, may have been what caused him to chuckle to himself, while hurrying homeward the following afternoon. It might also have been the pleasant thought of what had occurred, on the previous evening, for then Olive Norman had promised to become his wife.

His chuckle was more audible and his manner extremely boyish as he ran into the store. Seeing no one but Olive and her mother, he swaggered up to them and dropped the package on the counter.

"What is it, Fred?" the girl eagerly inquired.

"What is it? What does it sound like?"

Parker lifted the covered object a few inches and let it again strike the counter with a thud.

"What's your guess now?"

"Is it gold?"

"Is it? Look for yourself and there won't be any need of my telling you!"

Quickly snipping the heavy binding twine, she began removing the burlap. Before the last fold had been freed, the gleam of yellow metal plainly showed between the loosely woven fibre.

"Fred! It is gold!" She jerked the sacking away, disclosing a roughly molded, oblong ingot.

"Oh, Fred! Where did you find it?"

At the Blue Bird. Started working there again this morning. Nice little bar, eh? Heft 'er! Look 'er over! It won't bite you!"

"My, but it's heavy," she gurgled, tipping it onto its side. Another turn and it lay bottom up on the counter.

"Oh!" The abrupt exclamation burst from her lips. She stared in wide-eyed amazement at the molded names, "POWER BRASS WORKS, NEW YORK."

"Yaw! Yaw! Yaw! Just had to fool you a bit," Parker laughingly broke out, stepping backward in mock alarm.

"Found that bar of brass stowed away beneath a pile of rubbish in the machine shop. The sight of it lifted me in the clouds so quick, thought the pleasant feeling ought to be passed along."

"Fred Parker, I think you're horrid!"

"Am I, Honey?"

He grinned, waved his hand and darted through the door to escape the girl's further reproaches.

Parker's efforts at the old mill were redoubled and the search became more thorough. The result of each day's work was turned over to the girl with some jocular remark about the ranch they some time hoped to own.

He compared each clean-up with the livestock needed. If a good one

was turned over he would say: "There's a calf for us, Honey." Should the yield prove small, the comment would be: "I reckon that will about cover a fuzzy little chick!"

"Olive," he said one evening, "let's take a look at our nest egg?"

"Getting discouraged, Fred?"

"No-o-o, just want to size 'er up, that's all!"

He ran his fingers through the contents of the small tin box which the girl placed before him.

"By ginger, Olive, it's piling up terrible slow. Right now it looks as if our ranch is liable to be a corner lot in Pine Star. That wouldn't cost anything."

"Do you want to give it up, Fred?"

"I don't know. I don't know. Yes, I do, too! I'd like to hang on because that will keep me near you, but the Blue Bird is sure doing us bad."

"Give it up if you wish, and try something else."

"Shall I write to Billy Weir? Maybe that job is still open?"

"And go underground?"

"S'pose so, Olive. That's most likely where he'd want me."

"Don't do that, Fred! There are many other things you can do!"

"I won't for the present, Honey, and in a month we'll have something downright worth while frogged out. We'll give the Bird that long to show what she's good for."

The last day of the allotted time came on all too soon, for Parker and the girl, who had already resigned themselves to a short separation. But a few hours of the afternoon still remained, when he jumped into a hole, from which an old furnace had been removed.

Grabbing a crow bar between a heavy slab and a four inch iron pipe, serving as a corner rest, he pried them apart. The rocks and mortar were tossed from the hole and his fingers fastened on the pipe, which he likewise intended to throw aside.

"Great cats! What've I hooked on-to?" he grunted, upon finding the pipe extremely heavy. "Masons must have

filled her with cement, but I can't imagine why."

Reaching in one end, his fingers came in contact with a number of loose, irregularly rounded objects.

"Too heavy for——"

Whatever else he might have intended to say was abruptly checked, as he stupidly gazed at a piece of gold bullion in the palm of his hand.

"Good Lord," he panted, "if the rest of it's the same, we're fixed, for that pipe's got the heft of a good many hundred twenty dollar gold pieces!"

Genuine excitement shone from his eyes as he faced the girl two hours later.

"Olive, we've struck it!" He swung his right shoulder forward, allowing a heavy canvas bag, resting upon it, to drop to the counter.

"Fred Parker, you're not going to fool me again!"

"I ain't fooling, Honey! Honest, I ain't!"

"Yaw! Yaw! Yaw! Power Brass Works!" she laughingly retorted.

"No fooling this time!" Running his fingers into the bag he brought out a double handful of gold bullion.

"Look at 'em and you can see the difference!"

"Yaw! Ya——"

The familiar appearance of the dull yellow granulations and Parker's unmistakable sincerity caused the girl to check her bantering reply.

"I ain't fooling this time. It's the pure quill. There must be more than ten thousand in it. Mighty short time now, and you and ma'll be out of this place!"

"Found the whole business in one of the furnace foundations. Most likely the result of what has collected from broken crucibles, waste and slop-overs for a good many years. From time to time, while in a molten condition, it trickled through a crack in the furnace lining."

"Fred Parker, if you're fooling me again I'll be——"

"But I ain't, Honey. What you see there's the real article."

"Tomorrow I'll rig up one of the old furnaces and melt all we've got into a bar, to get it started for the mint as soon as possible."

A step sounded on the threshold, which caused Parker to stop speaking. He wheeled to see a man coming rapidly toward him, whose shifting black eyes had already noted the bullion in his hand.

"Hello! Pine Star come back to the old days?" he exclaimed, still staring into the open bag.

"No; just a little brass I picked up over at one of the old mills," Parker replied. "Looks pretty much like the pure thing, though; doesn't it?"

"It sure does, but I can easy see she ain't the real article. Gimme a sack of tobacco and some papers," the man went on, turning to the girl. After pocketing his purchase and tossing a coin upon the counter, he hurried out.

"Who is that, Fred?" the girl demanded, watching him mount a waiting horse.

"Doan know. Never saw him before. Don't you like his make-up?"

"No! I don't! To me he acted kind of strange!"

"By ginger, Olive, I didn't see anything wrong with him."

"Fred, he lied to you when he said he knew that was brass. To me he appeared to be in too much of a hurry to leave, and never even said good-bye, which is very unusual with the people around here."

"Yaw! Yaw! Yaw! By ginger, Olive, already we're getting a taste of what it is to have money. Don't you worry, though, we'll look after that stake."

Olive Norman's eyes danced when, on the following evening, she watched the bullion, now a molten iridescent mass in the red hot crucible, being lifted by Parker from the bed of coals. She knew the task would soon be completed. There had been many delays throughout the day, owing to the makeshift equipment they used at the furnaces.

The work they had expected to fin-

ish by early afternoon had been prolonged into nightfall.

"Watch your eyes in case she begins to spit, Honey," Parker sang out, tipping the crucible with its glowing contents in the direction of an oblong mold.

The girl placed both hands over her eyes to shield them from the hot metal should it sputter. A shaft of light shot out among the timbers as the crucible tilted over the mold. The reflection of the gleaming, molten metal within penetrated a dark upper corner of the old mill, with the clean-cut precision of a powerful searchlight. As Parker canted the crucible further forward the shaft of light changed its direction and shot obliquely downward.

In its rapid descent Olive Norman would have sworn that the light revealed a man's head protruding from behind a big post.

She was intently peering through the darkness when Parker's cheery call, "That's the last of it, Honey," caused her to look towards the precious bullion, now fast becoming a solid ingot.

Olive Norman shifted her gaze from the still glowing metal to Parker's grimy, smiling face.

"Taken your breath, has it, Honey? Well, I'm feeling pretty much the same."

Impulsively he drew the girl into a loving embrace. This gave her an opportunity to acquaint him with her suspicions.

"Huh!" came the single exclamation as he comprehended the whispered words. With no apparent haste he released her and closed the furnace doors, shrouding them in darkness.

To hasten the cooling of the heavy ingot, Parker tumbled it into a barrel of water. When cool enough to be handled, he tossed it upon his shoulder, and they both hurried homeward.

Olive Norman was in no way mistaken in her impression that a man's head had been outlined by the shaft of reflected light. Scarcely had she and Parker stumbled from the mill when a figure, stepping from behind

the heavy post, stealthily followed them.

Any one interested in the past life of John Gilson could find many facts concerning him among the records of two State penitentiaries. This was the man who, on the previous day, had so unexpectedly appeared at the Post-office. Gilson now cursed himself for having allowed the couple to precede him on the trail, where he had intended to carry out a hold-up.

He had figured there would be ample time for him to leave the mill in advance of the two, and conceal himself beside the path to await their coming. At no time had he taken into consideration the possibility of the bar being cooled in water, which had hastened its handling by more than an hour.

The bullion, he nevertheless felt, would be in his possession before another sunrise.

"It's up to me now to break in," he muttered, watching Parker and the girl disappear through the kitchen door. "Maybe it's the best way, too, for most likely that big plug of a miner would buck up, even with a gun prodding him in the nose."

Peering through a crack beneath the kitchen window shade, Gilson grimaced at the scene within. Parker and the two women stood around a small table, upon the oil cloth top of which lay the precious bar.

"Looks grand, doesn't it," said Parker. "She'll brighten up quite a bit when I scrub off the dirt. There's more than ten thousand in it, but I don't believe she'll make fifteen. By ginger, but she looks good. Give me a brush and some lye, and I'll clean 'er up. Want this gold baby to look real purty when I take her with me tomorrow!"

"Ain't she a darling, though," he went on, stepping back to better observe his work, after the lye and water had been rinsed off, showing the dull yellow metal more plainly.

"Take your last look at 'er before I sew her in the burlap!"

Every word had come clearly to

Gilson's listening ears, causing him to break out in a low chuckle. He watched Parker carefully fold the burlap around the bar and sew down the lap. His eyes gleamed malignantly as the girl lighted the way and the footsteps of the two sounded in the darkened store.

Gilson had likewise changed his position, and from another window was gaining the information he had come there to seek.

Sleep came to Olive Norman that night only after many hours of wakefulness. She could not shake off the feeling that some one had watched them at the mill, even after Parker's reassuring words and continued assertion that she must have been mistaken.

Her first impulse had been to sit out the night at the hiding place behind the counter.

"Mother will miss me," she thought, "and—if Fred should find it out, there will be no let up to his joking."

The clock on the kitchen shelf, striking the hour of midnight, found her wide-eyed and restless. Did she hear a noise or was it her imagination? Slipping from the bed she peered into the store.

Nothing met her strained gaze but the many objects with which she had always been familiar. After a moment's hesitation she groped her way to the secret hiding place. Moving back several boxes, she lifted a loosened floor board and felt down into the darkness. Yes, the treasure was still there.

Two hours later, when John Gilson got to his feet above the same spot, holding the burlap-covered ingot that lay therein, Olive Norman was soundly sleeping.

"Huh," he said to himself, "I guess that big husky wasn't far off about this going beyond ten thousand, by the heft of it."

The sun was just peeping above the mountain tops when Gilson guided his horse to the mouth of an unused tunnel, twenty miles from Pine Star. Jumping from the saddle he dropped

to his knees upon the ground, and hurriedly began snipping the twine with which the burlap was sewed.

"Now, I'll take a look at the gold baby! High lights and low lights in this for quite awhile," he chuckled. His movements were methodical, as if holding himself in check for the first glimpse of the yellow metal to be revealed from beneath the folds of sacking.

"Oh, you darling, off comes your veil!" He jerked the cover free, fully

exposing the ingot which lay at his knees.

"Wh—! Wha—! What!" His jaw dropped and his eyes appeared ready to pop from their sockets. They stared dully at the molded words, "POWER BRASS WORKS, NEW YORK."

Bounding to his feet, he looked back across the range towards Pine Star, where Olive Norman gleefully pictured the disappointment caused by her midnight exchange.

THE PINE WOODS

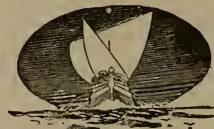
Breathe, mighty organ, thru thy thousand pipes,
And with thy nature brothers, the wood-sprites,
Peal forth a hymn to fast-departing day,
While in the west, hung on a rose-hued ray,
Gleams, palpitant, the lovely evening star,
Like silvered music from heav'n's choir afar.

Sway, stately trees, till thy deep anthem rolls
Its flooding melody o'er my rapt soul;
And I will plume my long-forgotten wings,
Will rise on waves of sound, and sing
Till the soft night descends, and shadows dim
Shut out the day and let the starlight in.

Now the broad river's mellow song is still,
And vast and purple altars are the hills;
Thy lofty crests are bowed in quiet peace,
The sighing of thy littlest leaves all cease,
As tho' with coming of the mystic night
The earth was wrapped in some symbolic rite.

Then nature's benediction on me falls—
The transient, world-worn guest in thy great halls—
Of thee and of all earth I am a part,
And gentle sleep o'ertakes my calmed heart;
Serene, I yield my soul into her care,
Merge with the mountains, sea, and air.

JULIA A. HYDE.



Down the Road to To-Morrow

By Ethel Griffith Bailey

THE old road runs smoothly by my little store here on the edge of the desert. The old road, made who knows how many years ago, by my friends, the Indians. The trail over which the padres, barefooted, patient, heartsore, labored out their devout lives. The trail over which gay Spanish senors, or the humbler Indian vaquero, rode to the rodeo or fiesta down the valley. The rainbow path over which the young girls of the San Luisanos ran their springtime race of adolescence; the dream road to their romance, marriage, fruition and the fulfillment of their mission to their tribe.

I somehow always think of it as the road from Yesterday to Tomorrow. It is so flavored of the past, yet running swiftly away into the complexities of a modern race and people.

I do not know how long I had been standing thus, at the door of my adobe shack. Some hundreds of years as related to history, a few minutes as ticked by my watch—when suddenly I was made aware that I was watched by a pair of furtive animal eyes. Standing at the end of my brush ramada stood an old Indian woman, black and wrinkled in a weathered, element-battered sense, like a gnarled and rough-barked tree on a wind-buffed ledge.

With that peculiar hip motion, learned from carrying packs on the head, she rolled into the store and sank cross-legged on the floor. At length she spoke a few words in Indian, and waited for intelligence in my face. Seeing no gleam, she took out a tobacco bag and shook its emptiness significantly, pulled out the pocket of her calico skirt and proved that it contained nothing, and rolled an imaginary cig-

arette to prove the length of her lacks. Then rising painfully, she hobbled up to the counter, fixed me with her stern eye and exclaimed:

"No tengo tobacco, no tengo papel,
No tengo dinero, Go down ta ell!"

I staggered a little at the fluency of her burst, learned no doubt from some poetic cowpuncher, and here delivered with telling effect.

I handed her what she required. She shook me solemnly by the hand, and in Spanish bade me farewell.

"I am telling you goodbye," she said. Then changing her voice and manner, she chanted what I afterward learned was her personal song (each of the older Indian women has one):

"I am an old woman,
I have not much longer to live!
Even now I hear the Death-Spirit,
Even now he makes his approach!
I am an old woman,
I have not much longer to live!"

I stood at the door and watched her hobble down the road—the road over which, as a girl, she had run the race of adolescence, the path that had led her to Love, Romance, Motherhood, Old Age. Was there for her any Road to Tomorrow?

* * * *

Every once in a while, after her first visit, old Carmen would appear at the store. She talked little but seemed to feel kindly and interested. Sometimes she brought a gourd of beote or acorn meal, some barley she had hulled, and once a little basket of her weaving, which she presented with great dignity and I thought real affec-

tion. I learned through other Indian friends something of her life. She had mothered a large brood of sons and daughters. All now were gone, except one feeble-minded girl who remained a half-burden, half-consolation in Carmen's old age. They lived in a little adobe hut a half-mile away.

One evening, sitting quietly under the ramada, I was watching the fall of dusk over the mesa. Great stars melted into life along the hills rim. Far away, the first whimper of the coyotes shrilled across the canyon. A delicious coolness, spiced with the rich breath of mesquite, soothed the spirit. Made aware of a presence, I turned. Carmen had drifted in, as intimate and impersonal as the breeze, with the evening. She reached out one black hand and took mine softly between hers.

"Senora," she breathed softly, "great trouble has come. I am an old woman. I am no longer strong to bear. Trouble hangs heavy upon me."

She pulled gently but insistently at my hand, and I rose and followed her down the old road, through the misty, fragrant night, into a trail sweet with the fresh, sharp odors of wild lilac.

Sometimes, these people set a date for their deaths, and believing, as they do, that the Gentle Spirit will surely meet them at that time, they make all preparation, and keep the appointment. Could it be that Carmen's time had at last arrived? Were we hurrying forward to some grim tryst of the spirit? Why had she summoned me thus, to be with her at the end? The dread of the unknown? Or the dim, human yearning, the call we all make on all that has held us here, stretching yet a little longer the slender thread till it breaks? These thoughts hurried along, keeping time with my flying steps.

The trail came out abruptly at the door of her hut. All was dark inside. A low and persistent wailing sounded from one dusky corner, a cry such as is made among the Indians at the wake for the dead. I stood just inside the door, my hands outspread, groping.

Something—a bundle of clothes, was laid in my arms, and at the moment a flicker of candle illumined a small circle in the center of the room. I stumbled over to the light and unwrapped the bundle. In my complete astonishment, I very nearly dropped it—I held a new-born Indian baby in my arms! Here had I hurriedly come, to keep appointment with Death, and Life tripping nonchalantly up had arrested us midway.

The little creature in my arms showed a furry black head like a puppy. It stretched and wriggled, and wrinkling its wizened little face into a tight knot, it began to yap, spasmodically, like some little animal in distress.

Swiftly, old Carmen took it to her breast, rocking and crooning till it was soothed to sleep. The half-witted girl ceased her wailing, and grinning stupidly, twisted the ragged covers that made her bed on the floor.

"Will you not give the baby to the Agent?" I asked Carmen. "The girl cannot mother it, and you are a very old woman."

"Ah," she said, and she hugged the ugly little mite closer; "trouble indeed it is, much labor and care. But see—the Spirit called for me, yet did not take me—instead he has left us this! It is ever so—the old must go, but also the young must come! We lap each other thus" (she fitted the fingers of her wrinkled old hands together before my face.) "Thus do I live on; I shall yet live on in this child. It is mine. I gave of my own body to my girl; she has again given to this tiny one. Some day, for I am old, I shall go, but yet think you not, Senora when the warm wind blows and the spring rains fall, I shall rejoice in the heart of this child?"

And keep the baby Carmen would and did. She enjoyed, I believe, a vicarious youth in the life of the child, which the Mission father christened Carmencita.

Little Carmencita was about two years old when the Indians of our reservation held one of their annual

Fiestas-for-the-Dead. She was very pretty, in an Indian way; a merry, light-hearted, bird-like, little creature, toddling and chirping about after her old grandmother like a young quail.

We met for the Fiesta in the hollow of a hill. Here the brush in a circle of a hundred yards had been cleared away and a fence of woven willows bound the enclosure. In the center, a fire was laid, and around this the ceremonies were performed. How fitting it all was, this simple, natural staging of their drama, as vital and primitive as the emotion by which it was inspired. No glare of lights nor distracting complexity of setting, only the friendly mysterious darkness faintly broken by the fitful blaze with its sweet incense of desert woods, around us the close-lying hills and above us the throbbing, nearby stars.

Vivid shadows danced on black, sober faces grouped here and there against the rude screen. At one side the wailing chorus of old women huddled together. Later, they would chant their special dirge. Here stood silently the young men, partly stripped—straight and tall, with bushy, black heads; bare brown bodies smeared with paint; about their waists an apron of feathers, a fox or wild-cat skin; some bore turtle rattles.

At one side lay a pile of clothes, some half-worn and familiar, eloquent of the departed wearer. They had been saved for this special sacrifice, an offering to the ashes for one whose body had returned to the dust. Here, too, some bolts of uncut cloth, crimson, blue, gold; these to be unfurled and flung in picturesque abandon to the flames. Many also gave baskets, or corn. All that these simple hearts treasured, they found pleasure in offering to their dead.

The burning of these garments, once part of a vital life, and full of a magnetic presence, is to them a connecting visible link between the seen and the unseen; a symbol of that which was once full of the animate personality of the living friend, and is now, in love and memory, returned to the elements.

Quite bravely my Indian friends face the mystery of Death and the Life that defies it, here in the open, under the stars.

At length, the old women began a monotonous chant. They bowed their heads and rocked rhythmically to their dirge. Sometimes, the song rose high and shrill like the yapping of coyotes, again it fell low and guttural and menacing. It held an hypnotic quality, so that the listener, whirled round and round in that barbaric circle of emotion, felt himself transported hundreds of years in terms of civilization, such savage and primitive echoes as awoke. Springing lightly to their feet, the men formed a solemn march around the circle of the fire. Slowly, at first, with a slightly accented tread, they beat out the time. Then faster as the women's chorus shrilled. Some shook their turtle rattles, while the firelight flashed on tawny pelt, on gleaming eagle feathers, and the wet, glistening, naked skin besmeared with paint. At times, they burst into a barbaric yap—leaping and stamping, and flinging their black arms aloft in savage abandon. Then, suddenly, all joined in one satanic, hideous yell, and the first number of the dance was ended.

Thus the ceremonies with ever-increasing animation, were continued. Near midnight the gifts were to be consigned to the flames.

I sat at one end of the long row of old women now squatting at rest on the ground in a momentary lull. Beside me was old Carmen, and wide awake still, the little Carmencita. The fire was piled high. Lurid flames shot up. The rank odor of greasewood stung the nostrils. The master-of-ceremonies, the Chief Medicine-Man, approached the flames, his arms loaded with long festoons of cloth, beside him his assistant, bearing baskets, garments, cloth, corn. The men sprang up lining to the march. The shrill wail of the women rose in a high staccato. The Medicine-Man, accompanied by the loud mourn of friends and relatives, flung one by one some garment

in the fire. Baskets, the patient work of many loving days, were consumed in a moment. Everywhere, corn, the Life-Giver, the Sustainer was flung in symbolic providence among the crowd. A great banner of scarlet cloth was unfurled. It took the flames in a radiant sheet—transmuted and unconsumed. The wind billowed it gloriously. Suddenly before we sensed danger the baby Carmencita darted with a shrill cry of glee directly into the fire.

"Bonita, bonita," she piped, and caught at the flaming glory with both hands!

Half-paralyzed with horror, and still under the hypnotic spell of the dance, we were held powerless. Something blurred past my eyes—the next instant old Carmen lay sprawling in the flames. With a wonderful strength of arms she flung the baby out. Her dress caught on a snag, but some one ripped her loose and bore her to a mat, her poor, thin clothes aflame. Blankets were flung on her and the fire was smothered. All the work of

a moment, but the sickening odor of scorched hair and flesh stamped themselves forever in my memory. The child, marvelously, was only slightly burned. They carried her whimpering away.

We gathered about the old woman. All knew that her time had come, and she accepted it quite simply. She seemed mercifully free from pain, but was weakening fast.

"I am an old woman," she said. "I have not much longer to live. Even now I hear the Death Spirit—even now he maketh his approach. I have no longer to live!"

* * * *

Old Carmen left us nearly a year ago. It is time again for the Fiesta. And when the wind blows warm from the south, when the sweet spring rains perform again the everlasting miracle of re-birth, Nature's serene assurance of immortality, again I hear her soft Indian voice.

"Think you not, Senora, that I, too, shall rejoice in the heart of this child?"

HUMILITY

She walks not with uncertain gait,
Nor hangs her head in shame.
She knows her strength, if small or great,
And honors her own name.

She kneels before no image rude.
God is her only law.
Her altar is Infinity,
And there she bows in awe.

GILBERT THOMAS.



Not In The Bond

By Olive Cowles Kerns

COLONEL Stuart Norman sat in his office at the Armory. His desk was littered with maps and pamphlets, but his mind was not occupied with military concerns. He was trying to decide which girl of those he knew he would ask to marry him. As each passed in review, there was something lacking: this one had a bad temper, that one not enough spirit, several were engaged to other men, and so were out of the question.

It can readily be seen that Norman was not in love, but he had resolved after cool calculation to marry. He wanted some one reasonably good-looking, well-bred and intelligent, to make a home for him. In return, he was ready to give her everything except love. He fancied that he was done with that since he had been jilted several years before.

Glancing out of the window, he saw a girl in a plain, dark blue suit with a coquettish little hat perched on dark hair. He watched her until she turned the corner.

"The girl who is visiting the Conovers," he exclaimed. "Why didn't I think of her before? Miss Cicely Merritt. I'll call this evening. I should have done it long ago."

The evening proved pleasant. Miss Merritt was delightful and as days passed, Norman found himself with her almost constantly. Mrs. Conover began to joke Cicely about it.

"How many times has Colonel Norman been here this week?" she inquired one afternoon. "Dick and I had a dispute about it. He is much interested." She turned a laughing face to the girl in the porch-swing, who raised her eyes and smiled.

"He's only amusing himself, poor

man, and incidentally me," she replied.

"I think he's in love with you," Mrs. Conover persisted. "You'll be Mrs. Colonel, next thing you know."

Cicely dropped her work. "You know, Mary," she said reproachfully, "I couldn't think of marrying any one. When a man deserts you for a prettier girl practically at the altar, you lose faith in men in general." Her cheeks glowed with two red spots.

"Forgive me, Cis, dear; I thought you had forgotten that affair. Stuart Norman is too much of a man to treat a girl like that," said Mary Conover, warmly. "He has been too busy helping to make the State militia efficient to bother much with the girls. Some of them would be glad to have him—fairly well off and a colonel at thirty. Several years ago he had an affair of some kind and so——"

"We're in the same boat. Here he comes now. Thank heaven, he has a good automobile."

Cicely, with secret approval, noted Norman's erect figure and calm face, with its cool gray eyes. After all, why not, if she were thinking of marrying at all. Norman turned to Mrs. Conover.

"I came to ask if you cared to go for a drive. My new auto is a bird."

"I can't," said Mary, disregarding Cicely's appealing eyes. "I have a committee meeting at five o'clock, and it's nearly that now. I really must go. It's too bad, because I would enjoy a ride."

"You'll come, Miss Cicely?" His quiet tones held a note of appeal. She glanced up, and their eyes met, his calm and cool, hers unconsciously questioning. She sprang from the

swing, saying: "I'll get my hat," and soon they were spinning down the street. He did not slacken speed until they were out in the country, with the hills on one side and the river on the other.

It was early April, and every one knows what that means in Oregon—fresh winds, warm sunshine, myriads of birds busily building their nests, and in every direction orchards of blossoming cherry and prune trees. Norman stopped the car beside a tall fir tree on the river bank and Cicely took in one long breath of delight. Up the river she could see the snowy summits of the Three Sisters, two plainly discernible, and one just coily peeping out from the foot hills.

"It is perfectly wonderful. I didn't know how beautiful Oregon was before I came." She threw back her veil and the frolicsome April wind, catching the long blue end, wound it around Norman's neck. He gently disengaged it, while she sat perfectly still, her eyes on the view.

"Why not stay here, Miss Cicely, if you like it so well?" he asked.

Cicely laughed lightly. "I am town librarian at home in Wisconsin," she said, "and they think they couldn't run the library without me. Besides, I think that Mary would tire of my company if I stayed much longer."

Norman leaned forward and took her hand in its little gray gauntlet. "I want you to stay," he said. "Won't you listen to me just a minute? What I am going to say may seem queer to you. I want to marry you. I feel that you and I are perfectly adapted to each other; we could be companions and pals in the best sense of the word—comrades, in fact."

Cicely's heart beat a trifle faster. "He doesn't even love me," she thought, with a touch of humor. "Mary was mistaken."

"A mighty queer proposal, you are thinking," he added frankly; "not one word of love. I am not asking you because I am in love with you, and I know you aren't with me, but I hope you will say yes. If you do, I am

sure I can make you happy. It's something to have a good comrade, is it not?"

She laughed openly now. "Yes, it is," she agreed heartily, "and I have a good notion to say yes. It would be unique, wouldn't it? You know," she hesitated for an instant, then added, swiftly, "I was in love once and the man left me for a prettier girl, almost at the altar."

"The poor fool," he said in a disgusted voice, "you were well rid of a cad like that. The only other girl that I ever felt like proposing to threw me over for a richer man after she had given me to understand that I was about the only fellow on earth. So you see, we are in the same boat. Say yes, now, Miss Cicely, and make me happy."

Cicely looked up into his face rather wistfully. "Would you be good to me?" she asked. "You know, I haven't anyone who really cares very much about me."

Norman was touched. "Try me and see," he said, gently.

"Then it's yes," she breathed.

Norman took her hand in both his own. "Thank you, Cicely. You shall never regret your answer."

Norman begged for an early wedding. There was really no reason why they should wait, so they were married the middle of April.

After the simple wedding at Conover's they went in the car up the Mackenzie river to spend their honeymoon in the Cascades. They stopped at a log hotel where the cooking was superb, and spent their days fishing and exploring the woods. Cicely learned the names of the early wild-flowers and the taste of the famous redbside trout and her wistful look melted away into one of laughing happiness. She liked this big husband of hers. They were comrades in every truth. Dressed in short khaki suit and stout boots, she tramped untiringly beside him and ate lunches in the woods like a native Oregonian. Then they came home to a little brown bungalow embowered in roses, some of the earli-

est just bursting into bloom. Here they settled down. Cicely slipped easily into the role of housewife. She took good care of her husband and it amused him to be cared for by this slender, graceful wife whose head, even when she laughingly stood on tiptoe, came only to his shoulder. They made no pretense of being in love, but were good friends, and Norman, at least, felt that he was exceedingly lucky.

Thus passed the month of May and half of rose-laden June, when one afternoon Norman came home earlier than usual. Cicely, who could read his expression, saw that something was on his mind.

"What is it, Stuart?" she asked, pausing in the act of taking a dish from the oven and looking up at him as he leaned against the frame of the kitchen door.

He smiled down into her anxious face.

"Do tell me, Stuart," she said a little impatiently, "what's the matter? Has the store failed or what?"

"No, not that. It's the confounded Mexicans again and I was wondering how you would get along here alone after I'm gone."

"Gone!" she sprang to her feet. "You aren't going to Mexico?"

"The National Guard has been called out and that means me. I guess we're going to clean them up this time. We go in two days." There was animation in his voice.

"Is it war, Stuart?"

Norman answered gravely, "It may be before we're done. The blamed Mexicans are just ripe for it and being egged on by Carranza himself, I strongly suspect. Your part, little girl, is to help me get ready. I have lots of business to see to, my will to make and several things to do. I must leave things in such shape that you would not suffer if anything should happen to me."

Her eyes filled with tears and he took her by the shoulder and gave her a little shake.

"Brace up, Cicely," he laughed, "I'll

be back again. A bad penny always returns."

At last the night came when he must leave. The train was to pull out at nine-thirty carrying the soldiers to the mobilizing camp where they were to stay another two days preparing for departure to the Border. Norman had gone out after dinner to see to some last detail and Cicely was alone.

"I mustn't let him know. I mustn't let him know," she meditated, "but it's tearing out my heart by the roots. Oh Stuart, my husband, I love you, but you don't love me so I can't let you know."

Suddenly she raised her head, listening. He was coming back. He must not see her like this. When he entered she was standing by the piano with a sheet of music in her hands.

"Just twenty minutes to stay with you little comrade," he said cheerfully, "Let's not say good-bye at all. Just pretend that I'm going out for the evening.

"Sing something for me before you go, Stuart. That can be your good-bye." She placed the music on the rack and sitting down played the prelude. He saw with some surprise that she had chosen a love song—Grieg's "Ich Liebe Dich."

"Light of my life whose image my heart holdeth!

Thou, at whose feet I worship and adore!

With wings of love my spirit thee enfoldeth.

I love thee, dear, I love thee, dear,
I love thee, dear, now and forevermore,

"I think of thee in dreaming and in waking,

Thy perfect bliss, I set all else before;

Wherever fate my footsteps may be taking

I love thee, dear, I love thee, dear,
I love thee, dear, now and forevermore!"

His rich baritone voice filled the little room with melody, Cicely, listen-

ing, applied the words to herself and was comforted. She slipped from the piano bench and glanced at the clock.

"It's time for you to go, Stuart," she said calmly, holding out her hand. "I hope you'll have the best kind of luck. Write to me sometimes, if you have time."

Norman took the little hand in his. There was a burn on the slender wrist and he bent his head and kissed it. Then he turned away.

The days and weeks went by with dreary monotony to Cicely. She had had one brief note from Norman as his regiment left the mobilizing camp for the border, and she longed for more news from him—just a word, anything, but no word came. She scanned the papers every morning but little was to be learned from that quarter.

"He doesn't dream that I care," she thought, "or he surely would write and let me know where he is."

Then something wonderful came to Cicely. She was lying awake thinking of Norman when the knowledge came to her that she was to have a child, Stuart's child. Oh, he surely would love her if he knew. She would keep her secret until he returned; it was something she felt she could not write even if she knew where he was.

The next day she received a note from Norman. He said that he was well and stationed on the border of Texas. He described the daily round of his life:

"We are cleaning up the bandits around her, little comrade," he wrote, and Villa is beginning to find out that Uncle Sam has quite a brawny fist after all. I am perfectly well now and am again at the head of my men. No prospect yet of coming home. This is a slow job. I often think of you, little comrade." That was all and Cicely sighed, yet it was a little crumb of comfort to think that she was in his thoughts once in awhile.

Spring came at last and one day Cicely, accompanied by Mary Conover, went to the hospital. In a few hours the sympathetic nurse laid her little newborn son in her longing arms.

In two weeks she was home again and with Mary's help caring for the baby herself. He grew like a weed and was healthy and fat as a cherub. Before she realized it, he was a month old. Then one day she received a telegram. She tore it open in dread, but it contained joyful news. Stuart would be home in two days on a furlough. He was already on the way.

How excited she was! The little home must be clean and bright for Stuart's coming, so she set the sturdy Norwegian girl, who now presided in the kitchen, to work beating rugs and polishing floors and windows. It was June now and all the roses were in bloom. The whole world seemed filled with joy to welcome Stuart home. Cicely confided to Mary the fear that Stuart might not be glad to see her.

"Will he be angry with me for not telling him about little Stuart, do you think, Mary?" she asked.

Mary laughed: "You little goose how could he be? Just look at him and tell me how any man in his sane senses could be angry with you for presenting him with such a darling as that."

She ran over to the buggy where little Stuart lay placidly blinking up at the crimson rambler above his head, and covered his fat hands with kisses. "Angry, indeed," she muttered indignantly.

Cicely smiled but she had her doubts. She dreaded Stuart's return almost as much as she desired it. She spent the next day roaming restlessly about the shining house assuring herself that everything was in readiness. It was the longest day she had ever passed. At last it came time for little Stuart to be put to bed. She undressed him and laid him in his bed and he sank to sleep almost immediately.

Cicely went back to the living-room and sank into a chair.

"Oh how I dread to see that friendly look on his face," she thought. Then she raised her head, listening. It was the whistle of the incoming train. Her heart began to beat suffocatingly

and she sprang to her feet saying fiercely, "I must stop this or I shall faint or do something foolish. Cicely, Cicely, have some pride. If he doesn't love you, he doesn't, and you can't help yourself. Play the game. You know you agreed to the terms when you married him."

Then she heard a footstep. It drew nearer and nearer—then passed on. The clock ticked on, and still no Stuart. Then an automobile stopped in front of the house and Stuart came quickly up the walk and opened the door. Cicely stood where he had left her, in the same spot and much the same attitude. Norman dropped his bag, sprang forward and caught her in his arms.

"Darling, darling," he cried huskily, "it is like living again after death to see you." He covered her face and hair with kisses while Cicely leaned her head against his shoulder with closed eyes.

"I am too impetuous," he reproached himself. "I love you so that I forgot." The light went from his face. "You don't love me, do you? I could not expect it."

"I have loved you all the time," she whispered.

Then she remembered Stuart Jr.

"Stuart," she faltered, "I have something to tell you: You won't be angry because I didn't tell you before, will you? Promise me you won't."

"Fire away, darling, you couldn't make me angry if you tried."

"Come then." He followed her into the bed-room where little Stuart was asleep. She pulled back the downy quilt and showed the little round baby face.

"Whose is he?" asked Norman with interest.

"Don't you understand?" Cicely asked, half laughing, half crying. "He's ours—Stuart Jr."

"Ours!" he gasped. He looked at her in stupefied amazement. Then reproach filled his eyes. "You never told me. You might have died and I not been here. Oh Cicely, how could you?"

"I thought you didn't love me and wouldn't care for him. I was afraid."

"Not care! I'm wild about him and you too, Cicely. See, he's waking up, little duffer." They bent over the little bed. The baby looked at them contemplatively in a sleepy manner, then his eyes closed and he drifted back into slumber.

FORESTA IN SUMMER

Here elfin songs are sung forevermore
 Waking sweet echoes of the Pipes o' Pan.
 Here dance the nymphs to music sweeter than
 The strains that ever blew from Lesbian shore.
 Here, too, Apollo plays his rhythmic o'er
 And shapes a temple for the soul of man.
 Here we may lift the brightening eye and scan
 The magic regions never known before.

Here Morn comes glorying from her snowy portal,
 And rims the mountains with her fire immortal.
 Here Noon lilts melodies forever new,
 And burns her incense over wilds of blue;
 And Eve, with kindnesses that never fail,
 Croons gently and recounts a lover's tale.

HENRY MEADE BLAND.

Missouri Slim

By F. H. Sidney

MISSOURI Slim was so called because he was so lanky, and born in Missouri. Slim had traveled all over the world; he had been a sailor, a cowboy, a soldier, and had worked at freight braking and other branches of the railroad service.

The grape picking season generally found Slim working in the vineyards around Fresno, Cal., and after the grape picking was over, he generally "jumped" eastward via Los Angeles, south to the Gulf of Mexico, then northward to Boston. He would work at switching in some railroad yard around Boston long enough to save up a "stake," then he'd jump for the Western coast, arriving there in time for the fruit picking. Slim called this his annual trip "around the horn."

With twenty dollars he earned at grape picking, Slim rode the "blind" out of Fresno, and made Bakersfield, where he was "ditched by the con." Stopping for rest and refreshment at Bakersfield, Slim then jumped a fast freight out of there that carried him to Los Angeles.

Slim hired a cheap room in "Los," and spent a week there; because he knew he must be well rested for the long, hard ride across the desert, where there was every possibility of being "ditched;" then he would be obliged to hike fifty or sixty miles to a water tank or telegraph station, where he could jump another train.

After resting a week in "Los," Slim jumped a fast passenger train, and made Yuma, Arizona without, any trouble. "Now comes the toughest part of the trip," said Slim, as he crawled out from under the trucks at Yuma. "This will be my tenth trip

across this desert, and I hope my last. If I can get a good railroad job around Boston, I'll settle down and quit the road."

Slim "washed up," down by the river bank, shaved and brushed his clothes, then wandered up on to the main street. The first man he met was "Dayton Whitey."

"What are you doing in this little burg, Whitey?" he cried.

"Working on a switcher," replied Whitey. "When did you pull in?"

"About half an hour ago," replied Slim.

"Let's go have something to eat."

"I have the price," said Slim.

"You'll eat on me just the same," answered Whitey.

The two friends entered a restaurant and sat down. "What's the news?" asked Whitey.

"Nothing much," replied Slim. "Conditions on the road are getting worse all the time. The 'BRX' men won't let a 'Snake' ride any more. The 'Bulls' are after us hard, and I think I'll settle down, and quit, when I hit Boston this time. I like that section of the country better than any other."

"You've got the right dope," answered Whitey. "I don't think much of this 'Yap' town, but I'm going to hang on to my job till I can get a transfer to 'Los' or Tucson. I'm done with the road myself. Do you remember St. Paul, Jimmy?"

"Yes."

"He's up on the hill in the 'stir,' for life. Croaked a 'con.' who ditched him in the desert. 'Twas in the worst place between here and Tucson, and Jimmy didn't want to hike sixty miles; and he tried to jump the train again; the 'con.' pulled his gun, and Jimmy drew, and

plugged him; he got over the line into Mexico, but the Rurales got him, and turned him over to the Arizona authorities; and there he is sweltering his life away in that dump upon the hill. I go and see him quite often—take him magazines and fruit. Poor Jim looks old and worn; he won't last long. That's the way most of the 'bo's' wind up: either in the 'stir,' or else they lose their hold and get crushed under the wheels. Quit before it's too late. Too bad this isn't visiting day or I'd take you to see Jimmy. I'll tell him you passed through on your way East."

"Yes, do," answered Slim. "I think you're about right. This is my last trip on the road. What are the prospects for a ride out of here?"

"Mighty poor. Although I think I can lock you in an empty going East, and you ought to make Tucson all right. All empties are locked before the trains pull out, so as to keep the 'bo's' from riding in them. If the car is locked the crew won't suspect there's anybody in it. That's better than riding the rods and eating dust all the way to Tucson."

"Good enough," answered Slim. "When does that train pull out?"

"At ten o'clock to-night. I make up that train, and can fix you all right. Come to my room and rest till supper-time."

Slim and Whitey went to Whitey's room, where they spent the rest of the day, talking over old times, and sleeping. After supper Slim went to the yards with Whitey, and staid in the switch shanty until the fast freight was made up.

"Come on, Slim," said Whitey, as he came into the shanty. He led the way to the car in the middle of the train, pulled down the lever and unlocked the Wagner door. Grasping Slim's hand he said hoarsely. "Good-bye and good luck. Write me when you get to Boston."

"I will," answered Slim. "Good-bye," and he swung into the car, and he heard the door slam and lock after him. Taking a couple of newspapers

from his pocket, Slim spread them on the floor, then removing his coat and shoes and making a pillow of them, he laid down and went to sleep.

When Slim awoke, daylight was streaming into the cracks of the car, and the train was apparently slowing down. "Pulling into a siding for a meet on another train," said Slim, as he pulled on his shoes. "I hope they don't look the train over and ditch me here in the desert."

Unfortunately, the freight made a long stop at the siding, waiting for a passenger train. This gave the crew a chance to look the train over, and they unlocked the car and "ditched" Slim in the desert, at a "blind" siding fifty miles from the first telegraph station where he would be likely to catch another train. Slim knew it was useless to argue with a crew who asked him if he had any money, as they wanted him to pay for the privilege of riding over the division; and his only answer was: "It's too bad the railroad pays you fellows such small wages that you try to collect from the poor 'bo's' that are trying to get over the road. If I had any money, would I be riding in a box car across the hot, dusty desert? No, sir: I'd be on the plush in the varnished cars." Then he walked to the head end of the train, asked the engineer for a drink of water and started on his long hike eastward.

Slim passed the passenger train about a mile from the place where he was ditched; after a while the freight came along, and the crew standing on the rear end of the caboose made faces at him; and Slim returned the salutation by thumbing his nose at them.

There wasn't a breath of air stirring, and it was hot. Slim shuffled along over the ties thinking as he went along of wonderful descriptions of the desert he had read in stories. "Some of 'em say the air is invigorating. I wonder if any of those writers ever tried to get a breath of it on a hot September day? They write about the wonderful sunrises and sunsets, but I never could see anything wonderful in them. The New England sunsets beat

any I ever saw; and I've seen them all, from Italy to Arizona."

Slim plugged along, and as he walked he wondered where the lizard and all the creeping things of the desert obtained their water. Every once in awhile he would stop, cut off a cactus pear, peel off the outside skin, and eat it. It was cool and moist, and relieved his thirst. He hiked slowly and steadily for several hours, then laid down in the shade of a pile of railroad ties and dozed off to sleep. As he slept he dreamed he was at one of the cool New England beaches, and the waves were beating gently upon the shore. This waked him and he heard the rumble of a train, and soon the westbound overland passenger train passed him. It was now close to sunset, and Slim decided to walk all night as it was cool—then he could rest through the heat of the next day. He figured it would use up two days reaching the telegraph station he was aiming for, as twenty-five miles a day was the best he could walk in the desert country, especially when he was without both food and water.

Sunset on the Desert.

Just as the sun was ready to set, Slim waked up. "Gee, but I'm hungry," he said, as he cut off a cactus pear, peeled and ate it. "It's supper time," he exclaimed, as he looked at the sun. "If I was writing a description of this sunset I'd say, 'The big red sunball was swallowed up by a parched and thirsty desert.'" Then Slim picked up his coat and started on his all night walk. As darkness closed in, Slim listened for the night sounds of the desert; these helped to relieve the loneliness. The first one heard was the yelp of a coyote, then other coyotes took up the cry. For a few moments the desert was silent, and then there came a terrible yell. It seemed to strike the air, and be thrown back in a thousand echoes, only to repeat its terrifying tones again and again. For a moment Slim was frightened; he thought it was a human being in dis-

tre. He stopped and listened, then walked on. "It's only a catamount," he exclaimed disgustedly. Once or twice through the night Slim felt some creeping thing glide past him, as he shuffled along the ties. He shuddered as he thought what might happen if he were stung by one of them. "Guess I'm losing my grip," he said. "These things never bothered me before. It's about time I quit the road."

Slim walked until daybreak, then sat down and rested a few moments, ate a cactus pear for breakfast, remarking as he did so: "It's fashionable to have fruit for breakfast. The way I feel now, I could eat a mountain of flapjacks and drink at least a gallon of coffee." As the sun rose Slim was reminded of a song he had once heard, and he hummed a bar of it. "Up from the misty mountains, just at the break of day. I'll walk along till it begins to get hot, then I'll rest."

Slim had walked about a mile when he noticed what he thought was a little dog, some distance away. "I wonder what a dog would be doing out here in the desert?" he asked himself. "Perhaps there's some one camped close by. Maybe it's a 'bo.' Ohio Fatty is the only 'bo.' I know on the road that carries a dog with him. Fatty may be camped close by." and Slim quickened his step. The little dog ran towards him joyfully, and Slim noticed it was a small brindle bull dog. "It's Ohio Fatty's dog, sure 'nuff," cried Slim. "Come here, Rover!" And the little dog ran up to him, wagging his stump of a tail. "Where's your master?" he asked. As if in answer to his question the little dog ran ahead some distance, then stopped and waited for Slim to come up to him.

Slim was entirely unprepared for the sight he was to see, when he came to where the dog was standing. There in the middle of the track lay the mangled remains of Ohio Fatty. "Dropped off asleep, in between the trucks of the overland; foot slipped and he rolled off, the fate of many a 'bo.'" said Slim sadly. He picked up the remains and scooped a shallow grave in the sands

with his hands and buried them. "I s'pose Rover was so small that the train cleared him; that's why he wasn't killed, too." Slim failed to find anything in Fatty's clothes that would give him any idea as to where Fatty's people might be found.

"I'll tell the operator at the next station to notify the county authorities, and they can come here and hold an inquest if they want to; chances are they won't bother about a hobo!"

Slim didn't feel much like resting after his experience, consequently he walked on with Rover following at his heels. About noon they came in sight of the station they were aiming for.

The operator there was a kindly fellow, and he offered Slim something to eat and drink before Slim had hardly a chance to speak to him. Slim told him about Fatty, and the operator said he would wire the county authorities. After eating the lunch the operator gave him, Slim laid down in the shade of the station, Rover cuddled up alongside of him, and they slept until dark. The operator waked them up, and gave them some supper; he also told Slim that a freight train would be along after midnight, and he could no doubt ride to Lordsburg, New Mexico, on it.

Slim spent the time chatting with the operator, who was glad to have some one to talk to, as he was alone at this lonely desert station, where he cooked his own food; and slept in the office near his instruments where he could be ready to answer the despatchers' call on the wire, when he was needed for train orders or messages. When the train came in sight, Slim and Rover went along the track away from the station and hid behind a mesquite bush. As soon as the train started, Slim buttoned Rover inside of his coat and crawled underneath a car on to the truss rods, and he bumped along in this uncomfortable position until daylight the next morning. As it happened the train stopped in the desert to cool

a hot box, the train crew discovered Slim, and they ditched him. Fortunately, they did not see Rover, who was buttoned up under Slim's coat, or they might have taken the dog away from Slim. "It's a case of another hike, Rover," said Slim, and he trudged off in the wake of the fast vanishing train.

Slim and Rover had walked about five miles, when Slim noticed a sand storm coming towards them. "Great guns!" he exclaimed. "Guess I'd better throw my coat over my head before I smother." Just then he thought of Rover, the little, puny dog, would never weather such a storm. Still he was only a dog, and a tramp dog at that. "If there was even a pile of railroad ties here for shelter, I'd take a chance, put Rover under my coat and try and protect myself in the shelter of the ties. This is my last trip on the road; and I don't want to run chances of dying out here in this lonely, God-forsaken desert."

Just then Rover whined; instinct told him that danger was approaching. Picking up the little dog, Slim buttoned him under his coat, then knelt with his back to the storm, and as he did, he mentally recited the Lord's Prayer, something he hadn't done since childhood. The wind blew a gale, and the sand swirled around him, taking his breath away. Slim fell forward on his face. After a while the storm subsided and the little bulldog wriggled out from under Slim's coat. Rover barked and whined, but there was no response from Slim. He dug the sand away from Slim's face and licked it; but Slim never moved or opened his eyes. Then something told Rover that Slim, whom he had learned to love, and who had been very kind to him, was dead. Rover whined, licked his master's face once more, and trotted down the track towards civilization. He, too, was sick of the desert and ready to "quit the road."

Luck

By H. T. Corcoran

THE story runs that the worthy Caliph of Bagdad, Haroun Al Raschid, once became engaged in an animated discussion with his grand vizier regarding the part played in human affairs by the element of Luck. The vizier contended that it was the dominating force, while his royal highness proclaimed that there was no such thing as luck; that what was so called was only the result of patience, perseverance, intelligence and a lot of other commendable qualities too numerous to mention. The discussion grew warmer and warmer as it progressed. The prime minister stuck to his guns, so to say, and the caliph grew more insistent as the argument went on. Finally he became angry at the persistence of his chief official, and informed him that he would have his head cut off, as a warning to others who might wish to dispute a dictum of the earthly representative of Allah, unless he could prove his contention before the setting of the sun.

It was then nearly noon, and the vizier realized that he must be up and doing if he would save his precious head. He was not long in formulating his plan, and lost no time in putting it into execution. Filling his pockets with money, he took his way toward the section of the city where the dealers in precious stones had their shops. From one of these he bought a quantity of diamonds, pearls and rubies. He then went to the stall of a dealer in fruits, where he purchased a basket of cherries. He caused the pitted to be removed, and instead he placed a precious stone in each cherry and put them back in the basket.

Next he took his way to the quarter

frequented by the beggars and soon found two old, blind men sunning themselves on a bench. By the promise of a liberal reward he induced the two blind men to accompany him to the royal habitation. Securing an empty room, entirely devoid of furniture of any sort, he placed the beggars in corners diagonally opposite to each other. Then he caused the Sultan to be summoned. When his highness came, the vizier placed the cherries on the floor, near the center of the room, and announced to the beggars that there was a basket of cherries somewhere in the room which would belong to him who first located it.

The two old men began creeping over the room, groping with their hands as they went, until after a considerable time had elapsed, one of them uttered a cry of exultation indicating that he had found the prize.

The other beggar asked that he be given a share of the luscious fruit. "Are we not companions in misfortune?" he asked. "Have I not always shared with you the food which is brought me by my rich relations when they deign to think of me at all?" The lucky beggar was deaf to all his prayers, and kept on eating the cherries while the seeds he threw to his companion, saying as he did so: "Here, my brother, do you take these seeds and plant them in thy garden, and Allah will bless you with trees from which you may gather fruit for yourself." He continued to throw the stones to his companion until the last cherry had been consumed. The other beggar placed the so-called pitted in the pocket of his tattered garment, and excusing himself, set out to grope his way out of the palace.

The caliph had been looking on si-

lently while the proceedings were going on. Turning to the vizier he said: "You are in the right, oh, most worthy minister, and I am plainly in the wrong. There is such an element in life as 'luck,' and I am one of the luckiest rulers on earth to have found so resourceful a vizier. Hereafter, your salary shall be doubled, and I will confer upon you the order of the Green Alligator as a testimony to your worth."

Since the time of the good caliph the feeling has steadily grown that the element of luck is ever present in human affairs. When gentlemen meet in the temple of Bacchus their salutation is: "Here's luck!" When the returning fisherman seeks to sneak home, unobserved, after a hard day's work in pursuit of the elusive fish, he is certain to encounter some observant friend whose first question is: "What luck?" Whereupon he proceeds to unload a whopping lie about the fish which got away, after a hard tussle, and which was the largest salmon, or sturgeon, or bass, or shad, or trout or any other sort of fish ever hooked in that particular stream. So luck runs the entire gamut of human occupations. There is a type of luck for each one. We have baseball luck, and race horse luck and fisherman's luck, and good luck, and bad luck, and "poker" luck," and "bridge" luck. No one has yet been found who was willing to concede that in any of the foregoing pursuits lack of skill had anything to do with the result.

When California was the Mecca toward which thousands turned in order to secure wealth by finding gold by the roadside, three young men happened to locate adjoining claims upon the American river, a few miles above Placerville, then called Hangtown. The winter season was close at hand. No work of consequence could be done before spring, so they decided to pool their claims and work together. They did the necessary assessment work, built a primitive cabin and concluded to await the coming of the open season when they would develop their claims and make fortunes for all of them.

In order to pass the winter in safety

and comfort, certain things must be provided in the way of food and other essentials. They decided to go to Hangtown to lay in the necessary supplies. Inasmuch as they were comparative strangers to each other, there was no protest when it was suggested that all of them should go to do the buying.

They found, by marshalling their assets, that they had a cash capital of six hundred dollars. Even though the prices of food were exceedingly high they were confident that they had enough money to buy what they needed and something to spare. So they set out for Hangtown with a carefully prepared list of the things they intended to buy.

Hangtown was a typical mining camp. Every want of the miner was catered to. There were hotels and stores, dance houses and gambling houses, and other classes of business not generally mentioned in the directories. Our young men, in looking over the town, happened upon a gambling house where all sorts of games of chance were being carried on. Faro, keno, roulette and poker were being played and large sums of money were in sight to tempt the sportively inclined. Our young friends resisted all the temptations until they reached the place where a game of poker was in full blast. They stood looking on, for several minutes, when one of them called his comrades aside and informed them that he was an expert poker player and that he was confident of his ability to beat the game. He was so insistent that his associates finally consented to allow him to try his luck. Accordingly he sat in to the game.

From the beginning Fortune favored him. He won steadily, and in a short time he had twenty-five hundred dollars in front of him. His associates, who had been anxiously looking on, became satisfied that he had won enough and that it was time to cash in and pocket his winnings. Accordingly one of them whispered to him the suggestion that he quit. He acquiesced. "Just as soon as I deal," he promised. In due course it came his turn to deal.

He had still all his money in front of him, and his companions were in great good humor at the prospect of sharing in a good winning.

He dealt the cards, and upon looking into his hand he saw three aces and a pair of tens. The first man passed, so did the second. The third player opened for the size of the pot, the fourth man called, and the dealer raised it five hundred dollars.

The opener promptly shoved all the money in front of him into the center, saying as he did so: "I tap you." The fourth man passed, leaving the dealer to fight it out alone. He promptly moved all his money into the center. It was not quite enough to equal the raise, but it was all he had, and he could bet no more without putting up the money. "Give me two cards," said the opener, and the dealer promptly served them, standing pat himself. "Well," said the opener, "it's a show-down, and I guess you've got me. I had three nines to go and I never help." Then he turned his cards face up on the table, showing four nines and a face card. The dealer, instinctively, turned over the top card which remained on the deck, and to his utter amazement he disclosed the fourth ace. Had he thrown away his pair and drawn to his three aces, he would have made four aces and would have won. Instead he was cleaned out of his last dollar on his own deal. Was that "luck?" What would you have done under the circumstances, gentle reader? Perhaps you never play poker? If not, you have lived in vain.

The young men sold their claims for a small sum to a party of French prospectors, who took out more than thirty thousand dollars in a season, and then sold to a company which worked at them until they had paid out more than three millions of dollars in dividends. Our young friends scattered far and wide, though all remained in California and in time became wealthy.

Two well known mining men of Nevada took an option upon a pocket mine in Sierra County, California. Sam Jones, brother of Senator John P. Jones

and "Lon" Hamilton, the Senator's brother-in-law, were the operators in question. They agreed to expend twenty-five thousand dollars upon the claim, which had been lying idle for some years. If they took the mine for two hundred thousand dollars they were to have credit for the sum expended in exploration work. They expended the last of the money without getting any signs of gold in paying quantities. After a council of war, they decided to quit and lose the money they had spent. They turned the property back to the owner and went home.

Next week the owner and two of his sons went to work in the mine, and the first shot fired by them uncovered a pocket out of which eight hundred thousand dollars was taken in less than four weeks. One of the first acts of the lucky miner was to send to Jones and Hamilton the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars. The pay streak was lost and found more than once in recent years, and the mine has yielded more than two and one-half millions of dollars since the two experts turned it down.

Uriah Wood had a summer range in the San Joaquin Valley, in early days, to which he brought his sheep, each year, from the Santa Clara Valley. He had no title to the land, as it had not been surveyed and was not open to purchase or settlement. He put up a cabin for his herders and a wind mill to supply water. One summer he went over to prepare to move his sheep and found that some campers had broken a casting on the mill so as to render it useless. He had to go to Stockton, some seventy miles away, to secure a new casting. As he was crossing the river at Hill's Ferry, the ferryman told him that Tim Paige and Chapman, two well known land grabbers, had crossed the preceding day and he had heard them discussing the locating of a large body of land in the section where he was ranging his sheep. It had just been surveyed and could be bought for one dollar and a quarter an acre. They paid for lands they took up with Indian war scrip, and military road scrip, is-

sued by the government and bought by them from the holders for from fifty to eighty cents on the dollar.

Woods hurried to Stockton. He was in a badly worried state of mind at the prospect of losing his splendid range. He had no ready money, except a small sum, and could not raise enough to pay for the land unless given time to sell his wool clip and mortgage his home in the Santa Clara Valley. He concluded to ask the land office authorities to hold this land long enough to enable him to secure the money. That night he met in the hotel a young man whom he and his wife had cared for through a severe illness many years before, and who had not been heard from by them since. He told Woods that he had been engaged in mining in Sierra County and had just sold out for a good sum and had come to Stockton to buy a farm. Woods told him his troubles and he asked him to meet in the morning when he would see what could be done.

Next morning he and Woods went to the Land Office and the latter asked to have the land set aside for him for fifteen days. The official refused to do so, saying that it was beyond his authority, that he had refused the same request to Paige and Chapman, who wanted time to go to San Francisco and bring their scrip to pay for it. "I expect one of them on the boat this morning," he said. "He would have been here before now if the boat had not been caught on a sand bar at low tide." Wood's friend thereupon wrote his check for the money, but the official would not accept anything but coin. They hurried to the bank, secured the money and were back at the land office just as the boat whistled to land. Wood secured his certificate, and as he and his friend were walking away from the place they met Tim Paige coming in. Wood repaid the money in a few weeks and held on to the land until an irrigating canal was built along one side of it. He refused to sell it for a million three hundred thousand dollars, and rents it to dairy men for a cash rental of one hundred and eighty thou-

sand dollars a year. Wood, who is worth several millions, always attributed his great success in life to "luck, sheer luck."

A prospector traveling on the Nevada desert turned his burros loose to graze. In the morning one was missing. A brief search disclosed him feeding upon the scanty herbage growing upon a rocky ledge. Something about the rock attracted the prospector's attention and caused him to break off a few samples, which he took to his home in or near Carson City. He took his bag of samples to a neighbor who was an assayer, and asked him to see what character of rock it was. The assayer threw the bag of samples into a corner of the room, which happened to be his sitting room, and went about his business. His wife, in cleaning up the house, came upon the samples and threw them into the woodshed, where they were soon covered with rubbish and forgotten by every one concerned.

One day, some weeks later, the prospector happened to remember his samples. After a long search they were found and the assayer promised to attend to them at once. Next day he came to the house of the prospector in a state of great excitement. He asked the prospector if he could find the place on the desert from which he had taken them. He stated that they were very rich in gold, and asked to have a claim located for him.

The prospector lost no time in going back to the ledge on the desert, where he located several claims, none of which proved to be the richest, but all of which were rich enough. Such was the way in which luck led Jim Butler to discover Tonopah.

A prospector stopped one day at noon to eat his luncheon of bread and meat under the shade of a spreading tree. He took out his clasp knife to cut the sandwich, but finding the blade dull, he began to stroke it upon a large stone at his side. As he drew the knife blade backward and forward he noticed that the rock took on a dull, reddish color. When he had eaten his fill he decided to dig the rock up, and

finally succeeded. He found himself in the possession of the world-famous Coolgardie nugget, the largest single piece of gold that has ever been discovered.

The history of mining is full of tales and legends which show how very large a part is played by chance, or, as it is more generally called, luck. So it is with every calling in which we

engage. The hard-headed philosopher will contend against such a conclusion and will insist that it is only energy, industry and their allied virtues that count in life, but the weight of evidence is against them, and to the end of time the great majority of the human family will contend, as it has during the thousands that are gone, that the over-ruling force in life is "Luck."

NEVADA

Sagebrush scent from the prairie,
 The pine from nearby hills;
 Song of the birds in the even',
 When good-night softly trills;
 Spirit of night on the desert,
 As moonbeams light the hills.

Glare of heat at the noontide,
 The yellow, flaring light;
 Myst'ry of deep purple shadows
 That cloak the coming night;
 Voices that call from the silence,
 With charm of primal might.

Ditches thread through the valleys,
 With bound of emerald lines;
 Brown of the deep-chiseled hillsides
 With straggling, lonesome pines,
 Hide the rich treasures deep buried,
 That lure with hidden mines.

Hectic glow in the morning,
 Of sunclouds in the east;
 Hush of the sad, dreamy gloaming,
 When long, hot days have ceased;
 Watch of the dark, brooding night-time,
 Like prayers of sad-eyed priest.

Sagebrush mixed with the pine-smell,
 The taste of alkali;
 Grey and red-brown of the landscape
 Against the blue of sky,
 Weave the deep spell of Nevada
 To hold me till I die.

MARY BROWN TENNEY.

Precious and Semi-Precious Stones of California

By Alice M. Keatinge

THE gold mines of California have become famous in history, but little is known outside of scientific circles, even to many of the residents of the State, of the comparatively late discovery of precious and semi-precious stones in the southern part of California—such an assemblage in variety and quality as the world has never before seen. These gems are bought up by Tiffany & Co. and other new York firms direct from the mines, and are better known in New York, Paris, Spain, Russia, Germany and China than in California. The most important of the gem mines are in San Diego, Riverside, San Bernardino and Los Angeles Counties. They were discovered only a few years ago, but the mines have yielded great quantities of rich mineral. Many of the gems were strange to the prospectors, who were searching for other minerals. The first tourmaline was discovered by a prospector who was looking for gold. A red reflection or light, shining through an aperture in the rocks, attracted his attention, and, striking his pick into the ledge, he uncovered seven great bars of tourmaline. He took them to a local jeweler, and directed him to saw it open. But the jeweler's saw was not strong enough, so after vain attempts to ascertain what the mineral was, he went to New York and sought the wisdom of a lapidary, who told him that it was a nice specimen, but otherwise of no value, and that it was a pity to mar it with the saw. The lapidary offered him a hundred dollars for the specimen. The man refused to sell and insisted that the lapidary should saw it open. It was then found to be packed with pencils of tourmaline

banded in beautiful colors of red, green, blue and white. He sold it for \$2,500. The bar was three inches wide by seven long.

Many new gems, strangers to mineralogists and lapidaries, are being found. The most valuable one is the gem kunzite, named for Dr. G. F. Kunz (Tiffany's expert on gems), who was the first to decide on the rank and value of the gem. In value and beauty it closely follows the diamond. Its color ranges from white to pink lilac and dark lilac.

Dr. Kunz, who is an expert and student of precious stones, declares that California is now to see a gem age, the most famous and richest of her eras. She has had her gold harvest, her luxuriant agricultural productions from field, orchard and gardens, and now comes the discovery of her wealth of sparkling gems.

Fifteen counties have furnished specimens of diamonds, some of good size, but most of them small, though of good quality. These, as a rule, come from placer sands. Garnets of excellent color and brilliancy, are found in the placer sands of almost every county in the State. The miners call them "California rubies." On the Reed ranch (the station for which is Reed's), near Tiburon, are found garnets of a fine quality and beautiful color and luster. They are imbedded in the rocks scattered over the hills opposite San Quentin. The distance, from San Francisco, is but half an hour by boat and train. It is a charming spot in spring time, with the early flowers for company, and the waters of the bay just a little way off sweeping the shores of the field.

There are many varieties of the cop-

per formations of semi-precious stones, malachite, azurite and chrysocolla; besides these are lapis lazuli, chrysoprase and californiate. The latter is a gem-mineral recently discovered, resembling jade in color and quality. Quantities of the mineral are shipped to China for use instead of jade.

Jasper is common in many localities. A fine quality in shades of green and yellow occurs at Murphy's, Calaveras County. Red and green jaspers of a coarser texture are used for paving the streets of San Francisco. These red and green jaspers may also be seen on any of the Marin County roads that have lately been graveled. Agate, chalcedony, jasper and rock-crystal pebbles are found on the rock-strewn beaches of California. On the sands of almost any of the protected beaches a few of these pebbles will reward the seeker. They are of various colors, golden-yellow, blueish-gray, pink-green, white and some as transparent as moonstones, but lacking the play of light which the latter display. Pescadero, near San Francisco, in San Mateo County, has a greater variety and better pebbles than any of the beaches in the State.

On the shores of Lake Tahoe are pebble beaches well known to the visitors and residents of the locality. Redonda, near Los Angeles, has an important pebble beach, and Catalina Island's moonstone beach is a favorite resort of tourists. The latter has another beach covered with large rocks and coarse pebbles, called sardonyx. These stones are beautiful when polished, and unique in their various-colored flower-like designs. They are really composed of jasper (chalcedony, quartz and pyrites). All these pebbles are prized by tourists, who gather them and have them polished and mounted for pins and other ornaments, as they make handsome pieces of jewelry.

Beryls, which include emeralds and aquamarines, are plentiful in the mines of Riverside and San Diego Counties. Pink or rose beryl, hitherto rare, is found in several localities of the gem-

region in Southern California, also a green and yellow variety, and one of a peculiar opaque deep-blue. Emeralds of good quality have not yet been discovered, but the stone called California emerald is interesting.

Sapphires are obtained from San Francisquito Pass. Beautiful topaz, white, light-yellow, sea-green and sky-blue, is plentiful in the mines near Ramona, San Diego County. Some of the crystals weigh a pound.

Spinel-ruby comes from San Luis Obispo County, and Humboldt County furnishes a blue-spinel of good color.

Tourmaline, as before mentioned, pencils of all sizes, pink, green, blue and red, are taken from the San Diego County mines in large quantities. The small specimens first came to notice through a scientist who found the Indian school children playing with the "pretty, colored glass pencils."

I saw the tourmalines in connection with kunzite in the mines. It was interesting to examine the gems in their native state; the workings as a rule being near the surface, look easy to mine. One huge pencil, of a deep rose-red, which they showed me, measured five by seven inches, and was worth upwards of \$2,500. Until lately tourmalines have not been universally used as gems, though China has long prized the pink tourmaline as a jewel. The tourmaline mines in California are considered the most remarkable in the world. The pencils, often forming clusters of a dozen or more in banded colors, fastened to rock-crystals, are royal specimens.

In this same district, in the lithia mines, associated with the lithia, are found gem-tourmalines and kunzite. Quartz-crystals of all colors come also from this locality. Of these, amethyst, Spanish topaz and rose-quartz are favorite gems. To the non-crystallized quartz belong chalcedony, carnelian, chrysoprase, the agates, onyx, moss-agates, the true moonstones and jaspers, all of which are found in pebbles or pockets, in various parts of California. The chrysoprase principally comes from Tulare County. True

moonstones of fine quality but very small in size are found in the Funeral Mountains, Inyo County.

Several varieties of opal are reported from different localities, but few of the precious fire-opals. Some of the California opals are almost an amber yellow. Fire-opals, in small quantities, appear in seams and pockets in the vicinity of the Mojave Desert. A peculiar glassy variety of opal, hyalite, often called California diamond, is found in Lake County near Seigler Springs.

Turquoise of fine color and in great quantity, the mines covering an area of many miles, was located near Manvel, San Diego County, in 1898. Legend ascribes these mines to have originally belonged to the Desert Mojave tribes, and the remains of cave dwellings and utensils for working the ore, discovered near the mines, lends proof to the story. Turquoise ornaments, and the gems cut and uncut, are on exhibition in the gem stores in Los Angeles in great abundance and at very reasonable prices.

Pearls from the oyster and from the abalone, are among the gem productions of the State. The shell of the abalone is also made into various ornaments that sell readily to tourists. The rich colors of beautiful green and violet shades make handsome bracelets, chains and other pieces, but the abalone shells are so common in California that the residents care little for them.

Datolite, another gem-material, is strewn over the deserts of San Bernardino and Inyo Counties, and is also found at Fort Point, San Francisco. It is found both in small glassy crystals and in masses. The colors are white, creamy grey, pale green, yellowish,, reddish and amethystine.

A remarkable mass of rock-crystal of enormous size was unearthed at Mokelumne Hill in 1898. Tons of the rock were taken out and shipped to New York and to other countries. A giant crystal, surrounded by one hundred and sixty smaller ones, weighed over a ton. One of these flawless crystals

sold for \$3,000, and was used for making crystal balls.

Mariposite is another mineral that has been shipped to China in quantities, its charming green color used in place of jade.

This is but the beginning of the gem industry in California; the mines are young, and new gems are continually being discovered, which appears to be essentially Californian. Just lately came information of a new stone of an attractive blue color, which, in the deeper tones, showed a violet tint. It rivals in color the sapphire, and is more brilliant, but not so hard. It came from San Benito County and was christened benitoite.

The gem shops of Los Angeles and San Diego are dazzling in color and brilliancy, due chiefly to the California stones, but so little is known of the value and variety of the native gems, that many people will not believe in their genuineness; and too often are they sold, to those who do not know of California's wealth of native gems, at large prices, as stones from foreign countries.

I have visited some of the mines in my wanderings, studied the gem material, and gathered specimens from various parts of the State, and I know that Californians, if they desired, could gather their own gems from the hills and possess stones as lovely as the world can boast. The residents of the State should develop the gem mines, instead of allowing the product to be taken out by alien. I think I am safe in asserting that it would be hard to secure many native gems in the jewelry stores of San Francisco. Why? Because the output of the mines is sold before it is dug from the earth to rich firms of other State and countries; also a local demand for the gems is lacking. People of the State go abroad to buy their gems, partly through ignorance of what they have at home, partly because they mistakenly think the foreign stones are better. The people of other countries do not seem to think so.

The men who own the mines gen-

erally do the work themselves, as it is difficult to find honest labor, and while the mining looks easy, it is slow, and must be done with care not to injure the gem material. There is also a need of a greater number of skilled, honest lapidaries, either from foreign countries, or artisans trained to the trade in schools, to cut the gems well, and reasonably; then shall the demand for them grow and bring rich harvest to the State, instead of the uncut output of the mines traveling to foreign countries, a meet punishment for the ignorance and neglect of such treasures. However, there is some excuse, as the men of the State Mineralogical Bureau complain that it is most difficult to get information about new mines, so carefully are their secrets

guarded lest thieves or prospectors divide the spoils, or lessen the value by increasing the output.

At present this is the array of gems in California: Diamonds, kunzite, tourmaline, topaz, spinel ruby (red and blue), emeralds, aquamarines, garnets, amethysts, jaspers, opals, chrysoprase, sapphire, Californite (jadite), chalcedony, moonstones, chrysocolla, azurite and malachite, lapis-lazuli, abalone, ornamental and shell pearls, turquoise, and the new gem, called benotoite.

Most of the 24 varieties mentioned are well known gems that our people bring from European countries, and yet they can collect as beautiful stones, with the exception of diamonds, in their own State.

THE STRONGHOLD

Quieter than any twilight
 Shed over earth's last deserts,
 Quiet and vast and shadowless
 Is that unfounded keep,
 Higher than the roof of the night's high chamber,
 Deep as the shaft of sleep.

And solitude will not cry there,
 Melancholy will not brood there,
 Hatred, with its sharp, corroding pain,
 And fear will not come there at all;
 Never will a tear or a heart-ache enter
 Over that enchanted wall.

But O if you find that castle,
 Draw back your foot from the gateway,
 Let not its peace invite you,
 Let not its offerings tempt you.
 For faded and decayed like a garment,
 Love to a dust will have fallen,
 And song and laughter will have gone with sorrow,
 And hope will have gone with pain;
 And of all the throbbing heart's high courage
 Nothing will remain.

J. C. SQUIRE.

Reminiscences of Early Virginia City and the Comstock

By A Californian

(The following chapter from the life of George T. Marye, a well known pioneer who was active on the Comstock, gives an account of the two mining developments on the Lode, one of which marked the pinnacle of Virginia City's greatness, and the other the beginning of its decline.)

IN 1873 the great excitement in the stock market following upon the development of the ore-body in the two Gold Hill mines, had largely subsided, but the public continued to take a keen interest in all the Comstock properties and followed the work done in any of them with close attention. It was in that year that Flood and his Virginia City partners, Fair and Mackay, obtained control by purchase of the claim or of a majority of the stock of the various properties on the lode, extending from Best & Belcher on the south to Ophir on the north. As has elsewhere been said, that part of the lode had been long neglected, and some of the properties had been shut down, and all work in them abandoned. But Fair was a shrewd and intelligent miner, and the little streak of ore found in the bottom of the Gould & Curry mine, after he and his partners got control of the company, and which ran north through Best & Belcher ground in increasing dimensions, though never of size sufficient to make mining it profitable, was to his experienced eye and trained judgment as a miner, a very significant indication of what it might lead up to in the neglected area north of Best & Belcher. The practised eye of

Fair and the knowledge it gave him, the broad and comprehensive vision of Mackay, his confident belief in the possibilities of the Comstock and his excellent judgment in mining matters, enabled them to readily convince their San Francisco partner of the great probability of large gains in taking over the neglected claims between Best & Belcher and Ophir. And so the world famous Consolidated Virginia Mining Company was incorporated, and from it somewhat later, in 1874, and covering a part of the ground originally belonging to the Consolidated Virginia, was segregated and organized into a separate company, the equally famous California Mining Company. The wondrous richness of the two made history as well as fortunes, and their output, actual or anticipated, affected the monetary systems of all the nations.

It was naturally quite a long cry from the organization of the companies and the beginning of the exploration of the old discredited ground to the discovery of the "big bonanza," and the story of the vicissitudes, the discouragements and the changes of that period of doubt and search would not be wanting in interest, but it may suffice to say the work pursued its course steadily amid the uncertainties incidental to all mining and the knowledge of what was going on, of its aims and of the expectations which prompted it, which at first had been confined to a few insiders on the Comstock, gradually spread to all who were interested in the mines as shareholders or otherwise, and from them to the whole body

of the people of Virginia City and of San Francisco, of every mining camp in Nevada and of every center of business in California.

The gradually awakening interest of the general public expressed itself in the steadily increasing activity of the stock market. In the early part of 1874 expectation was already keenly alert, and all changes, whatever their nature, in the exploration of Con. Virginia, as the mine was popularly called, were attended with wide fluctuations in the values of all the securities of the lode, for Con. Virginia was the point of interest, and as went its stock so went the others. Marye was well informed about the progress of work in the mine, and the appearance presented by it at different times, and those of his clients who followed his suggestions made money, and that was one of the reasons for the great popularity of his business house.

In the spring of '74 it became quite definitely known, not merely to those who were carrying on the explorations in the mine and to the larger operators in mining shares, but to the general public as well, that an important discovery had been made in Con. Virginia. The general nature of the "find" we may suppose, was pretty accurately surmised from the outset, but its dimensions, its richness, and all its main features could only be the subjects of conjecture and speculation, and that speculative guess work about the progress of development was reflected in the feverish activity of the stock-market. During the ensuing summer there were times when what was the equivalent of a new mine seemed to be developed every day by the work of twenty-four hours, and there were other times when it seemed that they had got through with fresh developments, and that the full size of the ore-body had been uncovered, or at all events ascertained. All those changing conditions and indications, as they were gradually uncovered, were reflected on the Exchange in San Francisco by wide fluctuations in values and in an enormous and ever increasing volume of

business. In the closing days of that eventful summer it stood revealed that they had reached an ore body that went far beyond the hopes of the most hopeful or the expectations of the most sanguine, and even after that the work of every day continued to add to the riches already discovered.

Virginia City was now at the height of its prosperity, and was nearing the height of its fame. It was the recognized metropolis of the world for the mining of the precious metals, its methods of opening the mines, of taking out and treating the ore furnished the examples followed in all mines of the precious metals the world over. The influence and effects of its great discoveries were felt everywhere, but, of course, nowhere as in the town itself. Life there for a time had a singular interest and charm; there was a suppressed, semi-conscious excitement and expectancy which was not confined to any set of persons, but was shared by the entire community. Vast wealth was being uncovered and added to the riches of the world, and nobody knew to whom it was going or whether it would be allotted to the fortunate ones through their good luck or through their own good judgment. All had shares of stock in the mines; all were trying to make money through their ventures in the stock-market. Some were content with a reasonable profit, say, a hundred per cent in a few days or a few weeks; some would be content with no less than a small fortune whatever the amount of the original investment, and others again would never be satisfied with any profit and would never realize their gains and take what they had made. Marye took great interest in the operations of those of his clients who showed a disposition to seize the opportunity for large profits, and often gave them valuable advice, but he used to tell very candidly those who were never willing to realize a good profit when the opportunity occurred that it was no use trying to help them, that they were not in the market to make money, but only for the gamble.



Richard S. Mesick, a prominent lawyer of Virginia City, Nev., who was selected by Justice Stephen J. Field to defend Nagel, who had killed Judge Terry when he attacked Field.

The following incident, though it took place at an earlier period than we have now reached serves to illustrate his disposition to assist his friends and clients. In 1871, when the Crown Point and Belcher market had become quite active, Marye returning to his office one evening after dinner saw standing in the door of the Agency of the Bank of California, Judge Sunderland, whose partner, Curtis Hillyer, had recently left Virginia City for Washington to practice his profession in the National Capital. Marye stopped to speak to Sunderland, with whom he was well acquainted, and the latter in response to the usual salutation, said: "Oh, I am all right physically, but I am not doing anything: I am not making any money." Marye remarked: "Well, let me buy a hundred shares of Belcher for you; you will make money out of that." "I would like to," returned Sunderland, "but I haven't any money." "That's all right," said Marye, "you give the or-

der and I will buy the stock and carry it for you." Sunderland gave the order and Marye bought the stock, which was selling then at about eighty dollars a share, and carried it until it reached the price of eighteen hundred dollars a share. He then suggested to Sunderland to sell. The latter, though not altogether willing, did sell, but he complained of the interest charged on his account at the regular rate of $1\frac{7}{8}$ per cent a month, although he made upwards of seventeen hundred dollars a share, and more than a hundred and seventy thousand dollars on the transaction without putting up a cent out of his own pocket.

In the autumn months of 1874 business in Marye's office was more active than even before. He had a well organized and efficient staff of clerks, but he had no partner, and all matters involving the exercise of discretion and independent judgment, and there were many of them, had to be passed up to him. The clerks had their general instructions which they were required to follow and from which they were not expected to depart, and any business requiring to be handled in an exceptional way had to receive the attention of Marye himself. That meant more than he could attend to, for the office was at that time receiving orders from all over the country, from Albuquerque in New Mexico to Victoria in British Columbia, and from Salt Lake in Utah to Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands. He felt that he needed a partner, and his son, who had recently returned from Europe and engaged in the practice of the law in San Francisco, was requested by him to join him in his business. The younger Marye, though fond of the profession for which he had prepared himself, and doing well at it owing to the considerable amount of lucrative business his father threw in his way, readily acquiesced in the suggestion, and in November, '74, went to Virginia City. He at once took an active part in the business of the office, and years afterwards his father paid him the compliment of saying that he was the only



Edmund Randolph, an early lawyer of San Francisco, selected by Edwin Stanton Attorney-General under President Buchanan to represent the Government in the litigation between it and the claimants of the New Almaden Quicksilver Mine in California.

partner he had ever had who had been of real assistance to him.

Marye's office force at this time was working night and day; they had what was called in the mining parlance of the place a night shift to supplement the work of the day clerks. These latter began their labors at eight o'clock in the morning and remained at work until eight o'clock in the evening, relieving one another from time to time to go out and get their meals. At eight o'clock p. m. the doors were closed, locked and barred, and the weary clerks began their last task of the day, to balance the cash. This was done with reasonable ease and celerity, but sometimes, owing to the rush of business, some entry had been forgotten or some mistake made, and it was no easy task to straighten out the cash, and until that was done, none of course could go. When that was accomplished the tired day clerks went off to a well earned rest. Their places were at once taken by the night clerks, who wrote up the books and made out statements of account during the night until five o'clock in the morning, when

the porters came in and cleaned up the office, and at eight a. m. the daily round began again.

It took a great deal of money to handle the business of the office at this time, and Marye was often largely overdrawn in bank. But as ample provision was always made to meet such a situation, and as the overdraft of one day was often turned into a large credit balance on the morrow, it never impeded business. Still a reasonable limit had to be observed, and on one occasion Michael L. Lynch, a large customer and great friend of Marye's, told him that he had an account in another office, that he owed eighty thousand dollars on it, and had about half a million dollars worth of stocks there, and that while he didn't feel uneasy, he would be more comfortable if Marye would take up the account. Marye said all right, he would do it. At that time Marye was overdrawn \$400,000 in the bank in Virginia City, and was leaning heavily, too, on the bank in San Francisco. But he put on his hat and went down to the Bank of California to see Sharon. He told Sharon what he had in view, that he wanted to take up the account, but that he didn't want to increase his overdraft in the Bank, and then he said: "I want you to let me have the money."

"All right," said Sharon, without a moment's hesitation; "make out your note, and I will give you a check."

Marye made out his note and took the money, and, it may be added, it was paid up in the natural course of business two or three days afterwards.

The year 1874, so memorable in the fleeting prosperity of Virginia City, was now drawing to a close, and though the commissions in the office were from a thousand to three thousand dollars a day, all including Marye himself were well pleased when the Stock Board in San Francisco declared a recess over Christmas week from the 24th of December, 1874, to the 2d of January, 1875. This furnished a much needed though brief period of relaxation from the high tension of the previous months, but it was scarcely

a period of rest, for all the books had to be gone over, all the accounts closely examined and preparations made for the renewal of business when the rush began again. Marye was able to give his entire attention to that work without any other pre-occupation, for he had no stocks of his own, and it is worthy of remark that during the whole time that he was in Virginia City, during much of which he was in the midst of a very vortex of stock excitement and seeing large sums, indeed fortunes, made rapidly around him, he never bought or sold a single share of stock on his own account. He used to say that he could make money enough out of his business, if he attended to that properly, without buying any stocks.

A notable instance of the windfalls which attended the Con. Virginia-California development was the experience of Williams & Bixler. They were a firm of attorneys of good standing and considerable practice in Virginia City. The partners were Thomas Hanford Williams, of Kentucky, and David Bixler, of Maryland, and among their clients was the company which owned the mining claim known as Central Number Two, one of the group of claims afterwards organized into the Consolidated Virginia and the California Mining Companies. In the late sixties Williams & Bixler presented a bill for professional services rendered to the Central Number Two Company, and as the company had no money and could not raise any by assessment on its stock, they were obliged to bring suit to recover the amount of their fees. They had judgment, and as the company had no means of paying them, they were obliged to sell out its property. The amount sued for by them was about twelve hundred dollars, and at the Sheriff's sale they bid in the property for the sum awarded them by the court. The company was unable to redeem, of course, and after the lapse of the usual statutory period, six months in Nevada, the title became fully vested in them. They were anything but pleased at the company's failure to pay, and at their having to



Court House in Virginia City

bring suit; they thought they had acquired a worthless mining claim on which they would have to pay taxes and do assessment work, and for a long time they would gladly have sold out their judgment and what it represented for fifty per cent in cash of their original demand.

When the Con. Virginia and California Mining Companies were definitely organized, Williams & Bixler received for their interest in Central Number Two, stock in the California Mining Company, which they afterwards sold for upwards of three million dollars. The sales were made by Marye through the office of Geo. T. Marye & Son in San Francisco, which was the firm-name of his business house there, as it was also in Virginia City, after his son joined him. Shakespeare is authority for saying that "Some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." Thomas H. Williams and David Bixler were both able lawyers and good business

men, not a frequent combination, but it may well be doubted that they would ever have made the large fortunes which they did if they had not been compelled very reluctantly to take the property of Central Number Two in lieu of a cash fee.

In the summer of 1875 Marye took steps to carry out the plan he had determined upon for some time to open an office of his own in San Francisco. During the last two years he had paid his agent in the Bay City rather more than a hundred and twelve thousand dollars, and he naturally felt that instead of paying that money out it would be better to transfer it from one pocket to another. He sent his son to San Francisco to open there a branch of the house of Geo. T. Marye & Son; and that was done after some delay, caused by the failure of the Bank of California, which occurred in the month of August of that year. The failure of the Bank was followed by the closing of the Stock Exchange, which delayed the opening of Marye's office in San Francisco, but did not stop business in Virginia City. Orders were received in the office there much as before, though fortunately in greatly reduced volume, and they were, for the most part, transmitted in the usual way to Marye's son, who was taking over the business in San Francisco, to be filled. But they could not be executed through any of the usual channels as the Stock Exchange was closed, and all of its members were forbidden to do any business during the period of closure. The rules against doing any business did not, of course, affect Marye in Virginia City or his son in San Francisco, who was not yet a member of the Exchange, but they made the purchase and sale of stocks a matter of some difficulty and of much uncertainty.

The days of the failure, with its tragic and trying incidents, were troublous times, especially for one doing such an active and extensive business as Marye. Fortunately, however, for some time before the failure, as much through good luck, perhaps, as through

good judgment, he had been calling in and reducing accounts, and the storm came when he was not too widely extended. In commenting on the situation, he said the trouble came just when everybody owed him and he didn't owe anybody. But no one can feel very easy when his debtors are all rendered unable to pay what they owe, and no one understood better than Marye that even in times of trouble it is far better to owe debts that you can pay than to have money owing to you that your debtors are unable to pay. Marye, like the rest, had his troubles and his anxieties, but he was well fitted by character to support them, and when everything was frozen tight and no one was willing to part with a dollar that he could avoid paying out, Marye kept right on doing as before as nearly as he could. A few days before the failure he had been negotiating the purchase of a fine saddle horse and he had said he would give a thousand dollars for him. The owner wanted more, but on the day of the failure he came in and said he would take a thousand dollars in cash if Marye would give it. Marye's answer was prompt and laconic: Bring in the horse, he said, and the sale was consummated at once. It was the same in much earlier days when the city of San Francisco determined, over Marye's objection, to sell the City Slip property, by which his interest in the Sacramento street wharf, which he owned jointly with Dr. Hitchcock, was made valueless. He became the largest purchaser at the Slip property sale, Sharon being the second largest, and afterwards when the purchase proved unprofitable, he was willing to stand by it, though the sales were all eventually cancelled through the efforts of other purchasers. The lines of Horace are not inapplicable to him:

"Si fractus illabatur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae."

When the Bank of California was re-habilitated by its stockholders and some others, and re-opened its doors

for business in November, '75, and the Stock Exchange also re-opened immediately following, Marye's business resumed its usual channels, the only difference being that instead of being transacted through an agent in San Francisco, it was handled in his own office, which soon established a local business equal to that of the parent house in Virginia City. But the white heat of the huge movement in stocks

attending the uncovering of the Con. Virginia-California ore body was now over, and during the remainder of '75, and throughout the year '76, while there was a very active market with enormous transactions and wide fluctuations, there was not the feverish activity and overwhelming volume of business that had marked the earlier months of the discovery.

(To be Continued.)

DEMOCRACY (1917)

When the great above and the small below
Are leveled by a fair God's throw;
When mothers of men, at the bugles' blow,
Give the best they have to give;

When the gun and the sword and the steel that rings,
In the clash of the savage strife that stings,
Are laid in the dust of forgotten things—
Then democracy will live!

With death and despair must the martyrs meet
Till dawn brings a respite in night's dark defeat.
While as the stars on the heights, fair and sweet,
Breathes the spirit of God's man!

Caught like a shred on the edge of the world;
Plaything of time—like a leaf he is whirled—
Battled and scarred, to eternity hurled!
(Powerful the plea and the plan.)

Shrouded in sorrow the shadow is cast;
Echoes roll on as the victors sweep past,
A thousand years hail this day, here at last,
To herald democracy!

ROSE DE VAUX-ROYER.



Some Economic Lessons of the War

By Andre Lebon

ABOUT three-quarters of a century ago, a fierce campaign was conducted by the liberal and idealistic French press of that period against a Minister who, in addressing a meeting of electors, summed up his whole political platform in the words: "Work! Save! Get rich!" I freely admit that, in normal times, so materialistic a policy responds but poorly to the idealism which lies at the heart of all free peoples. But the times in which we live are not normal, and it will be long before they become so. For my part, I must say plainly, even at the risk of incurring the same opprobrium as did M. Guizot, that, at the present moment and at the moment when peace is re-established, there can be no duty more imperative, no duty more sacred, than that of adding to the material prosperity of one's country.

Particularly do we feel this in France. It is our duty towards the families who mourn such irreparable losses, to lead them back to the cares and occupations of everyday life and to preparation for the future which awaits our country. It is our duty to the survivors of those armies to whom we owe so much, to find immediate employment for them on their return to civil life. It is a duty each one of us owes to his country, to place her, as soon as possible, in a position to pay off the heavy debts which have been contracted for the prosecution of the war. Finally, it is laid upon us as a moral obligation to rally the hearts and minds of all to the one purpose in pursuit of which it will be possible to secure a continuance of that national unity which has been evoked by the war.

The difficulties in our path will be numerous and formidable. One need be neither economist nor financier to understand how deep and lasting must be the after effects of such an upheaval as that in which we share today. Can we believe that the production of wealth will be recommended tomorrow under the same conditions as in July, 1914? We, in France, know only too well that it cannot. The industries of our invaded territories and of Belgium have been destroyed; they have been systematically plundered by the enemy. A long time must elapse, vast sums will have to be expended, before those once prosperous industrial regions can resume their normal activities, again equipped with the machinery of production.

But let us suppose this first part of the task accomplished. We shall still require the raw materials of life and industry before we can begin to manufacture. Let there be no mistake, the war has caused a terrible wastage of such materials; and, if there are some which human activity can replenish almost at will, there are others which must wait upon nature itself, and are necessarily limited in their output. Such are timber, wool and foodstuffs. Thus, in the re-establishment of our industries, we shall be faced by a difficulty in procuring certain raw materials, and especially in procuring them at a reasonable cost. There will be a still further difficulty in producing certain raw materials, and especially in procuring them at a reasonable cost. There will be a still further difficulty in regard to the supply of labor.

I do not know—and if I did, I could not divulge—the number of our workmen of all categories who have fallen

on the field of honor and have thus been struck permanently off the roll. But in addition to these, who must certainly be counted by hundreds of thousands, there are those who have been wholly or partially disabled, many of whom will be obliged to seek other employment because they have lost an arm or a foot or an eye, and are thereby precluded from the exercise of their former callings. Moreover, those who have not been killed, who have not been disabled, will come back into civil life with a sense of grievance which it will not be easy to dispel. For after all they have endured, after three years of perils and sacrifices, they will have the right to expect special consideration and treatment; yet they will find in the factories, behind the lines, men and even women who, in consequence of the great and pressing requirements of national defense, have become accustomed to earning wages appreciably larger than the average rate earned before the war; and there will undoubtedly be a bitter dispute between Management and Labor as to whether the war rates or wages are to become the minimum of the future scale.

Thus it is certain that producers will have to face heavy disabilities. Nor must consumers imagine that the peace will bring back the conditions which they enjoyed before the war. In the first place the incomes of many among them will be reduced, partly because the concerns in which their money is invested have suffered by the protraction of hostilities, and also because the time will come when the expenses of the war have to be paid; and, as the State possesses no other income than the amount which it deducts by taxation from the income of its citizens, it is the bulk of the citizens who will, in fact, pay the expenses of the war, less the proportion—I hope a considerable one—which we shall compel our enemies to pay.

At present the people of France do not feel this burden, for in this respect our policy has differed from that of our Allies. For over two years we were

spending millions on millions without the Government demanding a single centime of taxes additional to those paid before the war. Only at the end of 1916 did they at last bring themselves to levy additional taxation, and then only on a very limited scale. But the time will come when the debts contracted, both at home and abroad, must be paid; and it is the French people who will have to pay them. Thus the consumer, with his diminished income, will most certainly not enjoy his former margin of expenditure; neither expenditure on luxuries, nor even savings, will be on the old scale.

Finally, the means of distribution will be profoundly affected. The wastage of shipping—not only in France, but in all belligerent countries—is far beyond all that can be done to keep pace with it in repairs and new construction, now that the shipyards are absorbed by naval requirements. The protracted war will leave the mercantile marines of all the belligerents in a state of exhaustion. Freights will therefore remain high.

The railways will be in similar case. It is only to be expected that they will raise their rates, for the price of coal and the wages of the workpeople have alike risen to such a level that they will otherwise no longer be able to make ends meet.

Yet another obstacle to the free circulation of wealth will doubtless appear in the shape of heavier and more extensive tariffs. Till lately we have been taught that there were free-trade countries and protectionist countries, and that the protectionist countries were placing obstacles in the way of free exchange of goods by the imposition of more or less arbitrary fiscal dues. But I have no hesitation in saying that after the war tariffs will be universal. In some cases the States which have taken part in the struggle will look to their tariffs for the means of alleviating the burden of direct taxation. Others will look to them as the means of protecting not only their old-established industries, but all those new industries that have been created

during the war, and which it is necessary to encourage if we are to realize the universal desire, manifested even in Great Britain, to ensure the economic independence of the Entente Powers as against the Central Empires, as a corollary to the preservation of their political independence against a repetition of the furious and barbarous attack of which they have been the victims.

It follows from all these considerations that we shall find ourselves face to face with a new world, a world in which the economic interests of the producer, of the distributor, of the consumer will be completely dislocated, will have passed beyond the range of the habits, the formulas, the systems to which we have been accustomed. They will be in a state of anarchy; and anarchy of interests is war.

How, then, shall we meet the challenge of this new world? What are the essential conditions of success in the struggle that lies before us? A big volume would be needed even to suggest solutions of all the problems with which we are faced at this moment. The economic question, as it presents itself today, touches every phase of national life. It touches alike the educational system and civil legislation, the fiscal system and the relations of capital and labor. All that I can do here is to attempt to disentangle two or three fundamental ideas, two or three guiding principles which must be grasped in good time if we are to solve the problems presented to us. These principles are of two kinds: those which affect the eventual treaty of peace, and those which relate to internal reforms. I will deal first with those which relate to the peace. But in order to understand rightly what manner of peace is required, we must first endeavor to understand what the war itself is.

If we can but rid our minds of all the side issues raised by many dissertations and controversies regarding the war, we shall, I think, recognize that never has there been a struggle more essentially economic, more exclusively

commercial and industrial, than that in which we are participating to-day. It was economic in its origins, it has been economic in its methods, it is economic in its aims and ends.

Its origins! It needs, in truth, all the light-heartedness and optimism markets in general and the British Great Britain—we are wont to regard the progress of events, to account for not having listened in good time to the warnings that came to us from Germany herself. It was in 1906 that Prince Bulow, the predecessor of the present Chancellor, stated openly in the Reichstag that Germany's need of economic expansion was such as made war, a general war, probable and imminent. And whoever takes the trouble to consider what the economic development of Germany has been for the last thirty or forty years will easily see this for himself. Seized by an amazing attack of megalomania, such as we Frenchmen have never known even on the morrow of our greatest and most brilliant victories, and favored, as we shall see presently, by certain exceptional elements of production, Germany launched out upon a system of over-production, which rendered new outlets, even greater and more far-reaching, indispensable to the very existence of her industries and commerce.

It was precisely at the beginning of this century that certain States which had hitherto shown themselves indifferent to the progress of German power—I refer to economic power—came to the conclusion that this attitude of unconcern would end by endangering their own power, their own industry and commerce. It was then, for instance, that King Edward and certain British statesmen began definitely to remark the insidious and tenacious economic penetration of the world markets in general and the British market in particular, by Germany. In the first years of the twentieth century, at the very moment when the expansion of German production called for larger and still larger outlets, countries which had hitherto stood by in-

different began to pull themselves together and try to stem the invasion of German products, to such an extent that Germany was seized with the fear that her whole economic system might go down in bankruptcy. At the same time she had many reasons to fear an internal crisis; for, while her commerce was expanding in an unprecedented manner, the cost of living had increased by twice the extent that wages had risen. Thus, after ten years of such prosperity, the working classes were actually less well off than before, less able to procure the standard of life which they enjoyed at the beginning. Germany was, therefore, faced with the menace of an internal crisis at the very time when the restriction of her exports threatened to close down her commercial outlets. For Germany, war was a necessity, an inevitable development of her situation. We know in what circumstances it was declared.

* * * *

So much for the origins of the war. Let us now turn to the means employed, and, in so doing, let us leave on one side all those military events which stir our blood or excite our hatred and confine ourselves to the stern economic reality of what has taken place.

What did Germany do in the early weeks of the war? She seized the most productive regions of Flanders, of Belgium and of Northeastern France; she took possession of an economic pawn. Why? For two reasons. First, she knew very well that, once she was in possession of this pawn, France would run the risk of remaining unarmed, of finding herself unable to manufacture the munitions necessary for a continuance of the struggle. Secondly, she desired to destroy systematically all the instruments of production, both in French Flanders and in Belgium, so that, when peace was re-established, the French people would be compelled, in the absence of those instruments to permit the free import of German products. No secret had been made of this intention. It was openly proclaimed by the Ger-

man economic associations, in their manifesto of May 20, 1915.

And what have the Allies been able to oppose to this policy which is so clearly set forth by the German manifesto and by the progress of military events? One thing alone, up to the present, seems to have had a certain effect in Germany—the blockade. Its effect is not yet complete, it is not yet decisive, but every day it grows in significance. The Continental Blockade, of which Napoleon dreamed as a weapon against Great Britain, is now being employed by Great Britain herself against the enemy of the whole Continent, the enemy of the civilized world.

So much for the methods of the war; we have yet to consider its aims. Let us see what the Germans themselves say on this point. On May 20, 1915, when Germany could still consider herself mistress of the military situation, the six great German associations of manufacturers, agriculturists and merchants presented to the Chancellor a memorandum in which they laid down the ends to be pursued in the present war—we should say rather, the objects for which it was waged. I will quote literally what they say with regard to the Northeast of France and French Flanders:

All the means of economic power existing upon these territories, the larger and smaller properties alike, will pass into German hands. France will receive the proprietors and indemnify them . . . "

with what is left to her! This, then, is the object of the war. But it may be contended that this idea appeals only to the large employers, the speculators, the financiers, the merchants. Not in the least! If you read the German socialist papers, you will see that they are as much preoccupied with economic and industrial considerations as the capitalist press. A month or two ago, a German socialist paper, the "Volkszeitung" of Mulhausen, was saying—"Give back Alsace-Lorraine? Never!" Why? For the sake of

principles? No on grounds of racial community? Not in the least. But because there are iron and potash mines in Alsace-Lorraine.

* * * *

We have now seen what are the ideas the enemy themselves put forward as to the origins, the methods and the objects of the war. Well, just as we replied to the enemy's use of asphyxiating gas by using gas ourselves, we owe it to our country, to the Allies at large and to our dead to reply to their economic conceptions by a policy of the same kind. There is not space here even to mention all the economic questions which may come up for consideration in the treaty of peace, but there is one which overshadows all the rest in its magnitude, in its historical origins, in the means which it assures us of subduing our enemy in the future—that is the question of iron and coal. No one who has studied the literature of the subject can fail to realize the imperious necessity that is laid upon us to gain possession of the whole iron mines of Lorraine, and, when once we hold them, to make sure of the means of exploiting them ourselves.

It so happens that the raw materials of metallurgical production have been unevenly distributed by nature on the Continent of Europe, inasmuch as the deposits of coal and those of iron ore are generally at a distance of some hundreds of miles from each other. This circumstance forms an obstacle to cheap production, because the coal has to be carried great distances to the iron, or the iron to the coal. There is one region and one only, that lying between the Moselle and the Rhine, which is provided at the same time with coal and with iron ore—with coal in fair though not extraordinary quantity; with iron in such quantity that the Lorraine basin, including both the French districts and those annexed in 1871, is the reservoir from which, at the present time, the whole Continent of Europe may be said to draw its iron.

In 1795, at the Peace of Basel, on

the eve of the 19th century, France possessed both the whole of the iron and the whole of the coal comprised within the upper angle of the Rhine and the Moselle. In 1815, we lost half the coal. In 1871 we lost the whole of the coal and half the iron. If the results of the invasion of 1914 should unfortunately be perpetuated, we should be totally deprived of both coal and iron.

Now, if we look closely at the economic history of Germany during the last few years, we shall see that her military power and her general economic power are alike dependent on her metallurgical resources. The results achieved during the last thirty years by an active government policy, backed by a people who believed in themselves and in their future, have been really extraordinary. In 1880, the German metallurgical output was only one-third that of Great Britain. In 1912, thirty-two years later, the German output exceeded the British by two-thirds. During the same period the United States increased their output by 800 per cent; Germany increased hers by 600 per cent; and, if she were to remain in possession of the basin of Briey, America too would be faced by the Germanic peril, for Germany would be incontestably the first metallurgical Power in the world. Before July 31, 1914, she controlled a little less than one-half of the total European output. If she were to retain Belgium and the north-eastern districts of France, she would dispose of two-thirds of the whole.

Of this I am profoundly convinced: if we do not succeed in crushing the metallurgic strength of Germany, we shall not crush the German military power. The attempt to do this by limiting armaments has failed in the past. Napoleon, after Jena, when he was master of almost the whole of Europe, excepting Great Britain and Russia, imagined that he could keep Prussia quiet by limiting her maximum force of 40,000 men. He did not foresee—it was perhaps impossible for him to do so—that this very limitation would be

the foundation of the military system in Germany out of which the present war has sprung. It was because they were only allowed to maintain a standing force of 40,000 men that the Germans invented the universal short-service system of military training, which has brought under the colors millions of men, and has given them the power to throw into the present struggle such masses of reservists as had never been seen before. Whatever clauses the treaty of peace may contain, whatever safeguards may be provided, all will be in vain unless the claws by which we have been torn are pared; unless, that is to say, the enemy is deprived of the iron mines, and if need be, the coal mines, which have been instrumental in arming the scientific barbarity with which we have had to deal.

It is perfectly true that, in the normal condition of economic equilibrium, products which are complementary to each other, one of which is indispensable to the industrial employment of the other, have a natural tendency to come together, and that political frontiers impose no insuperable obstacle to this process. This was the case to a marked degree with the minerals of Lorraine and the coal of Rhenish Prussia before the war. The exchanges of mineral products were numerous and important; and there was a certain amount of interchange of capital and directorate between many enterprises. Still even from this point of view, the ownership of mineral deposits by one or the other of two neighboring States is no matter of indifference to the political and military security of the State in question. Every one knows that the outbreak of hostilities is always preceded by a period of tension, more or less prolonged, during which administrative measures skilfully designed by the future aggressor may grievously impede, or even suspend altogether, productive activities and consequently preparation for war by the other party. Let me give a single illustration of the part which the political control of mining districts may play in determining military strength.

In November, 1914, when the Germans were in occupation of the basin of Briey and the industrial regions of the North and East, we in France were deprived of more than three-quarters of our blast-furnaces and consequently of our usual production of steel and iron. If Great Britain had not been able to assure to us the freedom of the seas, we could not have continued the struggle; we must have capitulated through sheer lack of armaments. If these districts were to pass permanently under German control, Germany could deprive us of the material necessary to our security if she contemplated aggression, without firing a shot.

But the question is much wider and more general than this: it is the question whether the duty of the Allies is not to direct their political actions towards such a control of natural agencies as will serve, in the fullest possible measure, the interests of peace and of humanity. We have seen that the almost incredible development of German metallurgical power is the basis alike of the Empire's economic prosperity and its military strength. Not only has it furnished to Germany, with exceptional ease, industrial equipment such as steel rails, structural girders, steel plates for shipbuilding, etc.; not only has it given her, thanks to the policy of "dumping," an abundance of heavy cargoes for the mercantile marine even during periods of slack trade; but it has permitted her to accumulate an enormous mass of war material and munitions which for several months was on the point of giving to the German armies a decisive superiority over the combination of their enemies. To dream either of "crushing Prussian militarism," or of defending the Allies against a recurrence of the economic cancer of Central Europe, while leaving in existence the metallurgical situation previous to the war, is the purest folly. If this were done, but few years would elapse before a new world-crisis would break out in circumstances similar to those of August, 1914, and with even greater danger to human freedom.

It must not be supposed that this is a purely French conception. Our duty and our interests are clearly set forth by the manifesto of the German Associations, already quoted. This manifesto states in the plainest terms that, if Germany had not taken possession of the mines in Lorraine, she would not have had sufficient metal available for the manufacture of the shells which are being hurled at the Allied armies today. It states specifically that since the month of December, 1914, 60 to 80 per cent of the iron and steel employed in the manufacture of these shells has been obtained from mines situated in the geological basin of Lorraine, from Thionville to Briey. And when the authors of this manifesto turn to a consideration of the future and demand that these mines should be left under German domination, this is the reason which they give—that iron and coal give a nation the mastery of the world.

Indeed, we may read in this document an exquisite expression of the touching candor, or rather the extraordinary cynicism so often to be found in the writings of German professors themselves. The enemy must be weakened economically, say these good souls, because "we can no longer find any security in treaties which, when opportunity is offered, will be trodden under foot." What, then, are they to do? They are to make sure of the iron mines. They are to make sure of the coal mines. For here are "decisive means of political influence," worth more than "scraps of paper." It is not only a case of the actual enemy: "Neutral industrial States are obliged to obey whichever of the belligerents can assure their coal supply." What more is wanted?

The existence of these designs on the part of our enemies imposes on us Frenchmen and on our Allies the necessity of giving full weight to the same considerations. But it must not, therefore, be imagined that we are secretly nursing the idea of territorial expansion, that we desire to launch out once more upon that policy of conquest

which has done us so much harm in the past, when we have allowed ourselves to be misled by dreams of glory and universal domination, only to be rudely awakened in the end. It must not be assumed that we, in our turn, desire to annex, against their will people to whom French rule would be repugnant. We have no wish to create on our own frontier such a center of unrest as Alsace-Lorraine has constituted for forty-five years on the flank of the German Empire. What we have in mind is something very different.

It is true that we need iron, and not only we Frenchmen, but our Allies. The whole civilized world, which stands behind us in this great struggle, needs iron, in order to provide security against a recurrence of that aggression of which we have been the victims. Equally, we need coal, in order that we may make use of the iron. As has been happily said by M. Driault, "After having seen what use Germany has made of the iron mines, it is for this war to restore them to France, in order that France may turn them to better use." We need coal, then, in order to work the iron ourselves; and, if all that coal is not to be found in the basin of the Sarre, it may perhaps be necessary to fetch it from somewhere else, even from Westphalia. But that does not mean in the least that we should occupy Westphalia and the whole left bank of the Rhine.

There are many eminent scholars in Germany who can always discover, when necessary, some legal color or historical precedent to justify German acts. Let us, for once, look a little at the world's history for ourselves. It was chiefly for the benefit of Holland that a cordon of "barrier fortresses" was established in 1713, to protect her from French aggression. Very well; let us also establish a "barrier." It was primarily for security against France that the neutrality of Belgium and Luxemburg was guaranteed. Very well, let us also demand guarantees of neutralized territory. And in so doing, let us not forget that Germany took

care to compel Luxemburg to join the German Zollverein, and that she did not neglect to obtain possession of her railways, which were used—we all know for what purpose—in the first days of August, 1914. Here, then, are precedents. Here are lessons for us. We do but follow tradition, we are strict conservatives, in demanding that the same precautions shall be taken against Germany as Germany has taken against us.

We ask for barrier fortresses along the Rhine. We ask for the neutralization of those districts which are unwilling to become Belgian or French. But we ask also for the economic control of those territories, because that is indispensable to our national life, and is the only real guarantee for a long and fruitful international peace. For that matter, it will at most be only a partial compensation for the enormous losses inflicted on us by the war and the invasion.

We shall, indeed, have an obvious opportunity, without any violation of accepted right, to effect a radical redistribution of metallurgic power. It will be long before Germany can pay off the heavy debt of reparation into which she has plunged herself by her unjustifiable aggression and her continual barbarity. It is in accordance with old-established international law—the precedent of 1871 is there to prove it—that, in so far as she shall not have discharged her debt, she shall furnish territorial and other security therefor. The official pledges—state-owned mines and railways, customs, etc.—will certainly be insufficient. And just as we can and should think out, in this connection, the organization of an Allied control over the working of the great German ports and German commerce, so we can and should conceive also of the exploitation of the mining districts of Rhenish Prussia and Westphalia. The whole of Lorraine, with its annex the basin of the Sarre, will have passed *ex hypothesi* to France. Here will be an opportunity of superintending the destination and employment of the coal which is extracted

and the iron which is worked in such enormous quantities in these districts; we can prevent their being employed in the preparation of new wars or to facilitate the export of other products of German industry; we shall have legal international power to restore them to exclusively peaceful uses.

In this way we shall be leading up, through a period which must necessarily be very lengthy, towards that permanent solution which alone can protect Europe effectively against a return of the disaster from which she is suffering today. While leaving the inhabitants of these districts in full enjoyment of political and administrative autonomy—for no one of the Western Allies dreams of imposing on them an enforced subjection—they must be made the economic rampart of the West against Central Europe, as Luxemburg was made by Germany, after Sadowa, a rampart against France. They must be compelled to enter the economic system of the Allies. We must continue to control the exploitation of their minerals and the destination of their manufactured products in the interests of humanity at large, neutrals as well as Allies, instead of abandoning the material profits and political strength which can be drawn from them to the “bandit Powers.” If the governments and diplomatists of the Allies are not capable of realizing, at the moment when peace is concluded, these fundamental facts of the situation, it will not be long before their eyes are opened by the march of events. It will not be long before they realize that, in reasoning and acting otherwise, they have been the dupe of philosophical, legal and literary conceptions belonging to another age than that in which we live.

* * * *

Having dealt at some length with the matters which, as it seems to me, it is essential to include in the treaty of peace, I should like to say a few words on certain internal reforms which it will be necessary to make both in France and in Great Britain, in order that we may rise to the height

demanding by the situation which we shall have to face.

Let us not deceive ourselves; we have to struggle, first of all, against an inveterate tendency of both the French and the British mind, that is to say an excessive individualism. Both we and you are jealous, immensely jealous, of our independence, of our privacy, of our freedom; so jealous that we sometimes allow a useful enterprise to fail, if it is set on foot by others than ourselves, rather than co-operate to make it a success. It is hardly necessary to insist on this point. A little reflection will bring it home to each one of us; and fortunately there are signs of an awakening. Already some of our industries, and perhaps more of yours, have begun to act on a recognition of the fact that the future will necessarily belong to large enterprises, to large associations. It must belong to them because, on the one hand, it is necessary to reduce the cost of production, and, on the other hand, if we are to compete successfully in foreign markets, it is absolutely necessary, in order to take advantage of the incontestable superiority of our products, that our penetration of these markets should be organized and systematic.

A noteworthy example of this tendency in France is the fusion of the co-operative dairies of the region of Charente and Poitou, the result of which has been that, whereas twenty years ago they were making a butter that would not keep for twenty-four hours, their products now rank immediately after Normandy butter both on the Paris and the export markets. We have established satisfactory organizations for chinaware and many other products; and similar organizations are at this moment in process of formation in the dye industry and the manufacture of railway material. In these industries great and powerful groupings are coming into existence, representing, in each case, almost the whole of the enterprises concerned. I hope that we shall continue on these lines—not on the lines of the Prussian cartels, nor in the direction of State en-

terprise, of which I am no advocate, because the State is absolutely incapable of that spirit of decision which is essential to commerce—but on the line of spontaneous groupings which secure the best practical conditions of production and unity of commercial representation.

How great, in France at least, are the obstacles opposed to such progress by the inertia of tradition and the jealousies arising from a system of unrestricted competition may be seen from a recent unhappy instance. During the last week of 1916, M. Meline, then Minister of Agriculture, who was rightly concerned at the scarcity of manual labor arising from the war, set up a Commission to investigate the best means of extending the use of agricultural machinery. That Commission did not dare to recommend to the government the immediate purchase of machines from French manufacturers, for fear that some among them might be favored at the expense of others. The result was what might have been anticipated. The need was urgent, and it soon became necessary to buy the machines abroad.

In striking contrast to this excess of individualism is the growth of economic organization in Germany, which was so remarkable before the war, and which is today receiving still further extensions. As always, the first object kept in view is the preparation for war. If there are any who doubt the imperious necessity which is laid upon the Allies to adopt an adequate commercial organization, they would do well to ponder the conceptions of Herr Walther Ragenau, a Director of the Allgemeine Electricitätsgesellschaft and of the Imperial Department for Raw Materials, as reprinted in the "Temps" of December 24, 1916. The basis of Herr Rathenau's argument is the necessity of developing a "service of raw materials" (Rohstoffabteilung) which shall become the nucleus of an "Economic General Staff." Herr Rathenau candidly admits that he would like to call it, not "the service of raw materials," but "the service of war

economics" (Kriegswirtschaftsabteilung.) He is concerned that Germany should never again find herself "insufficiently prepared" for war. "All the future years of peace should be employed in this preparation, and that to the full height of our capacity." For the accomplishment of this purpose he has three principal measures to propose: first, the construction and maintenance of enormous stores, under government supervision; secondly, an official statistical research into the whole resources of the Empire; thirdly, the preparation of a general plan of "economic mobilization," to be recast from time to time, according to circumstances.

Herr Rathenau works out this idea of economic mobilization in some detail. He calls for the preparation of "marching orders" in some such form as the following:

"On the second day of mobilization you will go to such and such a house in the Behrenstrasse; there you will assume the directorship of such and such an economic war association which will at once be formed and the rules of which will be given to you. It will be for you to supervise the formation of this association, and to set up the various committees connected with it."

The same thing is to take place in the case of machine factories and other industrial enterprises. They too are to receive their instructions:

"On the third day of mobilization you are to give up such and such a part of your factory; such and such a machine is to be placed at our disposal. At the same time you will receive an order for so many articles of such and such a kind."

Everything concerning the allocation of labor, including the question of exemption from military service, must be decided in time of peace. At the same time a political-commercial department is to be engaged in the conclusion of agreements with neutral countries and the formation of organizations in those countries in order to thwart "violations by enemy countries of the laws relating to exports." Special bureaus

are also to be set up permanently for the purpose of centralizing imports and exports during the war and maintaining the rate of exchange. Finally, Herr Rathenau sagely remarks: "The question of after-war legislation will require very special attention, and I suppose that an Economic General Staff will be set up for the purpose of concerning itself actively in this field also."

In the face of such preparations, and with such motives, on the part of the enemy, it surely behooves the Allies also to set aside everything which hinders the organization of their economic resources. In order that we may do this to the best advantage the consumer as well as the producer must be willing to co-operate. I know the attraction of cheapness; I know the satisfaction of "beating down" the price of a purchase. But there is no more absurd mistake which the consumer can make. To pay for any article what it is fairly worth is to take out an insurance against ever having to pay too much for it. We in France should have suffered less from the economic consequences of the war—and I suspect it is the same with you—if both our Government and our people had not helped to kill a number of our industries by permitting cheaper foreign products to oust them from our markets.

There is another matter which concerns us most closely, but which may have some lessons for our Allies, and that is the necessity to clear our minds of the spirit of petty economy. At the present time a debate is going on which seems to me to illustrate only too well the French attitude to business affairs. In December, 1914, the government decided, and rightly, that the losses suffered by the invaded districts should be borne by the nation as a whole. We cannot yet estimate the amount of these losses, but I know that for Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing alone they are reckoned at 900,000,000 francs. This is not only a matter of sentiment, though sentiment counts for much in this connection. It is obvious

that the restoration of industry in these regions will be a most important means of alleviating the burden imposed by the re-establishment of the economic equilibrium. It is to our interest therefore to give generously and to give quickly. Yet what do we find? A fairly satisfactory settlement has been arrived at with regard to the reconstruction and re-equipment of the factories, but for over eighteen months a discussion has been raging on the question of raw materials. In Roubaix alone the Germans have seized raw wool to the value of 300,000,000 francs. The government has offered to the manufacturers the value of the wool at the date when it was seized. The manufacturers reply: "Yes, but that three hundred millions' worth of wool would now cost six hundred millions. If you give us only three hundred millions, we shall have to restart our industry with only half the raw material we possessed in 1914. Our production will be fifty per cent less, and we shall only be able to employ half the number of workpeople." And no agreement has yet been reached.

This is, as one of our great northern manufacturers has called it, "a policy of drop by drop." At the Paris Conference on June 17, 1916, our Allies proclaimed their willingness to share the cost of restoring the invaded districts, so as to revive their impaired economic powers. And now, when Great Britain, Russia and Italy declare themselves ready to share the burden with France and Belgium, the French government is saying: "There is no need for us to take all that you offer

us. We are so much afraid of giving one penny too much to one of the war victims." It is not in such a spirit of petty bargaining that the difficulties before us can be successfully encountered.

Short as is this sketch of future requirements, I hope I have made it clear that at the present moment there is no task more urgent, more acute, and I should like to add, none nobler, than that of devoting ourselves to the economic restoration of our country. But to fulfill this task we need to be deeply impressed with one fundamental necessity—the necessity of excluding, from our consideration of the economic problems of the future, the spirit of routine to which we are accustomed before the war. At this very moment, when the Socialists themselves begin to see that they have been the dupes of German Socialism and resign themselves little by little to the limitation of their international relations to those with comrades in the Allied countries, at the moment when the Allied governments proclaim it to be a fundamental necessity for liberal Europe to develop a sort of economic federation with protectionist tendencies in order to protect itself against militarist Europe, there are, I am sorry to say, Frenchmen who dream of resuming, on the morrow of the war, their accustomed little trade, buying from the same people, selling to the same clients. Let them beware! Should they persist in attempting to tread again the old tracks they will surely suffer national excommunication, and will find themselves ordered off the free soil of France.

IN THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

We seek for Him in churches;
 We search in places high;
 But God doth find His own way
 Where little children lie.

GERTRUDE LA PAGE.

Billy Sunday, Prophet or Charlatan

(After Hearing Him in Los Angeles)

By Scott Anderson

National Lecturer of the International Bible Students Association

BILLY SUNDAY is well known, popular and wealthy. He has realized his hopes, reached his goal, received his reward and seems perfectly satisfied with himself and his achievements. Nature endowed him with some splendid gifts. He has applied himself most assiduously. The temper of the world in this generation is soil particularly adapted to his type of genius and ambition. "Billy" Sunday would not have been possible at any other time in the Christian era. The gross materialism of our day, the unprecedented lack of faith and reverence for God and holy things, and the pleasure-seeking mania of all classes of society he has capitalized, and all these have contributed heavily to his phenomenal success. Without the French Revolution there could have been no Napoleon Bonaparte. Without the prevailing substitution of Churchianity for Christianity and the fearful world conditions resulting therefrom, there could have been no "Billy" Sunday. And like the "Little Corporal" he has not saved the country, but used a crisis as a stepping stone to personal glory; but the idol of the French met his Waterloo and St. Helena, and Churchianity's idol cannot much longer ride on the crest of the wave, for the wave itself is breaking.

Had Mr. Sunday achieved success as an actor, politician, business man or Chatauqua lecturer his faults would have been less conspicuous, his course less reprehensible and his influence not so blighting and withering. But he has had the audacity to pose as a rep-

resentative of Christ and God, while parading his talents and receiving the worship and gold of the people. For twenty-one years he has played a continuous ball game, with the people in the bleachers, with the preachers as out-fielders, with Christ as pitcher, God as catcher, the Devil the ball, and "Billy" always at the bat and collector of gate receipts. "Billy" has out-classed Herod. Herod was unable to influence Jesus to work miracles for his amusement, while "Billy" uses God, Christ, the Bible, Heaven, hell, the Devil, slang and near profanity to amuse the people, win their applause and coin. With this general view of the gentleman, let us now proceed to analyze his character, message, methods, language and influence.

A visit to the tabernacle should convince any one that egotism is the chief element of Mr. Sunday's character. He is extremely self-conscious, dominates every feature of the meeting, keeps himself always in the spotlight—standing, shifting from one foot to the other or moving about on the stage, manipulating a book or a handkerchief while a prayer is being made, or a solo sung, or some one else is speaking. He gives the impression of being very impatient with everything except his own part in the meeting and of his determination to keep the attention of all riveted on himself while the other necessary features are in progress. In his sermons and prayers he seems equally jealous of God, Christ, Apostles and Prophets, lest they inadvertently might share a bit of the glory. As an expert penman sometimes writes

beautiful sentiment while displaying his penmanship, as the birdman describes graceful figures while demonstrating his skill in the air, so Mr. Sunday sometimes says flattering things of Deity while exhibiting his genius at word painting and the coining of epigrams, but it always appears incidental to his one object of self-glorification, and "Billy," not God, gets the applause. He squeezes the juice out of the orange of glory and gives God the rind. Christianity and celestials are used as a tail for "Billy's" kite. The ambassador forgets the sovereign and takes all of the honor unto himself. The Bible says that Lucifer coveted the crown of the Almighty, and thus history repeats itself. Yes, if Mr. Sunday were at a wedding he would want to be the bride; if at a funeral he would want to be the corpse, and the fact that he "gets away with it" is no compliment to his admirers.

Such men as Paul, Luther and Savonarola have recognized the strength of the enemy and the length of the fight, but this evangelistic Mont Blanc has the "Devil on the run" before he reaches town, and "hell for rent" soon after. He depends more on the force of suggestion than on the power of truth. He hypnotizes rather than Christianizes, and like all high-powered egotists cannot endure criticism or opposition, but regards all who differ from him as personal enemies, and raves at them as "imps of hell." This superlative egotism and intolerance have led many good people to believe Mr. Sunday obsessed.

His sermons during a two months' campaign cover a variety of subjects; his illustrations prove him a close observer and widely read; his message is a hodge-podge of dark age theology, politics and social reform; he preaches a God whom he has created in his own image, different from the one manifested in nature and revealed in the Scriptures—an arbitrary, revengeful, swaggerish, sensational Deity, a kind of universal bully, Who uses slang, gives unlimited poetical license

to his pets on the firing line, and finds His chief pleasure in a good game of ball and in anathematizing and damning His foes. The Christ he preaches has a lot of pardons to place and in the evangelist's own pet phrase, "doesn't give a darn" who accepts or rejects them. He would just as soon lock the iron doors on you as to open the pearly gates to you. The Bible furnishes him a lot of stories, not very familiar to his hearers and which when translated into slang and acted out on the stage make a hit with the audience. The good Bible tells us the sentence resting on the human race as the penalty for father Adam's sin is death, and that God having loved the world and Christ having redeemed the race by His sacrificial death, the whole human family is to be awakened from the dead, be given a favorable opportunity for learning righteousness and obtaining everlasting life. But Mr. Sunday spits fire and brimstone at his audience for eight weeks at a time and declares there is to be no mercy shown to any of earth's millions except a handful of trail hitters of the Gospel Age, and all the rest of the race is to be roasted and toasted, broiled and sizzled for evermore, while "Billy" and God recount their exploits to the amazement of angels and a few saints in heaven. This evangelistic Samson with his hell-fire jaw bone of an ass slays the trail hitting Philistines, heaps upon heaps, and to question his God-dishonoring theology is to come immediately into possession of a "through ticket to hell;" and he declares he would like to be there to fire the furnace. If there were such a place he probably would experience no difficulty in getting a position there, but thank God, "Billy" will come up in the second resurrection, and be given a chance to learn the loving character of God and His gracious plan for the race, to learn reverence for his maker, and live forever. He ought to expunge from his Bible the wonderful words, "God is love," and "Justice is the foundation of His throne," or expunge from his preaching his blasphemous eternal torment

theory. He wages relentless war against one class of devils and co-operates with another bunch—hurls thunder bolts at the liquor and Sabbath breaking demons while the demons of pride, ambition, irreverence, false teaching and vulgarity are ever with him in his public ministration.

Isaiah, a true Prophet of God, said, "I saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up and His train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim and one cried unto another and said, 'Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is full of his glory,'" but Mr. Sunday addresses the Most High as an equal if not an inferior, puts slang in His Mouth and makes Him a silent partner in the big evangelistic corporation of which "Billy" is boss and manager. He preaches social reform rather than repentance arising from a Godly sorrow for sin, and never urges full consecration to do the Father's will even unto death, without which there is no acceptance with God. The Galilean Prophet taught that we should love our enemies, overcome evil with good, turn the other cheek. "Billy" lionizes himself by threatening physical violence to many offenders, favorite expressions being, "They will get a fight out of me." "I will put my fist under their nose."

At one point in his sermon he preaches patriotism and praises the soldiers and sailors, at another point in the same discourse he is sending them as fast as they die for their country to a devil's hell from which there is no recovery, for the whole bent of his teaching is that only trail-hitters, those who make a formal confession of Christ in the presence of "Billy" Sunday, can be saved and all the rest go "not to hades or Gehenna, but to hell." That is poor consolation for the brave dying soldiers and sailors for their loved ones at home. His theology is a delusion and a snare. He says that "it is a good thing for some people that he is not allowed to be God for fifteen minutes." To this we all agree. Besides, if once on the throne he would

never consent to abdicate.

His campaigns are managed with the skill of a P. T. Barnum. The first thought is to get the crowds and keep them coming for the full time. The organization is almost as complete as that under which Solomon's temple was built. Thousands who attend never return, but the big machine, by careful manipulation, brings in from near and far enough new delegations nightly to fill the depleted ranks. The large delegations for whom reservations are made are given prominence by the introductions given them, and incidentally (?) their firm gets several hundred dollars worth of advertising, which brings vividly to mind the words of the indignant Christ, "It is written, My Father's house shall be called a house of prayer, but you have made it a house of merchandise."

Mr. Sunday makes the statement that a large fund has been provided by the liquor interests with which to bribe preachers and newspapers to oppose him or at least withhold their support, "and thus he binds them to him." He has choice seats reserved for the special delegations, has their favorite hymn sung, flatters and honors them in many ways, then on the principle of "one good turn deserves another," "you scratch my back and I'll scratch yours," these honored delegations are called on to become trail hitters and lead the way en masse, and "Billy's" invitation is so easy and furnishes the opportunity of shaking hands with the evangelist and returning his compliments, that they seldom refuse; but oh, what a travesty on the religion of Jesus who said, "Sit down first and count the cost, if any will come after me let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." He so adroitly combines patriotism and religion as to make it appear that not to become a trail hitter is to declare one's self an enemy of the Stars and Stripes.

He declares to the world that he receives as compensation for his services only the free will offering on the last day of the campaign, while the fact is that the last week of the campaign is

gold gathering week, during which Sunday committees comb the city and surrounding towns with a fine tooth-comb for the coin of the realm, for the benefit of this self-sacrificing (?) follower of Him "who had not where to lay his head." This fellow-servant of him who said, "Silver and gold I have none, but such as I have I give unto thee," this arrogant, covetous, evangelistic cock of the walk leaves the city loaded with treasure, much of it from the earnings of the poor, and in addition to this the newspapers report that when he left New York he carried with him one of John D. Rockefeller's shirts.

The "Billy" Sunday corporation is guilty of the most brazen-faced commercialization of religion the world has ever known, but his defiant rejoinder is, "It is nobody's business what I do with my money." When one who poses as an ambassador of Christ prostitutes the holy calling, becomes a buffoon, deceives the people as to what it means to be a Christian, and by sensationalism and manipulation wins worldly fame and sordid fortune, it is everybody's business, and conscientious thinking people should protest. I praise the New American Woman Magazine for taking up the fight on behalf of an outraged city and nation against this religious imposter, this "uncircumcized Philistine, who has defied the armies of the living God."

The Bible says, "By your words shall you be justified and by your words you shall be condemned;" "From the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Then this arch vendor of slang and mouthpiece of the demon of vulgarity stands condemned in the sight of God and pure-hearted, clean-minded, refined people. He possesses a large vocabulary, at times uses choice English, but many of his stories and much of his language is taken from the bottom of the verbal garbage cans of the saloon and redlight districts. Some mothers are keeping their boys away from the tabernacle because—they were learning to swear.

He ought to close his joint or put over the doors, "No minors allowed," but of course Mr. Sunday swears to the glory of God. Paul spoke of those who do evil that good might come, and says their condemnation is just. God is not that hard up for glory. I would give in this article some examples of the language of the gutter that he is such an adept at using, only that my own modesty, my respect for the refined readers of this high class magazine and my desire to suppress rather than disseminate these filthy Sunday vapors, forbid. No gentleman would allow the language the evangelist uses on the stage in the presence of multitudes, used in his home before his wife, sons and daughters. And on certain nights when many special delegations give their yells in the tabernacle one is reminded of the orgies of the heathen and feels that pandemonium has broken loose.

Yes, he gets the crowds, but so do Ringling Brothers, but they are honest enough to call theirs a circus, and "Billy" is not; they admit they are not in it for their health, but he will not; they bleed the city only one or two days for seeing their white elephant, but the Sunday white elephant refuses to check his trunk to another point for two long months. The crowds would not keep up ten days if it were left to their own volition, but the big organization keeps bringing in new blood to keep the attendance up, and we are informed that heads of firms often bring pressure to bear on their employees to attend, presumably for advertising purposes. A gentleman in Buffalo said to me, "Mr. Sunday leaves town at the psychological moment. If he had staid here one week longer he would have been as common as any man in town."

He and his party are making a fine thing out of it from the standpoint of fame and finance. The local ministers get a two months' vacation on full pay, the churches have an eight weeks' carnival, during which they indulge the vain hope of valuable accessions at the close of the drive, the news-

papers have eight weeks of paradise, the railroads haul the delegations, the business firms get good advertising at reasonable rates, the people get a through ticket to heaven (?) for the small consideration of hitting the trail, God and Christ have the biggest fraud carried on in their names that has been perpetrated since Tetzels toured Europe selling indulgences. The last state of that city is ten times worse than the first. There is not much faith and reverence left in the world, anyway, and "Billy" Sunday is destroying the bit that remains. The closing of a few saloons and a little moral reform will never atone for counterfeiting throughout this nation the religion of Jesus, for selling religious gold bricks to thousands, for damaging spiritually and in many cases irreparably multitudes of his countrymen and all clergymen, church members and people generally who are duped by him and aid and abet his low type, high priced propaganda are particeps criminis.

Two months ago at a great mass meeting in Temple Auditorium I warned the people of this city against the Sunday peril—many heeded and were saved. Now when the gentleman is on the ground in the midst of his campaign I sound the alarm again, and to you in other cities as well on whom this evangelistic colossus has designs. "Whosoever heareth the sound of the trumpet and taketh not warning, if the sword come and take him away, his blood shall be upon his own head." I have told you the truth, not the whole truth, but nothing but the truth. My hands are clean, and I find comfort in the thought that "a word spoken in season how good it is, it is like apples of gold in baskets of silver." I have nothing but kind wishes for Mr. Sunday, would like to see him converted, filled with the spirit of Christ, and with reverence and love proclaiming the glad tidings, but otherwise would suggest that he return to his apple orchard in Oregon, raise fine Missouri Pippins and Arkansas Blacks, rather than be dealing out to the people apples of Sodom in the

name of the Lord. But the clock in heaven has struck, he sees the handwriting on the wall, his star will soon reach the horizon, and when this strange age that is now closing in tumult is over there will be no more poverty, war, kings, demagogues nor freak evangelists, but in the coming golden age, the whole earth shall be full of the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.

But in the meantime let us not mistake darkness for light, vaudeville for religion, a goat pen for a sheep fold, a charlatan for a prophet of God. Americans, awake! Many of you, while perhaps too busy accumulating wealth, have been unwittingly swept off your feet religiously by a storm from the nether regions, but it is yet possible for you to regain your poise and recover your standing with God. The adversary has played his trumps, used his most promising instrument, and made a bold stroke for the worship of this nation by trying to strip Jehovah of His majesty, Christ of His dignity, and the people of reverence and obedience, by having this religious buffoon tour this country and try to make God out such an one as himself. It will require repentance in sackcloth and ashes for all of the encouragement given him, to make amends for the wrong that has been done, but this is your reasonable service. What you need is not eight weeks of religious intoxication, but a lifetime of religious sanity.

If you must have amusement you would far better go to a high class theatre for it, since there it is more decent and not given in the name of the Lord. There is no sawdust trail to heaven, no vulgar road to God. Resolve this day that never again will you darken the door of a "Billy" Sunday tabernacle, but will do all in your power to tear down in this land the many altars he has built to his fire God Moloch. Life is earnest, life is real; do not desecrate that which is sacred; better try to make playthings of cyclones and forked lightnings than to make sport at the expense of the Eter-

nal. He says to such: "I will mock when you call, I will laugh when your fear cometh, my glory I will not give unto another." But God is very gracious to the upright. He will give grace and glory to the reverent and obedient, therefore humble yourself under His mighty hand and He will exalt you in due time. Do not sell your birthright for a mess of pottage, stand by all that is wholesome and en-

nobling, prize purity and dignity, pin your faith not to a pulpit trickster, but to Him Who marshals the host of heaven and calls the stars by name. Let there be a healthy, lofty public sentiment that will make the world safe for freedom and Christianity.

Finally, are "Billy" Sunday's converts converted to Christ? They vanish like a vapor. "Men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of thistles."

OUT IN CALIFORNY

Hain't they beautiful—these canyons deep in shade,
The streams a-gushin' thro' the dusky vista'd glade,
Softly singin' yu a merry tune, an' trippin'
O'er the rocks ez happy ez a bee a-sippin'
Honey from the fragrant flowers, er ez a child
A-wanderin' contentedly amid the wild?

Hain't it wonderful tu see the sunshine peak
At yu from aroun' the dimpled mountain's cheek,
Smilin' "How-dy-do" down thro' the leaves above?
Tu see the azure sky a-bendin' low in love,
An' hear the birds a-twitt'r'n in the tranquil brake,
A-biddin' yu that most audacious task fersake?
Actually yu feel ez jubilant an' free,
Ez a roguish boy what whoop-hoorays in glee,
When ole spring time calls him tu her sunny dells,
When o' the buddin' trees an' sassafras they smells.

Hain't it grand tu see primeval things about,
When o' the city ways yer tired, an' kinder doubt
If yu'll ever rested git agin? The air—
O, it's pure an' sweet, a breathin' everywhere
O' the wilderness; an' these big rollin' hills,
Make them we hev tu home 'pear small ez poster-bills.
Shore God A'mighty when he made this Paradise,
Fer beauty hed an eye, an' warn't afeered o' size.
Yu kin stretch yer arms out toward it all an' say,
"I'm monarch, proud of all I kin survey."
The spirit o' this land, it sorter grips yer soul,
An' gim-ny whizzers young? Yu feel 'bout ten years ole!
If yer youthful days yer hank'r'n fer agin,
Come on! In Californy, growin' old's a sin!

PATTY E. BAIN.

The Revival of the Arab Nation

By Sidney Low

GR EAT events crowd upon us so thickly in these days that we are apt to miss their full significance at the moment. It is for this reason, I suppose, that our operations in Mesopotamia and Palestine, with all they involve and portend, have attracted comparatively little attention in England. Military experts and ministers have gone out of their way to insist that Turkey-in-Asia is, after all, only a side issue, and that we must be careful not to make too much of Sir Stanley Maude's brilliant achievement. One member of the government in a public speech referred to the subject mainly, as it would seem, to impress upon his hearers that "it is a damned long way from Bagdad to Berlin."

It is; and no doubt we shall not crush the Prussian autocracy or choke the U-boats by victories upon the Tigris. Nevertheless, the advance of Maude's army up that river is much more than a mere local success. For my part, I believe that when the history of the world war is written, with due regard to perspective, the Asiatic campaign will be deemed little inferior in importance to any other episode of the memorable spring of 1917. The Revolution in Russia, the German retirement from the Somme and the Aisne, the declaration of war by the United States, the coming of China into line with the Western Alliance—all these are world-shaking events. But so also is the expulsion of the Turk from the old capital of the Caliphs. For what it signifies is no less than the new birth of a nation; it implies the emancipation of a people who once created great empires, who gave the light of religion to Asia, and that of learning and science to Europe.

The Arab race, long weakened, disinherited and degraded by its political divisions and the brutal tyranny of the Turanian barbarians, is coming into touch with Western civilization again, after centuries of isolation and neglect. And when this union is consummated great results may be expected to ensue. For the Arab intellect in the past has shown itself singularly responsive to external influences, and able to draw the best elements from any alien culture with which it is in close contact. From the Turk, indeed, it has gained nothing, for the Turk had no culture worthy of the name, and never attained excellence save in war and government, chiefly by forcible methods, and by arts he did not care to impart to his subject populations. But Persia, Greece, Rome, Byzantium and Latin Christianity taught the Arabs much, and they proved themselves apt pupils.

"When they met Rome they produced Palmyra; when they met Byzantium they produced the brilliant Ommeyad civilization; when they absorbed Sassanian culture they produced Bagdad; when they invaded Spain they produced Corova." They built great cities as well as great States, so that the wastes of Irak, Mesopotamia and the Syrian desert are strewn with the imposing remains of their temples, their palaces, their theatres, their monumental tombs, their castles, their courts of justice, the ruins and remnants of a civilization that was for long the most elaborate and finished in all that part of the globe which lies between the Atlantic Ocean and the river-plains of China.

The history of the Arab Caliphate has never been adequately written for

English readers, and its importance has been forgotten or ignored. Few of us remember that the Arabian Empire was in extent hardly less than that of Rome at its greatest expansion, and that it lasted longer than the realm of the Western Caesars. For more than six centuries Arab sovereigns ruled over Nearer Asia, Northern Africa, and no inconsiderable portion of Europe, from the Upper Nile to the Black Sea, and from the Persian Gulf to the Pyrenees. The Ommeyad, Abbasid, and Fatimite Caliphs were lords of Egypt, Tripoli, of Morocco and Spain, of Syria and Sicily, of Iran and Khorassan; and if they had composed their dynastic quarrels, and kept their rebellious satraps and emirs in order, they might have mastered Italy and France as well, turned St. Peter's into a mosque, and set Moslem doctors to expound the Koran at Oxford.

They had their share of the vices and weaknesses of Oriental despotisms and they fell victims at last to the barbarian mercenaries whose swords they hired. But they also revealed qualities which never have been so favorably exhibited by other Eastern governments. Where they conquered they knew how to establish a settled administration which did not rest entirely upon military power; they fostered agriculture, trade, manufactures, irrigation; they had good laws and good judges; they showed a high respect for art, learning, literature, science and philosophy. They were the inheritors of that ancient Semitic civilization, older than Christianity or Mohammedanism, older even than Rome and Greece, which, with its Hellenic and Iranian tincture, seemed at one time destined to prevail all round the Mediterranean lands and far beyond them.

Compared with the children of Ishmael the Mongol and Tartar raiders from the steppes are late comers and interlopers in Southwestern Asia. In Anatolia and Cappadocia, until comparatively recent times, the rule of the Turks was at least tolerable; but in the Arab countries they have never been anything but plunderers and

armed despots, who have turned some of the most potentially fertile regions of the earth into a wilderness, and left to desolation and decay the sites of some of its most famous cities. The cradle of the human race, the lands of the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the Phoenicians, the Israelites, the great river deltas, the sun-kissed shores of the Red Sea, and the Eastern Mediterranean belong by every moral and historic right to the Semitic peoples. With them Islam was a religion that made for culture, commerce and prosperity before all these were strangled by the hands of Mongol and Turanian conquerors. And as the result of this great war, which was intended to rivet upon Western Asia a militarism as deadening as that of the Sultan, and more formidable, Arabia will be released and revived. Semitic Islam has revolted from the alien tyranny of Constantinople; an Arab king is installed at the seats of the Prophet; British arms are driving the Osmanli from Mesopotamia and Syria; and Arabian freedom is to be restored under British protection. It is something more than the dream of the Berlin financiers and railway promoters that the Anglo-Indian troops have shattered. They have opened a new chapter in world-history, or turned back to an old one.

The importance of our successes in this region is quite understood by Turkey's Teutonic patrons, who recognize that their clients have sustained most disastrous reverses. Major Moraht finds himself compelled to admire the energy and skill with which the Anglo-Indian army has been directed.

Bonar Law, in the House of Commons not unfairly pointed out that the capture of Bagdad was the result of a series of brilliant operations by British and Indian troops. The English have with their usual stubbornness set themselves to restore the prestige which they had lost in Irak, and taken the means to do so from their remote base in India and their nearer one on the Persian Gulf . . . It will not be explained till later why the Turkish Staff was not able to concentrate their

strength on threatened Bagdad. Any criticism is superfluous at a time when we do not know all the details. But this much is already clear—that the operations of the English were carried out with particular energy. We have no reason to doubt Bonar Law's words, as they are proved by the success attained there. He said in the House of Commons that the Turks were vigorously pursued by the English, and that a large number of prisoners and war material had fallen into English hands. It is true that the Turks did not abandon their positions without fighting, but the English, nevertheless, succeeded in winning the very difficult passage over the Diala east of Bagdad. Apparently the Indian cavalry, which is being used as mounted infantry, has proved particularly useful in this region. . . . The English had two objects to fulfill—to restore their prestige in the East and to secure the petroleum wells in Persia and Mesopotamia. They have attained both objects, and although the war in Mesopotamia is not yet decided, we must, if only in the interests of our Ally, earnestly hope that it will soon be possible to transform the situation in the East. We are also thinking of the danger which threatens our Turkish Ally in Syria if the English further extend their Al-Arish-Suez front into Palestine. Nor are we forgetting the political pressure which Great Britain is exerting on the more or less independent Arab chiefs. Now that the whole of Irak is in English hands, the sphere of influence of the Turks is much diminished. In spite of all assertions to the contrary, and in spite of all internal troubles, England still holds firm sway in Egypt, and her eyes are now looking towards the west coast of Arabia—the Hedjaz railway and the holy places.

Sir Stanley Maude's well conceived and admirably written proclamation to the people of the Bagdad Vilayet will take rank as an historic document scarcely less memorable than the abdication manifesto of Tsar Nicholas II. It is the Charter of Freedom for the Arabic race. "Our armies," says the

British commander, "do not come into your lands as conquerors or enemies, but as liberators." He recalls the glories of Bagdad during the centuries when it was the capital of the Abbasid Caliphs. For a part of that time it was the most famous city of the world, with its two millions of inhabitants, its palaces, its gardens, its teeming warehouses and busy factories, its colleges and libraries, its poets and philosophers and mathematicians. In the days of Harun-al-Raschid, and for two hundred years afterwards, Bagdad was to London and Paris what London and Paris are today to Sofia and Serajevo.

"The Bagdad of Harun-al-Raschid," says the writer already quoted, "was not a disorderly agglomeration of tortuous streets, picturesque ruins, pointed arches, slender minarets, ragged awnings and crumbling walls. It was built on a rigid system with broad avenues, named and ordered quarters, solid and businesslike government offices, square towers, and massive walls. It was not inhabited by a squalid and ragged population, sunken in disease and poverty, but was an orderly capital with a perfect police system, regular cantonment of troops, colleges, observatories, exchanges, law courts, hospitals, poor-houses, public baths, trade unions and guilds. There was society in Bagdad; wits and poets, philosophers and statesmen, lexicographers, learned doctors and metaphysicians met and conversed in schools and assemblies. Through the pages of the old chroniclers one gets small glimpses of that extraordinary and elaborate world which pivoted on Bagdad, for Bagdad was not an oasis in the wilderness; Damascus, Kirkisiya, Ragga, Mosul, Ras-ul-Ain, Erbil, and scores more great cities surrounded it. Now many of them are marked by mere undulations in the soil.

Such was the Arab world which pushed forth armies to farthest Turkistan, and had, before the building of Bagdad, stretched out its advance guards beyond the Pyrenees. And be it said, though the Arabs were conquerors, yet were they not destroyed. So

long as the lordship of Islam was in Arab hands, intellect, architecture and commerce flourished. Frequently oppressors, often tyrants, the provincial Governors of the Arab Caliphs hardly ever left a province without adding to it some monument or institution.

Bagdad under the Abbasids was not only the center of a great organized empire, but it was also the seat of the finest culture of the time—a culture that taught Europe astronomy, algebra, chemistry, medicine and treasured the wisdom of the Greeks through the Dark Ages. While Christendom was slowly struggling out of the chaos of barbarism and tribal war, Arabian artists were decorating the jeweled halls of Granada and Cordova. Arabian scholars were writing commentaries on Aristotle, Arabian craftsmen were weaving the exquisite fabrics which no Western hands could make. Those were the great days of Islam, when it seemed as if Islam rather than Christianity would pass down to later ages the civilization the ancient world has left behind in its fall.

* * * *

And then the destroyers from the North swept out the Arab Caliphate in blood and fire. "Since the days of Halaka," writes Sir Stanley Maude, in words that will awake an echo in the hearts of educated Moslems, "your city and your lands have been subject to the tyranny of strangers, your palaces have fallen into ruins, your gardens have sunk in desolation, and your forefathers and yourselves have groaned in bondage." It is truly said. Halaka or Hulagu, the grandson of Genghiz Khan, at the head of a great Mongol army, captured Bagdad, in 1258, slew Mostasim, the last of the Abbasid Caliphs with most of his family, sacked the city, burned many of the palaces and public buildings, and killed a large number of the inhabitants. Forty-three years later the city was again sacked, with horrible bloodshed and massacre, by Timur. Under the Tartars and the Ottoman Turks, their successors, the glory of Bagdad passed away, its population dwindled, and its trade decayed,

only to be in some small degree revived when English steamers began to navigate the Tigris in the nineteenth century. The ancient wealth of Mesopotamia depended upon a system of irrigation as elaborate and life-giving as that of the Nile Valley itself. The Mongols wrecked the canals and dams and sluices which had been kept in order for three thousand years, and the country fell back to marsh and swamp, or to parched and barren waste, withering under the pitiless sun.

The Arabs, never wholly subdued, but plundered and oppressed so far as the process could be performed with safety, were dispersed, divided, and incited to internecine quarrels by their Turkish masters. Some went back to the nomadic life of the desert; some sought an outlet for their enterprise and commercial instincts in Africa. In Nejd the tribesmen returned to the old clannish isolation, suspicious of one another, fiercely hostile to all strangers. In Lower Mesopotamia the failure of agriculture and the neglect of irrigation have ruined the land that once bloomed like a garden—the Garden of Eden—and changed the local Arab "from a prosperous husbandman into an amphibious predatory savage." In Palestine and Hedjas the peasants have toiled on, hopeless and sullen, but with the irrepressible vitality of the Semitic stock, under the exactions of rapacious officials, corrupt recruiting agents, insatiable Turkish tax-gatherers and shady Levantine financiers. Robbed, bullied and dragooned, the Arabs of the Red Sea coast and the uplands have chafed restlessly under the Turkish yoke, and even in the Holy places themselves the alien Padishah has only retained his authority by arrangement with the local potentates. In the Yemen Turkish battalions have been thrown away year after year in the futile attempt to make Ottoman government a reality in that untamable province. The Turkish hold was weakening in Southern Arabia even before the present war. In 1912 the Stamboul government purchased the neutrality of Iman Yahia in the war with Italy by

granting autonomy to his district. Sheikh Idris, the other powerful chief in the Yemen, refused to accept the gift of the Turkish governorship of the Asir, and demanded the virtual independence of the province, failing which he continued to harass and obstruct the Ottoman troops and officials. If the Arabs could have found a leader able to overcome their inveterate particularism, and their incapacity to act in concert, they might have driven out Turkish pashardom long ago.

This lack of political aptitude, the disinclination to subordinate local feeling and personal ambition to the common cause, weakened the Caliphate even in its best days. Under the Ottoman regime the tendency has been aggravated. Bitter rivalries have been deliberately fomented between the chiefs and sheikhs; while the intelligent and often highly educated members of the active mercantile and professional communities of the towns have been so worried, hampered and depressed by misgovernment, official extortion and social persecution that many of them have quitted the country in despair, and have turned their talents to more profitable uses in Egypt or the United States. For many generations past the Arabs have been a people rather than a nation. But they are a vigorous people still, endowed with many notable gifts of mind and body. In physique the Arab remains, as he has always been, among the finest specimens of the human race. Tall and lithe and supple, with his eagle eye, his clear-cut features, his skin of dark olive, his straight limbs, his small, delicate hands, his royal gait as he strides along in pink turban and snowy burnouse, the Arab dragoman in Cairo or Tangier is a magnificent creature who has been known to rouse romantic sentiment in the hearts of feminine tourists from Northern and Western lands. Baron de Larrey, who was surgeon-general to Napoleon in his expedition to the East, wrote of the Arabs: "Their physical structure is in all respects more perfect than that of Europeans; their organs of sense exquis-

itely acute, their size above the average of men in general, their forms robust and elegant, their color brunette; their intelligence proportionate to their physical perfection, and without doubt superior, other things being equal, to that of other nations." This, no doubt, is putting the case too high; but all the evidence of those who know the Arabs at close quarters, whether in Arabia or in Africa, goes to show that their unfortunate history has not produced degeneracy, and that they retain many of the intellectual as well as the corporeal qualities of their ancestors. They are still brave, quick-witted, humorous, shrewd, temperate, dignified and polite, still keenly addicted to poetry, theology and disputation, still adventurous, observant and resourceful.

The "nationality" movement that has pulsed through the Nearer East is only beginning to stir among the Arabs. But they have the elements of nationhood—race-consciousness, religion, language, a common tradition, and a distinctive culture embodied in an ancient and noble literature that is still vital. Energetic, intelligent, physically robust, born traders, and excellent fighters, the Arabs have been sacrificed too long to the political misfortunes and internal dissensions which have rendered them for many centuries the prey and victims of peoples far inferior to themselves in all the essentials of civilization.

The time is ripe for an Arab revival, and with their delivery from the crude military autocracy that usurped the Moslem papacy it should make rapid progress. The Ottoman Padishah has been superseded in Egypt by the independent Sultan, and in Arabia by the King of Hedjaz, who is now the guardian of the Holy Cities. Sir Stanley Maude's army and the Russians have been pressing the Turkish forces back towards the Taurus, and Sir Archibald Murray is advancing into Syria. The latter country, if one-quarter of the troops we threw away in the Dardanelles had been landed at Alexandretta, would long since have been in our hands, and its inhabitants saved

from a massacre almost equal in atrocity to that of the Armenians.

What will be the eventual political constitution of the countries wrested from the Turks it would be premature to discuss. Arab independence may be easier to achieve than Arab unity; for the nation has been too long sundered by local divisions and sectional jealousies to come together easily. Improved railway communication and the growth of industry and commerce may gradually bridge the distances that separate the various branches of the race, and co-ordinate communities which move on such widely different planes of existence as the tribesmen of Nefud and the traders of Damascus. Beirut, and Hodeida. Mesopotamia, though predominantly Arabic in population, is economically linked to Persia and the Gulf region rather than to the Arabian Peninsula, and for a time at least, as Sir Thomas Holdich has pointed out in a recent number of this Review, an Arab "Home Rule" regime in Irak would have to be buttressed by British power, which cannot afford to relax its hold upon the Euphrates estuary and the line from Bagdad to Basra.

In any case we may take it that the Arabs of Syria, Arabia and the Euphrates basin will not go back to Turkish misrule after the war. In one form or another a group of free Arab States under British and French protection,

will be established between the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and the Mediterranean. They will form an effective barrier against Teutonic and Turanian advance towards the southeast; and they will have an excellent chance of showing that Islam is not necessarily associated with stagnation and decay. The Arab renaissance is assuredly not the least momentous, or the least interesting, of the results that will accrue to humanity from the defeat of Turkish barbarism and Prussian militarism.

In the meanwhile we must bear in mind that the military issue is not quite decided. There may be hard fighting still, not only for the Anglo-Egyptian army in Syria, but also for the Anglo-Indian army in Mesopotamia. From the Russians little can be expected, at least for some time; and the Turks are sending down heavy drafts with the evident intention of making a vigorous bid for the recovery of the Badhada road. It is absolutely essential that this enterprise should be defeated. Bitter as is our need for fighting men elsewhere, we must yet continue to keep General Maude's army at the requisite strength, by the dispatch of fresh and adequate reinforcements from the United Kingdom, and from India, and those other portions of the British Empire in which troops, well fitted for Oriental warfare, can be levied and trained.

TWO PARTS EARTH

In choosing sweetheart's natures,
Which is better worth,
One part heaven and one part hell,
Or only two parts earth?

M. C. DAVIES.



The Divine Plan of the Ages

Object of Our Lord's Return "The Restitution of All Things"

Part IX

THE second coming of Christ is a theme which for many years has been brought into so much disrepute that a large number of intelligent people today have come to treat the subject with indifference and to refuse to give it any serious consideration. Consequently the suggestion that Christ will return to earth to forward the great mission begun nineteen centuries ago is frequently met with the stolid smile of the cynic.

We believe, however, that all will acknowledge that this matter is treated lightly, not because there are no grounds for expecting a Second Advent, nor because there is nothing of vital importance involved in our Savior's Return, but rather because of certain absurd and foolish notions which have been widely proclaimed, and which have sadly distorted and misrepresented both the Object and the Manner of Christ's Second Coming. These false concepts have done much harm. Nearly all the orthodox creeds teach that Christ will come again in the flesh, that the resurrection of the dead will take place within twenty-four hours, that the saintly will rise to meet the Lord in the air, and that then fire will fall from heaven and consume the whole earth. A few—Premillennialists—claim that Christ will reign in fleshly glory for a thousand years to bless the living of mankind. All this the majority of Christians disown as ridiculous nonsense because they believe nothing, either of the creeds or of the Bible. A minority disown it because they perceive its inconsistency with God's Word. The writer wishes to be counted in with the minority.

With all these unreasonable and unscriptural impressions before the mind, it is not to be wondered at that many well-meaning Christians have been discouraged from giving serious thought to this all-important doctrine. Indeed, there is perhaps no other theme given such prominence in the Bible as this one. More than three hundred texts in the New Testament alone refer to Messiah's glorious Second Advent. Therefore we presume it is admitted and believed by all familiar with Scripture, that our Lord wished His disciples to understand that for some purpose, at some time and in some manner He would come again. True, He said, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the Age" (Matthew 28:20); and by His Spirit and His Word He has been with the Church continually, guiding, directing, comforting and sustaining His saints, as well as cheering them in all their afflictions. But though the Church has been blessedly conscious of His knowledge of all her ways, and of His constant care and love, yet she longs for His promised return; for when He said, "If I go, I will come again," He certainly referred to a SECOND PERSONAL COMING.—John 14:3.

Time and Purpose of Christ's Return.

Some think that in making this promise our Lord had in mind the descent of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost; others, the destruction of Jerusalem, etc. Apparently these overlook the fact that in the Revelation, written some sixty years after Pentecost and twenty-six years after the destruction of the Holy City, He that was dead

and is alive—the risen Christ—speaks of the event as still future, saying, "Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me." And the inspired John replies, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."—Rev. 22:12, 20.

Quite a number think that when sinners are converted Christ comes, and that He will thus continue to come until all the world is converted. Then, they say, He will have fully come. These evidently forget the Scriptural testimony on the subject, which declares the reverse of their expectation—that at the time of our Lord's Second Coming the world will be far from conversion, that "in the last days perilous times shall come, for men shall be lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God," that "evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived." They forget the Master's special warning to His Little Flock: "Take heed to yourselves lest that Day come upon you unawares; for as a snare shall it come on all them (not taking heed) that dwell on the face of the whole earth." Again, we may rest assured that when it is said: "All kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him," when they see Him coming, no reference is made to the conversion of sinners. Do all men wail because of the conversion of sinners? On the contrary, if this passage refers—as almost all admit—to Christ's presence on earth, it teaches that all mankind will not love His appearing, as they certainly would if all were converted.—2 Tim. 3:1-4, 13; Rev. 1:7.

Some expect an actual return of the Lord, but set the time of the event a long way off, claiming that through the efforts of the Church in her present condition, the world must be converted, and that thus the Millennial Age will be introduced. They claim that when the world has been converted, Satan bound, the knowledge of the Lord caused to fill the whole earth, and when the nations learn war no more, then the work of the Church in her present condition will be ended; and that when she has accomplished

this great and difficult task, the Lord will come to wind up earthly affairs, reward believers and condemn sinners.

Some Scriptures, taken disconnectedly, seem to favor this view. But when God's Word and Plan are viewed as a whole, they will be found to favor the opposite view; namely, that Christ comes *before* the conversion of the world, and reigns for the purpose of converting mankind; that the Church is now being tried; and that the reward promised the overcomers is that after being glorified they shall share with Him in that Reign, which is God's appointed means of blessing the world and of causing the knowledge of the Lord to come to every creature. Such are the Lord's special promises to His people.—Rev. 3:21; 20-4.

Selection of the Church During This Age.

We would here call attention to two texts chiefly relied upon by those who claim that the Lord will not return until after the Millennium. One is, "This Gospel of the Kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come." (Matt. 24:14.) The claim is that this text has reference to the world's conversion before the end of the Gospel Age. But witnessing to the world does not imply the conversion of the world. The text says nothing about how the testimony will be received. This witness has already been given. As long ago as 1861 the reports of the Bible Societies showed that the Gospel had been published in every language of earth, though not all of earth's millions had received it. No; not one-half of the sixteen hundred millions living have ever heard the name of Jesus. Yet the condition of the text is fulfilled—the Gospel has been preached in all the world for a witness—to every Nation.

In Acts 15:14 St. James tells that the main object of the Gospel in the present Age is "to take out a people" for Christ's name—the overcoming

Church which, at His Second Advent, will be united to Him and receive His name. The witnessing to the world during this Age is a secondary object.

The other text relied upon by Post-millennialists is Psalm 110:1.—“Sit Thou on My right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool.” The vague, indefinite idea regarding this text seems to be that somewhere in the heavens Christ sits on a material throne until the work of subduing all things is accomplished for Him through the Church, and that then He comes to reign. This is a misconception. The Throne of God referred to by the Psalmist is not a material one, but is a figurative expression meaning the Divine rulership, to share which our Lord Jesus has been exalted.

St. Paul declares, “God hath highly exalted him (Jesus) and given Him a name above every name”—authority above every other, next to the Father. (Phil. 2:3-11.) If Christ sits upon a material throne until His enemies are made His footstool—all subdued—then of course He cannot return until all things are subdued. But if the phrase “right hand” in this text refers, not to a fixed bench or a locality, but, as we claim, to power, authority, rulership, it follows that the text under consideration would in no wise conflict with the other Scripture which teaches that He comes to “subdue all things unto Himself,” by virtue of the power vested in Him.—Phil. 3:21; 1 Cor. 15:28.

Ransom and Restitution.

A further examination of God's revealed Plan will give a broader view of the object of both Advents; and we should remember that both events stand related as parts of one Plan. The specific work of the First Advent was to PROVIDE THE RANSOM-PRICE for Adam and his posterity; and that the Second Advent is to restore, bless and liberate mankind—whosoever will. Having given His life a Ransom for all, our Savior ascended to present that sacrifice to the Father, thus making

reconciliation for man's iniquity. He tarries and permits “the prince of this world” to continue rule of evil, until after the election of “the Bride, the Lamb's Wife,” who must overcome the influences of the present evil world in order to be accounted worthy of such honor. Then will be due to commence the work of giving to the world of mankind the great blessings secured to them by His sacrifice; and He will come forth to bless all the families of the earth.

The Apostle informs us that Jesus has been absent from earth—in Heaven—during the time from His ascension to the beginning of the Times of Restitution, the Millennial Age—“whom the Heaven must retain UNTIL the Times of Restitution of all things.” (Acts 3:18-21.) Since the Scriptures thus teach that the object of our Lord's Second Advent is the Restitution of all things, and that at the time of His appearing the nations are so far from being converted as to be angry (Rev. 11-18), and in opposition, it must be admitted either that the Church will fail to accomplish her mission, and that thus God's Plan will be thus far frustrated, or else—as we claim and have shown—that the conversion of the world in the present Age was not expected of the Church, but that her mission has been to preach the Gospel in all the world for a WITNESS, and to prepare herself under Divine direction for her great future work. God has by no means exhausted His power for the world's conversion. Nay He has not yet EVEN ATTEMPTED the world's conversion.

This may seem a strange statement to some; but let such reflect that if God has attempted such a work He has signally failed; for, as we have seen, only a small fraction of earth's billions have ever intelligently heard of the ONLY NAME whereby they must be saved. We have merely stated forcibly the teachings of some of the leading sects—Baptists, Presbyterians and others—namely, that God is electing or selecting out of the world a “little flock,” a Church. They be-

lieve that God will do no more than choose this Church; but we find the Scriptures to teach a further step in the Divine Plan—**RESTITUTION** for the world, to be accomplished through the elect Church, when completed and glorified. The "little flock," the overcomers, of this Gospel Age are only the Body of "**THE SEED**" in whom or by whom all the families of the earth are to be blessed—Galatians 3:8, 16, 29.

Election and Free Grace.

Those who claim that for six thousand years Jehovah has been trying to convert the world, but all the time failing, must find it difficult to reconcile such views with the Bible assurance that all God's purposes shall be accomplished. (Isaiah 55:11.) The fact that the world has not yet been converted, and that the knowledge of the Lord has not yet filled the earth, is proof that it has not yet been sent on that mission.

This brings us to the two lines of thought which have divided Christians for Centuries—**Election** and **Free Grace**. That both doctrines have Scriptural support, no Bible student will deny. This fact should lead us at once to surmise that in some way both must be true; but in no way can they be reconciled except by observing Heaven's law—**ORDER**—and "rightly dividing the Word of Truth" on the subject. This order, as represented in the Plan of the Ages, will clearly show us that while an Election has progressed during the present and past Ages, God's gracious provision for the world in general during the Millennial Age is what is by way of distinction designated **Free Grace**. If the distinctive features of the Epochs and Dispensations outlined in a preceding article be kept in mind, and if all passages relating to Election and Free Grace be examined and located, it will be found that all those which treat of Election apply to the present and past Ages, while those which teach Free Grace are fully applicable to the Millennial Age.

However, Election as taught in the Bible is not the arbitrary coercion, or fatalism, usually believed and taught by its advocates, but a selection according to fitness and adaptability to the end God has in view, during the period appointed for that purpose.

The doctrine of **Free Grace**, advocated by our Methodist friends, is also a much grander display of God's abounding favor than its most earnest advocates have ever taught. God's grace or favor in Christ is ever free, in the sense of being unmerited. But since the fall of man into sin up to the present time certain of God's favors have been restricted to certain individuals, nations and classes; while in the next Age all mankind will be invited to share the favors then offered on conditions then made known to all, and whosoever may come and drink at life's fountain freely.—Rev. 22:17.

Glancing backward, we notice the selection or election of Abraham and certain of his offspring as the channels through which the promised Seed, the Blessor of all mankind, would come. We also note the selection of Israel from among all nations as the one in whom, typically, God illustrated how the great work for the world would be accomplished. Speaking to that people God said: "You only have I known of all the families of the earth." (Amos 3:2.) This people alone was recognized until Christ came; and even during His ministry on earth the Master explained that He was "not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." (Matt. 10:5, 6; 15:24.) All His time was devoted to them until His death; and then was done His first work for the world, the first display of His free and all-abounding grace, which in "due time" shall indeed be a blessing to all. This, God's grandest gift, was not for Israel only, but for all the world; for "Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for EVERY MAN."—Heb. 2:9.

In the Gospel Age also a certain sort of election obtains. Some parts of the world are more favored with the Gospel—free to all who hear—than are

others. Glance at a map of the world, and see how small is the portion enlightened or blessed to any appreciable degree by the Gospel of Christ.

When Restitution Will Begin.

When the called-out company in the end of this Gospel Age is complete, then the Plan of God for the **WORLD'S SALVATION** will begin. Not until selected, developed and exalted to power will **THE SEED** bruise the Serpent's head. "The God of Peace shall bruise Satan under your feet **SHORTLY**." (Gen. 3:15; Rom. 16:20.) In the end of the Age, when the Bride is made ready (Rev. 19:7), the Bridegroom comes; and they that are ready will go in with Him to the

Marriage. The Second Adam and the Second Eve become one; and then will begin the glorious work of Restitution. Then will go forth the proclamation: "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the Water of Life freely." (Rev. 22:17.) Thus, with Satan bound, evil influences restrained, and the knowledge of the Lord filling the whole earth, humanity will be on trial for life. The obedient will be restored to human perfection and Paradise; while the unwilling and disobedient shall be destroyed in the Second Death, from which there shall be no further salvation.—Rev. 21:13, 14.

In the Realm of Bookland

"The Boys' Book of Scouts." by Percy Keese Fitzhugh, author of "Along the Mohawk Trail," etc.

Every boy, whether he has "Scout" to his name or not, will be glad to make the acquaintance of the hardy pioneers whose adventures are recorded in the "Book of Scouts." Merely to call the roll will give an inkling of the high deeds of adventure that here await us. George Rogers Clarke, the Kentuckian, who wrested two forts in the West from the British during the Revolution; Davy Crockett, the Tennessean, who after a picturesque career lost his life in the famous fight of the Alamo; Sam Houston, Kit Carson, Daniel Boone, Francis Marion, Lewis and Clarke, "Buffalo Bill"—these are only a partial list of the scouts whose deeds are narrated. There are twenty chapters in all, and not one would be willingly skipped by a wide-awake lad. The spirit of adventure they reveal is by no means their sole value. Each one of these intrepid men played a significant part in the development of our country—a part which too often passes unnoticed

in works of general history. The pioneer activities of our early scouts, hazardous in the extreme, laid the foundation upon which State after State has come into being. They added new stars to our flag. While separate volumes have been written about some, the present book is valuable in lining them up, as it were, into as intrepid a body of heroes as ever thrilled and inspired a younger generation of "Scouts." The history of adventure knows no characters more wholesome and rugged; and the best of it is that their stories are true. It is history that no boy will need urging to read.

\$1.25 net. Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.

"The Quest of El Dorado," by Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. Author of "Through South America's Southland."

Enthusiasm and delightfully entertaining adventures mark this most readable book, a pen picture of the great Spanish conquistadores who opened up a new world.

The legend of El Dorado was one

of the most famous stories told by the American Indians to foreign invaders. El Dorado was, according to their story, always found just beyond the horizon line and the Indians were only too glad to describe the marvels of that land for the purpose of hastening the departure of the greedy fortune hunter. Expedition after expedition was sent into that unknown country and thrilling and many terrible stories have been told of the results of these journeys—always ending in failure. Father Zahm has collected these stories and has developed them into a most valuable volume. The book has all the fascination of a novel and is profusely illustrated by rare and interesting pictures and a number of valuable maps.

\$1.50 net. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

“Mother Goose Pictures.”

For the youngsters of the family who have reached an age where they are beginning to enjoy pictures, this black silhouette picture book furnishes a perpetual joy. The pictures and accompanying rhymes cover the tales of Old Mother Goose, her extraordinary adventures, the tales of the Cow that Jumped Over the Moon, together with other amusing stories. The silhouettes are in deep black distributed over each page, and are designed so that the little folk can cut them out and paste them on another sheet of black paper, so that the birds, animals, trees, houses, etc., can be finished with black on both sides. The book offers originality to the little folk, and each can attack the cutting out of the silhouettes as they please. For sale at all stores where children's books are carried.

Published by Lloyd Adams Noble, 31 West street, New York.

“Pieces That Have Won Prizes,” compiled and arranged by Frank C. McHale.

This is a compendium of the gems of thought covering gems of poetry and short prose stories that have won success on the platform. Naturally,

the finest pieces of many of the masters of literature are in this little volume; so are many of those with genius sufficiently strong to indite a prose story or a poem that survived the years. To those readers who aspire to a public career, this volume will prove invaluable. At the same time it ought to be in the homes of all those who wish to have at the least a bowing acquaintance with the popular short literary pieces of their generation.

Lloyd Adams Noble, New York.

“A Cry of the Soul,” by Anne C. Newbigging.

The touch of genius for martyrdom is a part of the feminine make up quite beyond the average man. He is generally impatient of it, especially if it affects himself—it has, on occasion, been dubbed plain stubbornness; but it is often something he cannot beat down nor get around. When Frank Lealand and Mary Johnson looked into one another's eyes their fates were sealed; but neither the woman's great love nor the man's burning passion and ardent wooing could overcome the barrier between them, for Mary was a newly made convert to the Mormon faith, which the gallant officer hotly despised—with reason, as appears later. The developments which finally convince Mary of the mistakenness of her zeal and bring the lovers happily together “forever after” are dramatic, often tragic, sometimes funny but always interesting.

\$1.50 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

“The Top of the Wine-Jar,” by Frederick Rowland Marvin.

The contents of this interesting volume furnishes selections in prose and verse of the writings of Frederick Rowland Marvin, gathered and arranged with an introduction by Livingston Stebbins.

The various prose extracts are grouped under twelve headings. To God, Religion, and Immortality and Philosophy and Opinion every age and

creed contribute. No less interesting than the exotic and unfamiliar opinions and beliefs of others noted are the deductions and philosophizings of the author himself.

Philosopher and man of the world have much in common; the poise of both requires somewhat the same familiarity with and nice estimate of men and things. So in Oracles and Counsels, Toil and Endeavor, and Civics, Heroism and Patriotism, it is not surprising to find the philosopher turning to more worldly matters with equal wit and discretion. Therein good health, good manners and morals, good taste and good sense are justly valued and aptly remarked upon, as are good government and its components.

The gentler side of life is represented by Woman, Love and Home, Kindness to Animals, and Nature. The speculations of the second regarding the possible immortality of the lower animals are fascinating. High ideals of womanhood, love and home are cherished, and the brief glimpses into the loves of well known men and women as well as generalizations upon love, marriage and divorce are good reading.

\$1.50 net. Sherman, French & Co., Ecstou.

"All In It 'K. (I)' Carries On," by Maj. Ian Hay Beith. Author of "The First Hundred Thousand," "Getting Together," "Pip," etc.

This is the continued narrative of the exploits of "K 1," promised by Captain Beith in "The First Hundred Thousand," "if Providence wills."

Following the fierce drive described in the last chapters of "The First Hundred Thousand," the regiment was allowed just two days' rest and was then ordered to Belgium, to a particularly hot sector of the trench-line. After the famous "Christmas drive" made by the Germans at Ypress, the regiment was transferred again to France, and the narrative closes with Captain Beith's return to England after the battle of the Somme.

Besides stories of actual fighting, there are descriptions of the work of field telephone men and others, told with all the vividness, humor and human interest that have made "The First Hundred Thousand" the most popular book of the war.

Since then Captain Beith has been assigned by the military staff of England to tell of his experiences in the war in order to make Americans acquainted with the details of actual warfare "over there."

\$1.50 net. Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

"The Laws of Health and Property, and How to Apply Them," by Clara Chamberlain McLean.

After twelve years' study of psychology and most of the spiritual cults of the world, as well as studying under the best teachers and acquiring actual experience the author believes that she is in a position to set forth the esoteric and exoteric laws to those who seek the truth. She pays a high tribute to the powers and aspirations of Mrs. Baker G. Eddy, the founder of the Christian Science Church. "Having tried out the laws of The Spirit pragmatically, and proved by their fruits their dependability, I send my humble message, with its technique, knowing that through the beautiful law of Attractions, all of those who are tuned to my key, and are ready for the word, will find it."

50 cts. net. The Elizabeth Towne Co., Holyoke, Mass.

"How to Get What You Want," by Orison Swett Marden, author of "The Victorious Attitude," "Peace Power and Plenty," etc.

The most valuable thing which ever comes into a life is that experience, that book, that sermon, that person, that incident, that emergency, that accident, that catastrophe—that something which touches the springs of a man's inner nature and flings open the doors of his great within, revealing its hidden resources. In a measure that

is what this book attempts to do for the reader, to open his eyes to a new way to get the things in life that you hope for. He introduces you to the "Faith That Moves Mountains," "How to Cure Discouragement," "How to Find Oneself," "How to Attract Prosperity," and the like. It bridges in a measure the ordinary hopes of life.

\$1.50 net. Thomas Y. Crowell, New York.

"Barbarians," by Robert W. Chambers, author of "The Dark Star," "The Girl Philippa," "Who Goes There," etc.

Mr. Chambers' new book is a story of the early years of the Great War. Sickened by what seems to them at that time indifference on the part of the American Government, an odd group of men meet on the decks of a mule transport. They have been drawn to this common rendezvous by a desire to enter the war and purge their souls in the fight for the freedom of the world. There are twelve in the group, eight Americans, three Frenchmen, and a Belgian, and prominent among them is Jim Neeland, whose earlier experiences Mr. Chambers has related in "The Dark Star." "Barbarians" records the adventures of these men, not

together, but singly or in groups, along the whole western battle front from the Belgian coast to the mountains of Alsace. It is filled with unusual character sketches of the lives of the men in the trenches and of life in the little towns just inside the lines of battle. Through it all there is great beauty and a wonderful sense of justice and right that is indeed more precious than peace.

Illustrated by A. I. Keller. \$1.40 net. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"How to Think in Spanish," by Chas. F. Kroeh, A. M., Professor of Languages in the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken, N. J. Thirteenth Edition, revised and enlarged.

The wide sale of this popular educational book establishes its successful method of teaching Spanish to foreigners. The author starts with the promise that you cannot speak Spanish while thinking in English. His principle is to associate actions and words, and gradually the student slips easily into the Spanish idioms. To any ambitious young man with ideas of a future career in South America or the Philippines, this book would prove invaluable.

\$1.50 net. Lloyd Adams Noble, New York.



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We Must "Follow-Up"

The story of the Gallipoli withdrawal is a tale of inadequate support. Like Salamanders clinging to the red-hot bars of a fiery furnace, the boys of Australia and New Zealand clung to the slopes of Anzac. Desperately, heroically they clung. No troops under any circumstances ever displayed greater soldierly qualities or upheld more sacredly the best traditions of England's Army. But they had to withdraw because the "follow-up" was not there.

To some of us it has been given to march with the columns of troops that go to France. And to others it is given to wave Godspeed. But he who marches and he who stays is equally a citizen of the world's

mightiest republic and equally responsible for its success in this greatest of undertakings.

Then let us at home turn from our flag waving and consider how necessary we are, how useful we must be. Those who go to fight cannot hope to win by naked bravery and we cannot hope to win unless every individual at home does *all* he can. We must have no Gallipoli.

The Bell System is only one of the myriad great and small industries which are co-operating that nothing be left undone to keep a constant, efficient stream of men, guns, ammunition, food, clothing and comforts flowing to the front.



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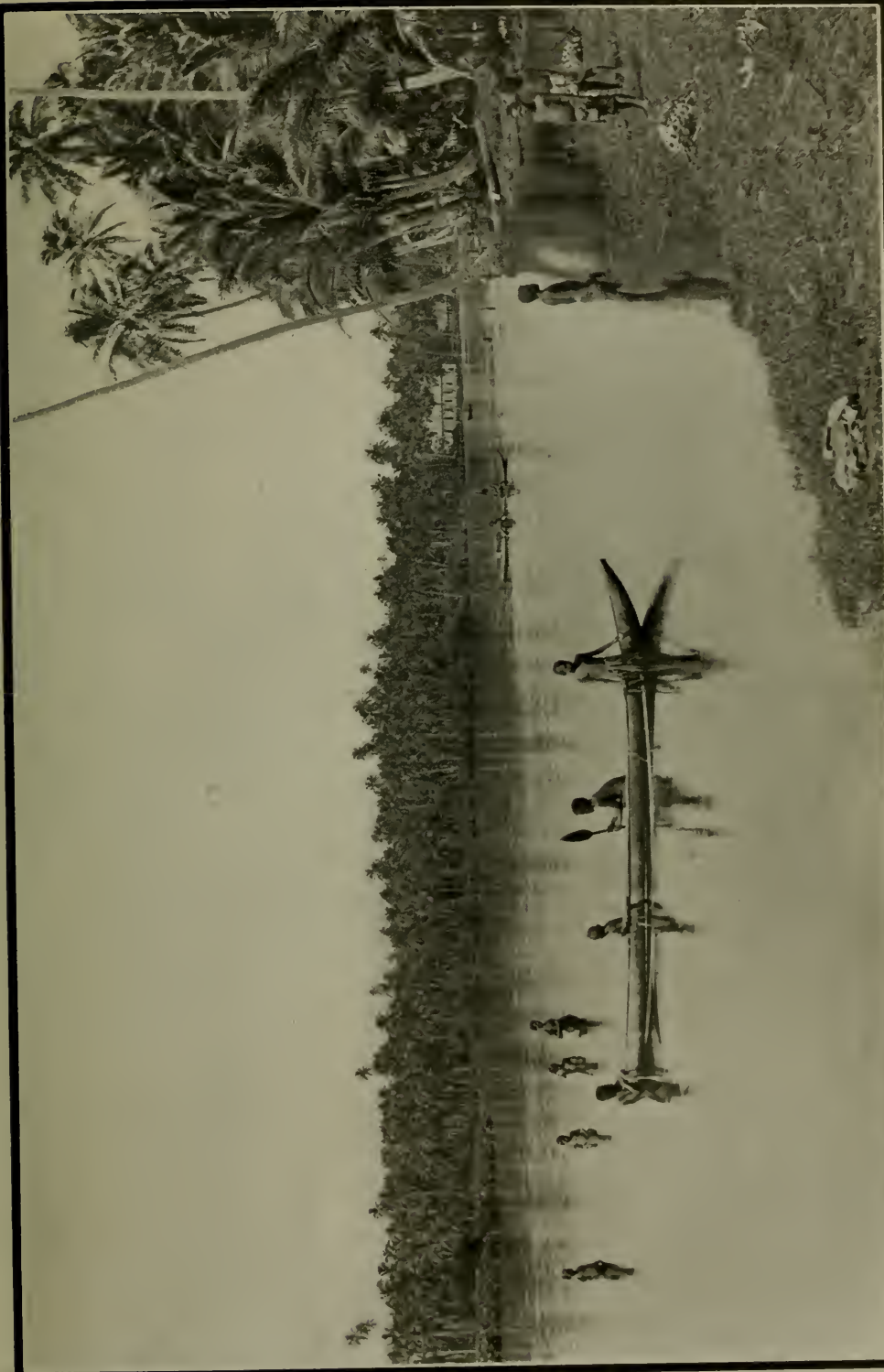
A Few Minutes Trip Among the
Delightful Islands of the South Seas



The Royal Palms.



Honolulu harbor and the naval docks.



Natives fishing in an island river.



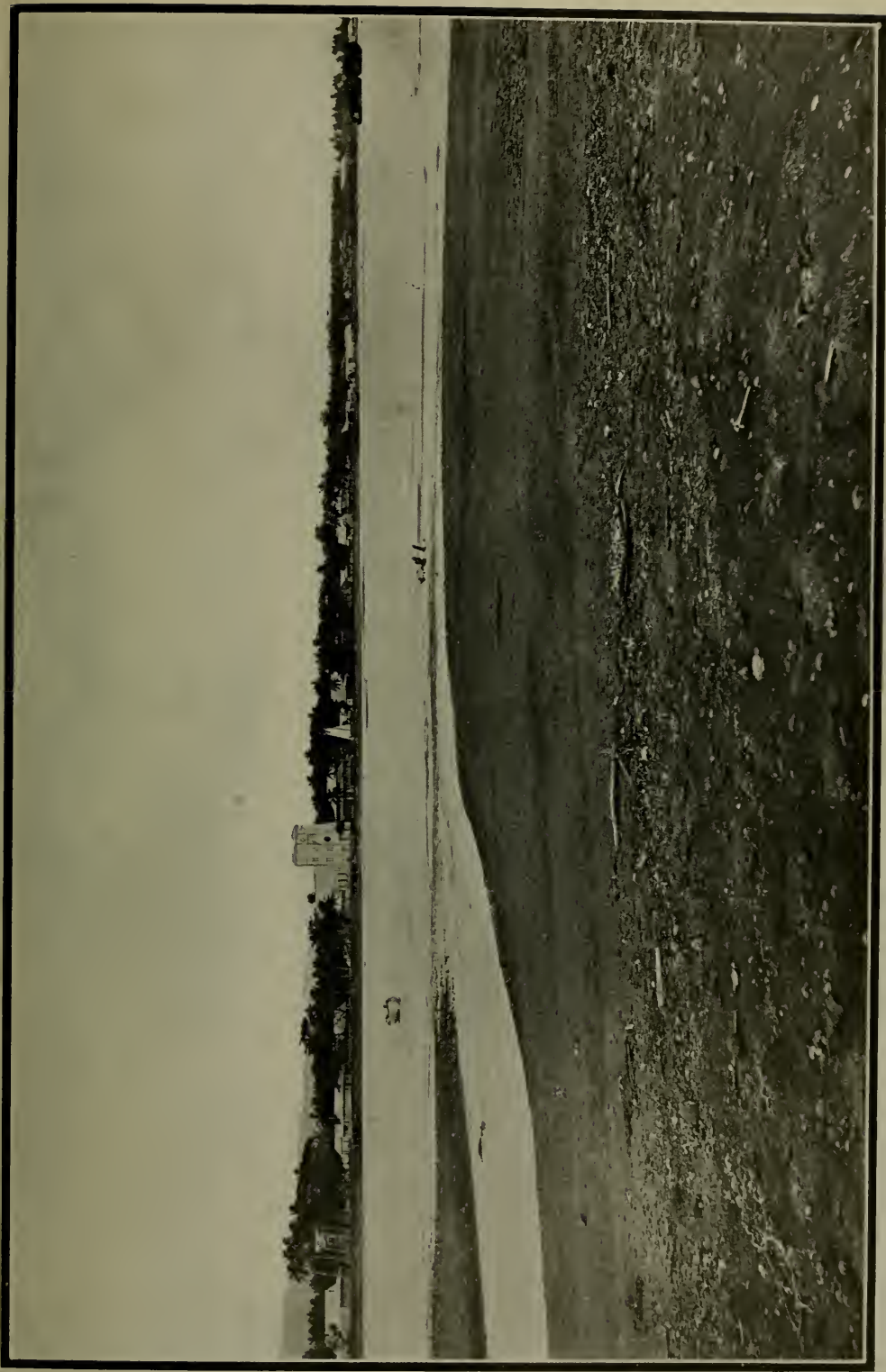
A strip of the Carib coast.



Carib homes.



An exhibition by the natives of "siva siva" before an audience of French officers of a visiting man-of-war.



Town and harbor of Apia, Samoa.



The falls of Tautaua, from a distance.



Papeete, from the mountains, Tahiti.



Fijian women bathing at Nai-va-Ka Falls, Tavinui.



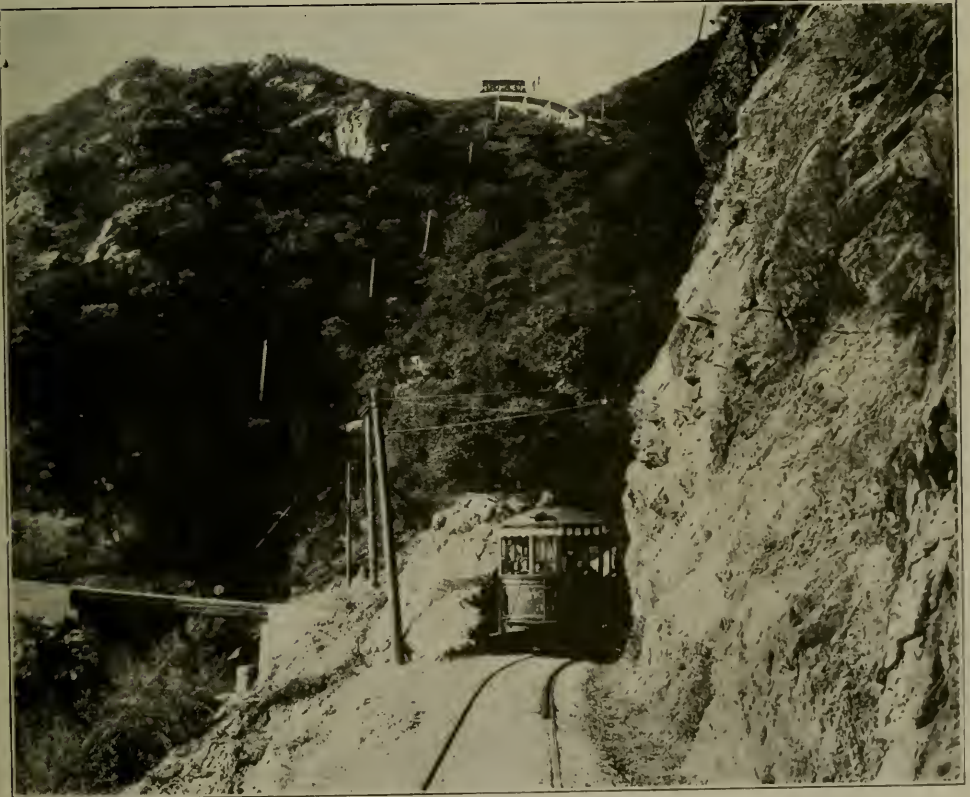
Above the Clouds on Top of Mt. Lowe

By J. A. S. Wells

TO THE man or woman who truly loves Nature in all her varied forms from simplicity to grandeur there can be no greater treat than the trip to Mt. Lowe. I had long lived in anticipation of some time enjoying it when one day not long ago

a tourist friend of mine said, "Come, go with me to Mt. Lowe tomorrow." Regardless of the many hindrances which inevitably come bobbing up to confront the busy housewife, I said "All right, I will."

Early the next morning in my



A glimpse of the circular bridge.



A view from the summit above the tavern, showing points on the skyline and the Pacific Ocean beyond

friend's auto we were on our way. Soon we came to a stop at a street corner in Altadena, which is the foothill portion of Pasadena, where a few minutes later we boarded a trolley car which was to carry us over the first few miles of our journey.

From the moment we left the paved streets and other things which go to make a city and turned in toward the mountains there came stealing over us a feeling of "Now, this is different!" Poor, tired tourist, if you are here close your weary eyes. Review briefly the scenes of the past few weeks. What do you see? Crowded railways, crowded steamboats, crowded streets and apartment stores, crowded churches and auditoriums, beaches with their countless thousands; yes, crowds — everywhere crowds. Now open your eyes and rest them upon Nature pure and simple. Here are all things just as the Creator made them,

for as yet the creature man has not attempted in this beautiful spot to improve upon His handiwork. Here are rocks, woods, hills, valleys, birds, flowers, trees, shrubs and vines, and winding gracefully this way and that a stream of pure water babbling over white pebbles. The very air is different—you are going straight into the heart of beautiful Rubio Canyon.

At the end of the trolley line is a pavilion from which the upward flight really begins. Here we found all hustle and animation. At one side of the platform was a row of booths where all things desired might be purchased—such as candy, fruit, and literature.

In looking about us the attention of my friend and myself was soon directed to a quaint little old couple standing apart from the crowd holding hands and apparently conscious only of the presence of each other and the queer looking structure re-



A patch-work of land-quilt as viewed from Mt. Lowe.

sembling a short pair of stairs which had just settled down at the edge of the pavilion like a huge white bird from the heights above.

As we drew nearer we heard the old gentleman say, "Well, Ma, how about it—there she comes again—shall we go or stay?" The trembling little lady held a bit tighter to the hand of her sworn protector as her eyes traversed the length of the cable flight, which, like Jacob's ladder, seemed to reach from earth to sky, but did not attempt a reply. Taking in the situation, and hoping to be able to speak an encouraging word, we said, "So you, too, are thinking of going up the mountain?" After just a moment's hesitation, in which the eyes of each telegraphed to the other, "I think they are all right," and apparently glad to discuss the matter with an interested party, they were soon pouring out their story. They

had heard much of the beauties of Mt. Lowe; had left their apartment in Los Angeles very early, and arrived in time to take the first car up, which would have afforded them the great pleasure of seeing the sun rise. "But," said the old lady, "we had no ide' we would be expected to go up in a thing like that," pointing with disgust to the offending car. "We've been in Californy nigh onto three months now," said the old gentleman, "and done about all the stunts we've hearn tell on—exceptin' to go up in an 'arry-plane—and this thing," casting a withering look in the same direction. We did our best to reassure them, but were making but poor progress, when, in answer to the all important question, "But do you believe it's safe?" the kindly voice of a man in uniform replied, "Perfectly safe, madam. Thousands go up every year and there has never been an accident yet. Each car



Another aspect of the line. The observatory on the right.

is automatically equipped with a safety grip that would fasten to that big stationary cable and stop the car at once in case the other rope should break. But it won't."

"Yes, yes!" said the cautious old man, "that sounds all right, but these new-fangled automatic concerns don't allers work. Now they tell me these cars hold thirty persons—ten in each of them boxes that looks like steps, an' that plain is three thousand feet long, an' you can see it's pretty nigh straight up. Well, now—I figger if that thar cable should take a notion to break jest as the thing gets near the top an' them automatic doins should not take hold just as you say they will—well, there'd be something doing—that's all."

"All aboard!" called out the conductor. "Better come along," we shouted back, as we started to climb the stairs, "you'll miss the time of your lives if you don't."

After one more hurried consultation the aged coupe gripped each other's hands more tightly—and with determination born of desperation they made a dash for the car—taking care to land in the middle of the seat nearest the center. Without the slightest jerk or jar the "Echo" started on its upward flight loaded to its capacity with human freight.

As we began to arise, to us it was a pleasure to fancy ourselves upon the back of a huge bird being carried away to the skies. We were almost overpowered by the beauty and grandeur of the scene, which, like a vast scroll, was being unrolled before us. First just a narrow strip, then broader grew the range of our vision. Just beneath us lay beautiful Pasadena, a little farther on Sierra Madre, Monrovia, San Gabriel, and many smaller towns and hamlets. Dotted in between were groves of oranges, lemons, grapefruit, apricots, walnuts, peaches.



The searchlight on Mt. Lowe.

and what not, beside countless acres of grapes, beets, beans, garden truck and berries. The old comparison of grandmother's patchwork quilt seemed better to express it than anything else, and the occasional unimproved tracts served only to more clearly bring out the design. Halfway up where the track widens to four rails we met the "White Chariot" coming down. As we watched it drop below us it seemed as though our very life, breath, lungs and all were going with it. It was as though the bottom had dropped out of the universe and swallowed up the whole thing, car, people, and all.

The megaphone man was very busy telling us where to look. Between trying to hear all he was saying and straining our eyes to catch a glimpse of each passing wonder, it was not strange that for a time we forgot to see how the old couple were enjoying (?) the trip. At this juncture, how-

ever, we gave them our attention. "Ma" proved to be the braver of the two; for while "Pa" held on to the seat with both hands and kept his eyes glued to the floor, "Ma" held on with one hand only, while with the other she kept the smelling salts vibrating between her own nose and that of her agitated partner.

"Dear me," she was saying. "I spose we're missin' a lot; we really ort to look where the man says, but I just can't! Every time I try I feel jest like I was one of them little red balloons with the string cut."

And "Pa" replied with all the firmness he could possibly bring into his faint, shaky little voice, "Don't be a fool. Ma—shet your eyes an' keep um shet if you've any sense at all."

When we reached the top of the incline, a sigh of relief passed through the crowd—as some one who knew no more about it than the rest of us re-



Midnight view from the Tavern of Los Angeles and surrounding territory.

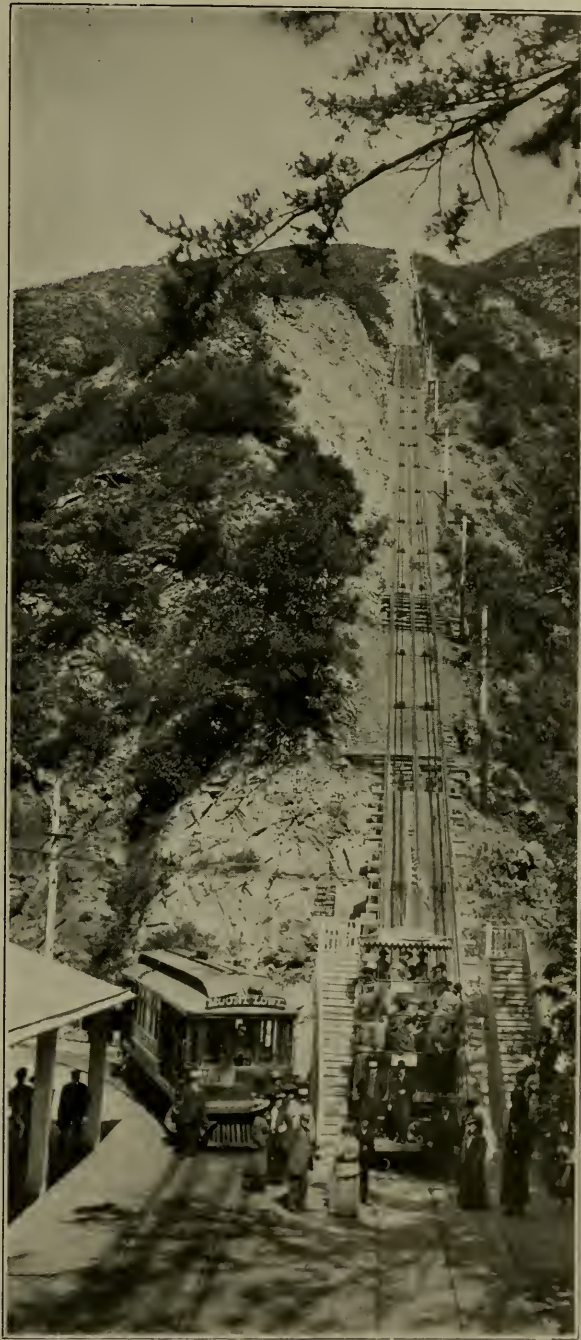
marked that "now the worst was over."

Immediately we were hustled into a waiting trolley car and before one mile of the eight we were yet to travel had been covered we knew that the incline experience had been but a mere joke or a pleasant pastime. Winding, turning, and climbing, in and out, yet always upward, the car rushed on, swinging round bare mountain peaks, through deep gorges, over great chasms, across from one point to another by what seemed like tramways, but which were in reality trestles; then on around the naked mountain side, where you felt yourself suspended over an abyss which seemed to drop down and down to the bottomless pit which was yawning below.

But strange to say the ever-changing scenes and sensations held one with such fascination there seemed no time to think of accidents. During the entire trip whenever the danger

seemed most imminent there was always some magnificent outlook to banish all thoughts of impending calamity.

In one place far above our heads the "megaphone man" called our attention to a semi-circular bridge, which appeared to stand out from the side of the mountain without support of any kind. As we passed on from height to height ever and anon we caught glimpses of this wonderful structure, until at last the car came rocking and teetering out upon the dizzy trestling, and there it stopped. All who had the nerve to do so looked over the edge of the car, and out into space beyond. There was just blue sky above and below, just atmosphere, or climate, as we call it here in California, till you came to the jagged rocks far, far below. Among other remarks made by those about us we heard our little old friend say, "Now this is really a temptin' o' providence." Her com-



The start and first unit of the incline

panion, who was deadly pale and too overcome for words, merely nodded his head—while she wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow.

It was only a few moments before the car was again in motion, but in that brief space of time wonderful thoughts passed through our minds. How could any mountain be so grandly beautiful? Here were moss-covered rocks and verdure-clad slopes, with deep, deep, black canyons dropping far below, while lofty barren crags towered high above. Here a tiny cluster of beautiful flowers that perish in a day, and there, standing out boldly with the sunlight glistening upon their battlements, granite castles that have stood for thousands of years and whose Maker and Builder was God.

Yet, in spite of all this grandeur, a sigh of relief again passed through the crowd as the car started on, and general satisfaction was felt when soon after it reached its destination and disgorged its load in front of "Ye Alpine Tavern."

As we turned and looked down over the way we had just come, then up at the structure before us, it required but a little of the make-believe of our childhood days to imagine ourselves accompanying "Jack of the Bean Stalk fame" upon his wonderful visit to the Giant's Castle.

This fine old hostlery is quaint, homey, and spacious, built on the plan of a Swiss chalet. It is nestled contentedly among fine old trees, partly covered with vines and nearly surrounded by shrubs and flowers. The living rooms and lobby are homelike, dining-room picturesque, and verandas luxuriantly comfortable. In a very few moments we discovered that if we finished the ascent of several miles farther we must join one of two parties; those who *hiked* or those who rode. Our decision was soon made in favor of the latter and we turned our steps toward the stables, where were waiting, ready to be hired burros, horses, mules, and guides. At once we spotted our man. He was large and kind looking and stood holding the halters

of two very small, docile animals, with long, floppy ears and sleepy eyes. Upon making our desire known, imagine, if you can, our chagrin—or should I say humiliation? We were informed that "only persons weighing a certain number of pounds (which I will not here mention) were allowed to ride on burros since the humane society took the matter in hand." Instead of demanding a pair of scales with which to prove our innocence, as we might have done, we decided it would be better to simply ignore this party—he was, to say the least, no gentleman. With our heads very high we passed on and were soon securely mounted on the backs of two good strong mules.

Not having ridden on horseback in a long time we found the sensation of getting used to conditions entirely sufficient to keep us well occupied during the first few minutes while the trail was broad and easy—before the real climbing began.

There were a goodly number in our party, and when we started single file up the zigzag we made quite a procession. Occasionally we caught a glimpse of the hikers, who were some distance ahead and still sprinting along at a good rate of speed. Our guide informed us, however, that they would "slow down" before they reached the summit. In this his judgment proved to be correct, for soon we began passing them and before long had left the foremost of their party panting under a tree.

All our lives we had heard the expression "as stubborn as a mule," but never until now had we thoroughly realized its meaning. Like foolish boys trying to "show off" these silly beasts were determined to walk on the extreme outer edge of the trail. The guide, who seemed really very fond of the animals, assured us that they were all right, and that they "knew their business," but we felt that as we were paying for the use of the brutes we might have a little to say about where they should go, so we continued to tug at the bridle rein, and the only success met with was that the head



Mt. Lowe Observatory, Mt. Lowe, California

turned, at our bidding—but the body, feet, and ourselves went serenely on in the same old trail traversed by them so oft before.

At last the summit was reached, and what a sight burst upon our view! Beautiful! Wonderful! Grand beyond description. In a few short hours we had been transported from a land of oranges and roses to an altitude where snow and ice may be found in sheltered places all the year round.

Delightfully cool and clear was the atmosphere about us. We were far above the clouds, and at last there were no higher peaks to look up to.

Away down over the rugged mountain side and beyond the beautiful valleys and plain lies the great city of Los Angeles, which with its wonderful growth of the past few years has spread this way and that till it covers miles of territory and reaches even to the harbor where a thin line of old Pacific is discernible. Still farther in the distance, seemingly in the sky,

may be dimly seen the two little peaks of Catalina mountain, on the island forty miles out at sea.

Perhaps one is in reality no nearer Heaven and the Creator of us all on the top of a snow-capped mountain than in the valleys below, but of a surety the thoughts which come to one here, the longings, the aspirations are of a higher order. Your heart seems beating in unison with the Great Heart, your soul, communing with the God who gave it. It seems impossible that you ever could act, think, or be anything mean, small, low or common again. The voice whispers to us as to one of old, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

All too soon the time came for us to return. And here, let me ask, have you ever ridden *down* a steep, dangerous, narrow trail on horseback? Going up you seem to have a definite purpose in view—you watch the small feet of the animals and wonder how they

can climb so successfully with hoofs on them, and why they were not provided with claws instead, and as you gaze at the party ahead filled with these conjectures there is a substantial neck and head in front of you so close that if need be you could throw your arms about it. But coming down—not so — conditions are absolutely changed. The animal seems to have a goodly portion of his front legs removed—and his head and neck are so near the ground and are so far from your grasp you wonder if they can be the same. One old lady in a fit of desperation brought a halt to the whole train while she reversed her mount. "For," said she, "if the worst comes to the worst I might be able to hold on by his tail." Upon reaching "Ye Alpine Tavern" all made haste to the dining-room, where a most delicious dinner was waiting for us.

The remainder of the afternoon was spent in writing and mailing post cards and copies of the "Alpine Daily," and in rambling about the place. Many

took long walks out along the bluffs to "Lover's Lane, Inspiration Point," or to the spring where the water comes out of the side of the mountain as cold as ice and as clear as crystal, or out past the row of tent houses ready for the occupancy of tourists. Many of our crowd stayed for a few days or weeks, but we returned with the others just as the shadows began to grow longer, the swallows to fly home, and the air to grow chill.

As we stepped from the car at the bottom of the incline a feeling of glad satisfaction crept over us. We had just completed one of the most appalling, and at the same time one of the grandest mountain rides to be taken anywhere in the world.

As our friends of the morning walked across the platform at Rubio Pavilion, still hand in hand, the old man smiled for the first time that day. "Well," said he, "we been up and got back alive. I wouldn't take considerable for the experience, but I wouldn't do it over for all I'm worth."

MEMORY

(Roundel)

Across the broken bridge of time
Limps Memory, subdued and slow:
He bears the marks of many a woe
From this strange world's long spiral
climb.

With branch of willow or of lime,
With voice by unshed tears made low.
Across the broken bridge of time
Limps Memory, subdued and slow.

From prime to eve, from eve to prime,
Amid the drowsy summer's glow,
Amid the grey mist—and the snow,
That figure moves, with air sublime,
Across the broken bridge of time.

NELSON ANTRIM CRAWFORD.

Indian Legends for Profit

By Erich Brandeis

WHERE is the Indian of yesterday?

In the moving pictures—only in the moving pictures.

Today's Indian is either a college-bred, football-playing, every-day sort of a chap, or he is a dirty, shapeless, lazy hanger-on, satisfied to live by begging or stealing. In all these bad qualities the Indian is surpassed only by his squaw.

The Indian of today wears none of the gay trappings we read about in Fennimore Cooper's tales. He does not possess the wondrous raiment which we see in the moving pictures. Overalls, an old coat and vest, a cast-off hat, and there you have your big chief of the twentieth century. Calico of variegated colors, an old shawl for a head-dress and a pair of slippers constitutes the squaw's wardrobe.

But there are two things which the Indian of today still clings to—painting and tattooing, and his legends.

Hands, wrists and faces still bear the lines, triangles and circles with which the old-time Indians used to mark themselves, and on their bodies stripes of irregular design and varying colors are often used. Painting the face has a definite and useful purpose. It softens the skin and prevents the winter frosts from cracking it.

And the Indian legends also have a definite and useful purpose. They bring many a good tip from many an easy tourist.

Around Lake Tahoe, which the Indians have named The Lake of the Sky, there are several hundred Washoes and Piutes living in peace and following the pleasant occupation of doing nothing.

When they get hungry there is al-

ways a good supply of trout in the lake—and when they need a little money they sell their fish to the resorts.

But the most profitable industry is telling legends to tourists. The industry is entirely in the hands of Susie, Jackson and Luisa. Luisa and Jackson make their headquarters at Fallen Leaf Lodge, just a few miles back of the main lake, and Susie has a tent near Tahoe Tavern (and a beautifully furnished bungalow in Tahoe City. The city, by the way, consists of about fifteen houses, a railroad shed, a saloon and a general store.)

I heard Jackson tell one of the legends three times and each time it was more interesting and colorful.

"I said to him:

"Jackson, why don't you stick to your story?"

Jackson answered:

"Hum. Tourist heap d——n fool. More you lie more he like 'em."

Susie has a stunt of her own. She is



Susie, the basket maker of the



Jackson, the story teller, idling on the shore of Lake Tahoe.

one of the finest basket makers in the country, and for more than twenty-five years she has had a contract with a store in Carson City, Nevada's capital, for her best work. She receives as high as twenty-five dollars apiece for her baskets. That is why she has the bungalow.

But for the tourists she keeps the tent, and here she makes her baskets. Whenever a curious visitor comes into her "campoodie," he finds Susie crying.

And then the following conversation ensues:

"Why do you cry?"

"Oh, me very unhappy." Susie an-

swers. "My husband he die, and my seven sons he die. Two killed and five die from disease. Now I am all alone. And I am so poor. Nothing to eat for three days. All alone. So I just sit here every day and just cry and cry."

The invariable result is that the sympathetic visitor opens his (or mostly her) purse and buys a cheap souvenir at an exorbitant price. And the best part of this is that Susie never had a husband nor a son. She must have been a spinster for well nigh a hundred years.

Here are two of the legends these

Indians tell, and if you ever cross the continent to California and go to Tahoe, you will surely hear them.

This one is Susie's story:

The Origin of Lake Tahoe.

"Long, long before the white man came to Nevada there lived in the meadow, over beyond Glenbrook, a good Indian. But though he was good, he was very much annoyed by the Evil Spirit, who constantly interfered with all that he tried to do. Finally he determined that he must move away and get over into the valleys of California. But when he tried to escape, the Evil One was always there, ready to trip him in some way or other.

"In his trouble the Good Spirit came to his aid and gave him a leafy branch which had magic qualities. He was to start on his journey. If he saw the Evil One coming he was to drop a bit of the branch, and water would immediately spring up, the Evil Spirit could not cross the water, and thus, being delayed, would give the Indian time to escape.

"The man made his way to where Tallac is today, and, looking back, he saw the Evil One coming with great strides. In his terror he tried to pluck a leaf, but it snapped off, and he lost almost his whole branch. To his relief, the waters began to rise, and soon "Tahoe"—Big Waters—lay between him and the enemy.

"But the Evil Spirit speeded around the lake, and again he had almost caught up with the Indian. He had only a small part of the branch left. So he dropped a tiny bit and Fallen Leaf Lake—Doolagoga—sprang into existence. He had to make three more lakes—Lily, Grass and Heather—before he had reached the crest of the mountain and found himself safe in the Valley of California."

And this one was told by Jackson to Mrs. W. W. Price, who has been coming to Fallen Leaf Lodge for more than fifteen years, a staunch friend of the Tahoe and Fallen Leaf Indians:



Ready at all times to tell the colorful legends and stories of her tribe to visiting tourists

The Origin of the Different Indian Tribes.

"Long, long ago, away over in Piutiland, there were some young boys and girls playing. They played all sorts of games, but they liked hand-ball best. And as they played they sang songs of gladness.

"There was one old woman, their grandmother, who could not play with them. She had a little baby, her youngest grandchild, whom she was trying to quiet, but the little one cried and cried continuously.

"By-and-by the old woman heard a voice outside. She was frightened and



A cheerful angler to exchange bits of Indian lore for tourists' small change

called to the young folks. 'Some one's coming! You better stop. Better hide. Maybe Evil One, devil, coming!'

"But the young folks paid no attention to her warning. They just kept on playing. The old woman covered the baby with a basket and hid her own face in her shawl.

"Then the Evil One came in. All the young folks turned to see who was coming, and as soon as they looked upon his face they fell dead. Only the old woman and the baby were left; for the Evil One did not see them.

"When he was gone, the old woman snatched up the baby and hurried off down to the river. As she was running along she met an old man.

"'Where are you going?' he asked. She saw that the man was the Evil One himself. She kept the baby covered in the basket and said: 'I am going down to the river to get wild potatoes.'

"The Evil Spirit went away, and the woman quickly dug a hole and hid the baby in it. When the Evil one came back he saw that the woman had not gone to the river. He became very angry and hunted all day long for her that he might kill her. But he could not find any trace of her. Finally he went home and the old woman hid on top of a big rock, over where Sheridan now is.

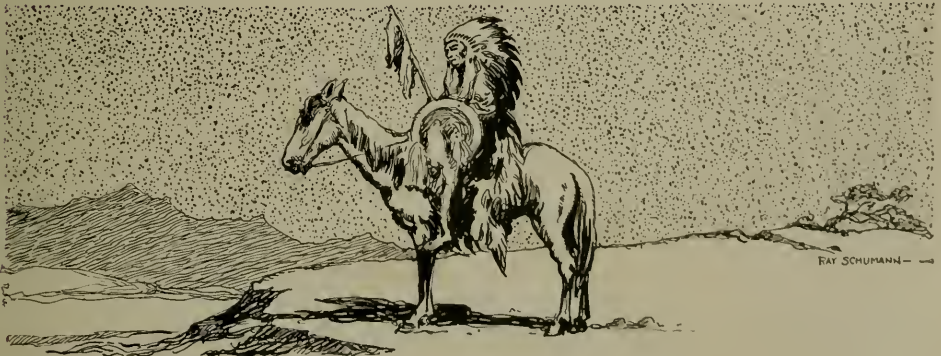
"In the morning the Evil One came back to hunt further, but without success.

"'I guess the old woman is dead,' he said to himself, 'or maybe she's gone across the river.' But the Evil One loses his power if he touches water, so he dared not cross the river to follow her.

"All the time the old woman was watching him. When he had finally given up the hunt, she saw him put into his big basket great bunches of elderberry roots, and as he put each bunch in he gave it a name—Washoe, Paiuti and so on. Then he put the lid on tightly and went off through the forest.

"When he was out of sight the woman crept down quietly with the child. Presently there was a murmuring in the basket. Curiously the little girl raised the lid ever so little. There was a great whirring noise; the lid flew off and out came all the Indians. Off through the air they flew—Washoes to California, Paiutis to Nevada, Diggers, Cherokees, Chickasaws, Unkwes, Hoopahs and all the others—each Indian to his own home."

There are many more legends which testify to the fact that in spite of all the dirt and all the laziness the Indians still are dreamers and still have the poetic instinct for which their race has become known. Whether the tales are invented or whether they have come down to the three Washoes from their forefathers, each one of them is full of romance and a monument to the original Americans.



When the Mustard's All A-Quiver

By Lorraine Andrews

When the mustard's all a-quiver
By the river,
When manzanita in its thicket
Decks its sober green and tricks it
Out in waxen bells whose knelling
Woodelves faintly hearken, dwelling
In yon faerie circle darkling,
Where, a-shiver
Moonlight shifting thru the fringes
Of sequoia scarce impinges,
Nor the noon-day's livelier sparkling;
When small oaks that hug the hillside,
Rounding soft beneath the still wide
Cup of sky, themselves embowering
Many a pretty sweet a-flowering,
Murmur mystic, runic measures
O'er the fondest of their treasures,
Tricksy troop of cyclamen,
Each a wild-wood denizen,
Lavender and fainter rose,
Pastel purple, white of snows,
Poised like personalities.
Dancing with the wanton breeze—
(Such a rapturous throng, I ween.
Poets sense with half-shut een)—
When the small brook singing passes
As it laves the lush long grasses,
Till it hurries, merry hearted.
On to join its erstwhile parted
Lover that the happy twain
Ne'er disjoined are again.
Where the channel runs more deep
And they murmur half-asleep.
Till at e'en in that dim pool
'Neath yon hazen coppice cool.
An orchestra of dusky, bloated
Frogs will choir it, husky throated;—
When by every sound and sight,
Woodland scent and felt delight,
I am beckoned, called, constrained,
I, by duty still detained,
Pent and cabined in the city,
Held in bondage—ah, the pity!

Ysabella

A Romance of Spanish California

By Clarice Garland

Author of "Spanish California Missions," etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE southern shore of San Diego was low and sandy, and, from the bluff heights opposite a strip of beach, reached out into the water and left a narrow entrance about one-fourth of a mile wide. Point Loma stretched its high bulk on the west and formed a breakwater on which stood Fort Guiharros guarding the entrance of the bay. The hills around the beach were covered with live oaks, and on the plains the willows waved their graceful foliage in the soft air. A good road led to the pueblo a few miles distant.

The Venture anchored beside an English brig which disclosed the name of Vulture on her bow. American sailors were seen in her rigging and an American commander on her deck.

Captain Fitch gave a salute; he was glad to think of hearing his native tongue after four months of sailing and anchorage in Spanish ports.

The master of the Vulture saluted in return and beckoned Captain Fitch to visit him. The captain, nothing loath, ordered the boat lowered, and was rowed to the Vulture's side. Mounting to the deck, he was hospitably received by the master, who introduced himself as Captain Barry from Boston. The two shipmasters gave each other an appraising look and shook hands. They felt instinctively that they could trust each other. And this friendship never was broken.

After a short conversation Captain Barry said: "The owner of the Vulture

is on board. Would you like to meet him?"

"Certainly," replied Fitch.

Captain Barry sent a cabin boy to the saloon with a request for the owner to come on deck. A tall gentleman with light complexion and strong features soon joined them.

"Don Virmond, this is Captain Fitch, the master of the adjoining brig from Boston," introduced Captain Barry.

The ship owner shook hands with the new arrival and surveyed him critically.

"Glad to know you, sir," he said, after having made up his mind apparently to that effect. "I am a native of Northern Europe, although I speak English and Spanish."

"My name is Henry Fitch, and I am an American," responded the captain.

"All the same, you are a good fellow," returned Virmond. "I think I saw you in Acapulco a short time since."

"Yes," returned Fitch, "I called at that port to work up a trade with the merchants."

"You would do better here, if you were properly introduced. There is some suspicion, however, regarding unknown foreigners who undertake to land in San Diego. Come below and breakfast with Captain Barry and me, and I will explain the situation to you."

"With pleasure," replied Fitch, agreeably.

Virmond bent his tall form down the companion way, entered his spacious cabin and ordered the cabin boy

to bring breakfast for three. "Did you hear of one of your American shipmaster's latest exploits?" inquired Virmond.

"No news whatever," answered Fitch. "What happened to my countryman?"

"It seems," explained Virmond, "that Captain Bradshaw, master of the brig, Franklin, hailing from Boston, made this port. Here he was detained by order of the governor on suspicion of being engaged in the contraband trade. Captain Bradshaw was given permission to go on board his ship, where Spanish guards were stationed over the disputed cargo which the governor and collector of the port were expected to visit and inspect. Once on board his ship the captain ordered 'Up anchor,' and 'All sails set,' and made full speed out of the harbor. In fact, it was a game of run-away."

"Shades of Benjamin Franklin!" exclaimed Captain Fitch. "To have his honored and venerated name so desecrated was a crime to the morality that he taught and inspired. And Captain Bradshaw's despicable action was bad for me," continued the newcomer. "This is my first voyage to Pacific ports. If I do not make good, my business here is ruined."

"Perhaps I can help you," offered the host affably. "I will finish my story first," he continued. "Captain Bradshaw placed the Spanish guards on deck, where they were exposed to the guns of the fort. In this manner the ship was protected from the cannon on shore. The Spaniards would have hesitated to fire on their own men. Beyond the range of the fort guns, Bradshaw sent the guards ashore in a boat. The Franklin ran the gauntlet of the fort within pistol shot of the cannon's mouth. On she sailed till she reached Point Loma and the great swell of the ocean. Then she answered the fort with a shot from her side. A little cloud of smoke rose from her hulk and her cannon's report reverberated among the hills as if defying the government."

"Bad policy! Very bad policy!" ex-

claimed Fitch. "Captain Bradshaw never can hope to bring the Franklin into San Diego again."

"He did so," responded the host, "and is now awaiting trial at the Presidio. The action of Bradshaw caused much excitement throughout the country, and the governor was thoroughly exasperated with his dishonorable conduct, particularly as he gave him the freedom of the port."

"The governor had cause to be angry," interposed Fitch.

"Certainly," answered Virmond. "I have had business relations with the Spaniards along this coast for a number of years, and always have found them courteous and honorable. They strictly made good their promises."

"Perhaps it would be better to strike a trade at San Pedro," pursued Fitch.

"No ships are allowed to anchor there," informed Virmond. "Commerce is restricted to Monterey, Santa Barbara and San Diego, since the open defiance of Captain Bradshaw."

"Business looks black for me," muttered Fitch.

"I'll tell you what I will do," volunteered Virmond between puffs of his cigar. "You look like a man of honor. I will tell you this. I am the owner of several brigs, trading at the western ports of North and South America, and I have large shops in Acapulco and Mexico City. I desire to keep friendly relations with the people of San Diego, yet I will risk introducing you to them. I am going ashore to a dance this evening given at casa de Estudillo, and would like your company. My word is as good as my bond, and these people never have had their confidence in me misplaced. Will you go?"

"Delighted to have such a powerful sponsor for my good behavior, I'm sure," replied the visitor.

"Fortune favors the honorable man. I think I have not misplaced my confidence in you," responded Virmond, leading the way to the deck. "Be ready to row ashore at dusk. The fandango begins early. I will call for you

in my boat," invited Virmond agreeably.

Fitch nodded as he went over the Vulture's side. "Every cloud has a silver lining," he thought, as he stepped into his boat and was rowed to his brig.

"Fine young man," soliloquized the European. "He may succeed in causing the Spaniards to think more favorably of American foreigners."

Don Virmond was a born diplomat and self-appointed plenipotentiary in Mexican business circles and society. He was warmly welcomed in Mexico City, having extraordinary facilities for obtaining the attention of Mexican officials. And consequently was much sought by his California friends to solicit any civil, military or ecclesiastical favor for them. He was wealthy and influential, being owner of the brigs Maria Ester, Catalina, Clarita, Vulture and other vessels well known to California trade. He was, of course, a man of great enterprise. And his beautiful and accomplished Spanish wife forged a link in the society of the Spaniards and increased their confidence in him.

Dona Feliciana Virmond and Captain Barry's wife were on board the Vulture, but remained in their cabins during the visit of the strange sea-captain.

"Not such a bad beginning after all," thought Fitch, as he strode on the deck of the Venture and gave the result of his visit in the Vulture to Mr. Hatch.

"It reminds me of the advice of Captain Holmes to his son, just before starting on sea voyages. 'Always go straight ahead, and if you meet the devil, cut him in two and sail between the pieces,' quoted the mate.

"Good advice," laughed Fitch. "I thought I was between the devil and the deep sea, when Virmond told me about Bradshaw's impudence. But his Satanic Majesty resolved himself into the Grecian god, Mercury, the bringer of good things. Tell the cabin boy to brush up my shore togs and I will do the same with my Spanish. Let the

cook know that we dine early. I go ashore at dusk," ordered the master, retreating to his cabin. During the remainder of the day Captain Fitch paced the deck of the vessel, muttering Spanish phrases until he flattered himself his accent would be mistaken for the fluency of an Andalusian native. He did not dream that his halting Spanish utterances would be quoted in flowing cadences by the musical voices of the señoritas of San Diego. The daughters of California behind waving fans and seeming indifference critically scanned each newly arriving officer as a victim of their witty remarks.

The young man knew that he would be likely to suffer adverse criticisms among the people of the port on account of Bradshaw's ignominious behavior. Nevertheless, he took his courage in both hands and manfully stepped into Virmond's boat at dusk and was rowed ashore in some trepidation of mind. "They can do no worse than refuse to do business with me," he thought, "and they may refuse me entrance to their society, which is hospitable to the last degree among themselves, I am told. However, with Don Virmond as sponsor, they scarcely can turn a very cold shoulder."

Leaving the sailors in charge of the boat they found two horses saddled and led by a mounted vaquero. Virmond mounted one beast and placed his wife in front of him on the saddle. Fitch mounted the other animal and they rode to the pueblo a few miles distant.

"Captain Barry will not come," announced Virmond. "His wife was not feeling well, and he would not leave her." Fitch expressed his regrets for their absence at the dance.

Candlelight shone from the windows of Estudillo House as the guests left their mounts with the vaquero. Don Jose Estudillo stood at the entrance of his spacious adobe home, built around three sides of a patio, or courtyard, where all the rooms opened into the walled inclosure.

"Ah, Senor Virmond and Senora Fe-

liciana. I am most delighted that you honor my home with your presence," welcomed the host, with much cordiality.

"The pleasure is mine and my wife's," returned Virmond. "I have brought a stranger, hoping you will extend your well known hospitality to him. Allow me to introduce Captain Fitch, master of the brig Venture, just arrived in port."

"Ah, an American!" exclaimed the host, scanning the captain critically. "I hope he has better manners than his countryman, Bradshaw."

"I will be responsible for him," promised Virmond. "The cut of his mainsail is somewhat different," he explained in sea vernacular.

Don Estudillo understood, however, that Fitch's moral stamina seemed stronger than that of his countryman, Bradshaw. "He shall be welcomed, since he arrived with you," replied the host amiably.

The two men passed into the sala, following Dona Feliciano, who, wrapped in her black lace mantilla over lemon-colored silk, presented a pretty picture of the graceful Spanish beauty.

Senora Estudillo greeted her guest effusively. "My dear Dona Feliciano, when did you arrive from Mexico City? So delighted to have you with us again!"

"And I am glad to enter your little paradise," returned the guest.

"Whom have you with you? I mistrust my eyesight.—Not an *American* sea-captain!—Is he? The governor will forbid him entrance to the port, I think," continued the hostess.

"Perhaps so, but I think my husband will speak to Governor Echandia regarding the *Americano*. He seemed favorably impressed with him," responded Dona Virmond.

"That may make a difference. But he is so suspicious of foreigners, you know," suggested the hostess.

"Yes, though my husband was once considered a foreigner, and they are not all bad," smiled Dona Feliciano.

"True enough! I forgot that. Don

Virmond is so entirely one of us now," murmured her companion.

Captain Fitch was duly presented to the hostess and passed on to the other *duenas*, who presented him to their daughters.

"Dona Ignacia Lopez de Carrillo, this is the master of an American ship arrived in port today, Captain Fitch," announced the hostess.

Dona Ignacia bowed sedately. "Ysabella," she spoke, turning to her daughter, "this is Captain Fitch, just arrived in the harbor."

Senorita Ysabella Carrillo flashed a brilliant glance from her dark eyes, shadowed by long black lashes, and her red lips curved in a fleeting smile as she curtsied gracefully to the captain.

"Never in my life have I seen such vivid beauty in the face of a girl," thought the young man, as he bent his tall form before her.

"Ah! Is this bonde creature with eyes of the sky and locks of the sun, a man or a demi-god?" thought Ysabella. "Senor Los Vegas, the schoolmaster, told us of the sea kings of the North, who sailed their adventurous voyages. Perhaps he is one of them." The thought passed through Ysabella's mind in the twinkling of an eye. Gently waving her fan, she serenely contemplating the new arrival before her. The girl of nineteen years in this secluded community had acquired or inherited the poise of a lady of larger social experience.

"Will you dance?" asked the captain deferentially. Ysabella accepted the invitation and Captain Fitch placed his arm around her waist American fashion to lead her in a waltz.

"No, no, Senor Captain, we are not allowed to dance like that! Do you see the excitement you have caused among the *duenas*?"

"Pardon me, Senorita, for my ignorance of your form of etiquette!" begged Fitch, apologetically.

"We dance like this," explained the girl, executing a few steps before him. "But do not touch me! We must circle around each other in time to the

music," and she again took a few gliding, graceful steps.

"Ah, I see!" returned the captain. "Gracias, *Senorita*!" Then the couple whirled up and down the sala in a maze of inexplicable pleasure. Ysabella's dark head, with its single pink, Castilian rose entwined in her glossy, blue-black hair, was overshadowed by her partner's blonde head as he danced opposite her. They swayed in a maze of new and wonderful emotions, unexplainable, unknown, entrancing.

"Your countrymen, the Patties, are not having a very joyous time in San Diego," volunteered Ysabella.

"My countrymen! Where are they, *Senorita Carrillo*?"

"In the Presidio prison, *Senor Captain*," explained the girl.

"Why are they in the Presidio prison, *Senorita Carrillo*?" pursued Fitch.

"By order of the governor," continued the young lady.

"What is their sin of omission or commission?" questioned the captain anxiously.

"The *Americanos* had the audacity to come over the mountains and find entrance into California by land. I was told that the governor tore up their passports and ordered them to prison," explained Ysabella.

"I must visit them if possible. perhaps I can help them," spoke the young man earnestly. "And I must discover how much or how little offense will land any other American foreigner in prison," he thought; as he squared his broad shoulders reflectively.

"The governor is very suspicious of foreigners. You must beware of gaining his dislike," warned the girl.

"Gracias, *Senorita Carrillo*; Don Virmond saves me from the sin of intrusion, I believe," replied Fitch.

"Even so," murmured Ysabella; "the governor watches your every movement."

The fandango came to an end with "el sol," the dance of the sunrise, which was participated in by the nodding duenas. They brightened under

the spell of the graceful exercise and celebrated the rising of the sun with smiling faces, while their daughters exchanged compliments with the caballeros. Then the *senoras* and *senoritas*, escorted by their husbands and brothers, returned to their homes.

Don Enrique Virmond took his wife on his saddle and rode down the shore road, followed by Captain Fitch and a vaquero, who was to take back the horses. They were invited to remain at Casa de Estudillo, but thought best to return to their brigs.

The moon sailed high in the heavens—pallidly disappearing at signs of the advent of the god of day over this peaceful scene. Not a leaf quivered. Not a cloud veiled the sky. It seemed a fairy landscape that might dissolve and fade away at the wave of a fairy's wand.

Don Jose Estudillo and his guests seemed photographed on the brain of Captain Fitch, especially the exquisite face of his first partner in the dance. Absently he dismounted from his horse at the boat's side, and as absently stepped into the boat. Dona Feliciano noted his abstraction and wondered, as was the way of women, but she discreetly remained silent.

"Did you enjoy the dance, Captain Fitch?" inquired Virmond.

"The best dance of my life," replied Fitch decidedly. So soon he had forgotten his waltz with sweet Dorothy Dearborn and the ride to the mill-race, but that was the way with men. "Fate leads people strange dances," and so thought Captain Fitch, as he thanked Virmond for his courtesy and climbed into his ship.

CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN FITCH MEETS A STRONG ENEMY

The day after the fandango, Don Virmond sent a message to Captain Fitch. He wrote that he would call on the governor and would be pleased to take the captain and introduce him to his Excellency. His boat would call for Fitch after the midday meal. The captain sent a thankful acceptance.

"The silver lining to my cloud of adverse circumstances is growing wider," remarked the master to Mr. Hatch.

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the mate. "Silver linings sometimes show if we are on the watch for them."

Captain Fitch picked up his Spanish book and gained a few more phrases for his own before lunch. Afterward he studied the Navigation Charts outlining the California coast. Mr. Hatch sent word that Don Virmond was waiting, and the captain departed with the plenipotentiary to the court of his Excellency, the governor of the Californias.

The American noticed curiously that some of the soldiers were dancing to the music of a guitar to while away the slow passage of time, and that the sentinel at the iron-barred gate wore his frayed gray blanket thrown over his shoulder with the grace of a caballero wearing his velvet cloak.

Governor Echandia received his friend in his office, where Virmond formally presented his protege. "This is Captain Fitch, master of the brig Venture, sailing from Boston."

The governor bowed stiffly and threw a searching glance from beneath his black brows on the young man. Governor Echandia was tall and gaunt with rather a light complexion and thin brown hair and side whiskers. His features were pleasing when not obscured by a scowl of jealousy, and his manner was dignified and courteous to people of his own race. Of rather a lazy disposition, he was inclined to be dilatory in the ordinary affairs of life, and especially in declaring love to the lady of his choice.

"I am taking some responsibility on my shoulders, but I will answer for Captain Fitch's good behavior," proposed Virmond.

"I should be sorry to be obliged to put your friend in irons in case of an action of mutiny now undeveloped in your ward," returned the governor ironically. "I trusted in Bradshaw's honor and discovered that I trusted a traitor. Henceforth I make no trusts with foreigners."

"I do not blame you," interposed Fitch. "I am ashamed of my countrymen, if the account of his behavior was true."

"True enough! Every man in San Diego knew it," replied the governor, quickly.

"I came to this port hoping to do business here. If you will grant me this privilege, I promise you I will not trespass on your laws," declared Captain Fitch, earnestly.

"Senor Fitch," answered the governor sternly, "I would not give you the freedom of the ports of California for one moment, if it were not for the request of my friend, Don Virmond. In this case I cannot say no. But make your business short. I have reason to be suspicious of all foreigners." Turning to the plenipotentiary, he added: "Don Virmond is now one of us." He ordered wine and cigars to be brought, then he relaxed his sternness and became the affable host.

Captain Fitch mentally decided that he would not care to have Governor Echandia for an enemy.

Virmond sipped his wine leisurely and skillfully turned the conversational tide. He had accomplished his object of obtaining the freedom of the ports of California for his protege.

After an hour's conversation the plenipotentiary and Captain Fitch departed. The governor was urbanely polite and exhibited the proverbial Spanish, hospitable spirit. Beneath it all, however, he studied the American shipmaster and decided that he would try him out, as the people of San Diego and the missionaries much needed articles of trade.

"El diablo take the foreigner!" muttered the governor. "I will deal as strictly with him as the Supreme Government could wish. I will have him closely watched."

Several days passed pleasantly away. Virmond and Fitch visited the mission, where Fathers Vicente Oliva and Fernando Martin received them with their usual courtesy and listened to Virmond's account of Fitch's merchandise.

Captain Fitch in his best Spanish politely invited the missionaries to visit his brig and inspect his goods. This they promised to do at the earliest opportunity.

"I wish to buy some bolts of cotton cloth for clothing our neophytes," decided Father Oliva. "They are industrious workers, but are like children, and expect to be paid in clothing and

trinkets. They never knew the use of money."

Fitch listened closely to the friar's flowing Spanish and thanked his good fortune in the person of Virmond that favored him.

After an appetizing repast in the refectory the visitors departed with hearty expressions of thanks.

(To be continued.)

SINGLE WE MOVE AND SOLITARY

Single we move and solitary,
Like stars companioned yet apart,
Heart unto heart a foreign country,
While heart forever yearns to heart.

Alone they knew the taste of gladness,
Theirs, the most dear who now are gone
Far off, and all their load of sadness
In deepest night they bore alone.

Law of our life whose iron limit
Something we are yet madly strives
To foil, to evade, break from within it,
Blend our lone life with other lives.

Vain, vain desire that haunts forever
Our human heart unsatisfied,
Breathing of death, "It brings together,
Life is it, life that both divide."

Here have we felt some vanishing moment
Close as our living thoughts are grown
The dead, as though a flower were fragrant
With sudden perfume not its own.

So when this marvelous dream is over,
This brief enthralling puppet-show,
When down that dark sans love and lover,
Sinking in frozen gulfs we go,

There, in the ultimate night forsaken
By earthly all, ourselves unknown
Unto ourselves, perchance we waken
Slowly aware we are not alone;

Feel in the misty dawn of being
Presences, every barrier past.
Loves unforgot in love undying
Perfect and ours and one at last.

MARGARET L. WOODS.

Her Mickaninnies

By Josephine Stott

IN HER IGLOO of driftwood and patched skins squatted Ertuk, the brown woman, mending a torn mukluk. The warm smoky air reeked with the odor of seal-oil, but Ertuk and the two mickaninnies rolling like happy puppies on the hard floor, reveled in its comfort. Lacking contrast, they were as content as the squirrel is, with the burrow he has dugged for himself.

"Come, Noatak!" the husky mother voice called. The larger of the children came to her side. With a deft twist, she stripped off his parka. Before her, a shining figure in bronze, stood the future hunter in all the raiment that nature had given.

Unhampered, not so comfortable, perhaps, but in no sense conspicuous, the child skipped back to his play, while Mother Ertuk, with ivory needle and thread of sinew, covered the missing spots in his parka with new patches of fur.

It was summertime—the time to mend—to make new clothes, but her man Apolarek, with four hungry mouths to feed, had been catching fish. Painful experiences of the past had taught him to fill his storehouse against the winter's need.

Out on the beach with hundreds of others, his racks of fish were drying in the sun, high out of reach of the wolfish dogs that sunned themselves idly in the sand or snarled and fought over some morsel of rotten fish.

In the doorway, Ertuk greeted him and mounted guard over the fish while he raced back to his kayiak. Already, with curling lips, the lean dogs were sniffing the walrus hide craft with evil intent. At Apolarek's approach, they slunk back and crouched in the sand.

Poising the kayiak on his shoulder, Apolarek carried it up the beach and hung it high in the sun on a framework of poles.

When he returned to the igloo, Ertuk stopped him with a gesture.

"The ptarmigan are spotted with white, Apolarek. Soon they will be like the snow, and winter will be upon us. Ere that, I must have furs for new garments, lest our mickaninnies grow chilled and die."

"'Tis but the truth, thou speakest, my Ertuk," agreed Apolarek, "but food we must have as well. When I have eaten, I will go to my traps and bring the furs, if Tongnuk (the good Spirit) be with me."

After his hunger had been satisfied with seal-oil and fish, he strode off to the mouth of the river, where his traps were set.

The afternoon wore on; the sun shone on the beach where the fur-clad mickaninnies ran back and forth like wild things daring the wavelets to catch their scurrying feet while others, braver, skinned off their parkas and plashed about in the icy sea, their sleek brown heads pop-up here and there like young seals. Among them frolicked Noatak and his sister.

Crosslegged in the doorway, sat Mother Ertuk, with her mending. Ever she kept a watchful eye on the reckless mickaninnies.

Soon the sound of voices disturbed the quiet. Ertuk saw Apolarek and a strange white man coming up the beach. They approached the igloo. In Apolarek's hand, he carried a dead mink, while the stranger held tight to his arm as they walked.

The stranger talked fast and noisy. He was authoritative, dominant. Apo-

larek looked kindly on him, but was puzzled. He shook his head.

The man drew back his thick coat and showed a silver star on his breast.

Pleased, Apolarek reached out admiring fingers to touch the shining thing, but the white man pushed his fingers away, in disgust. These stupid people!

Vaguely uneasy, Ertuk stood up in the doorway.

The man pointed to the mink. Apolarek shook his head. He needed the mink. He did not wish to give it away. It was a very little of what Ertuk must have. He held it out to her, but the white man seized it and hid it away in his coat.

Unable to make the natives comprehend, the white man grew impatient. Out at sea, the revenue cutter, *Thetis*, awaited his return. With a click, he snapped steel bracelets on Apolarek's unresisting hands and propelled him toward the beach.

Apolarek did not want to go away; he was tired; he wanted to rest and be near his woman and babies; besides, the man had taken Ertuk's mink and she followed, protesting, a look of alarm on her face.

"Come back, Apolarek!" she called. "This white man is not our friend."

"Be not afraid, my woman," replied Apolarek. "Once before have I seen a white man who barked in this strange manner. He means no harm. Perhaps he needs me to help him."

On the beach, a curious, apathetic crowd of natives gathered to watch a little white boat that came over the water with two strange white men in it. With wonder, they saw another stranger and Apolarek come down the beach with Ertuk following.

The man with Apolarek barked at the two in the boat.

"Caught this fellow red-handed, breaking Uncle Sam's game laws. Here is the mink he killed, still warm. Had a little trouble getting him away from his squaw. It's hard to make these cattle understand."

When the man shoved Apolarek into the boat, Ertuk, with her two fright-

ened mickaninnies clinging to her parka, strove to get in, too, but the men pushed her away. She saw the little boat dance away to join a larger boat. The big boat took the little one up, then spread its wings and flew away to the south, leaving a stream of black smoke behind it.

The natives shook their heads and went back to their iglooes. They knew nothing of such strange people.

When the smoke that trailed behind the white ship had quite faded away, Ertuk, disturbed and lonely, went with her mickaninnies back to her igloo.

"He will come back," she thought. Still, she was restless.

Her uneasiness grew as the days passed.

Sometimes she sat on the beach for hours, waiting for the white-winged ship to return.

Again, she toiled far into the night that knew no darkness. With her two lean dogs she went miles up the beach in search of driftwood. She brought in the dried fish and stored it away; she watched her squirrel-traps for the skins she needed.

Daily the weather grew colder. The ptarmigan were all white now, and flew in great flocks. Soon the ice-pack would come, then the snow. With alarm, Ertuk viewed her meagre stock of seal-oil and fish. Apolarek must return soon before the ice came, for then no ships could float on the sea for many moons.

But Apolarek came not. The Witch of the North blew with her icy breath over land and sea. The water grew thicker, heavier, and pounded its dirge on the beach.

At last growing weary, faint, the voice of the sea was hushed, throttled beneath the ice.

For weeks then, the snow swirled in powdery dust till the iglooes were drifted over. The squirrels went to sleep in their holes for the winter. No longer could Ertuk scour the beach for driftwood, though her need was sore. Her mickaninnies shivered in their old patched parkas and whimpered for food.

Ertuk was sad. She watched her mickaninnies grow big-eyed and thin. She thought on the days of plenty when Apolarek was with them. He it was who led the hunters upon the ice.

In the village the people were poor, no one had food to spare. Each thought of his own brown brood, but now and again the women gave Ertuk a few fish or a bit of seal.

At last the men of the village met together. Ertuk must not starve, they said. Of all the village there was but one man without a wife—Pukatok with the hairlip.

His woman had died before the ice-pack came. Pukatok had fish for an igloo. He must take Apolarek's woman for his mate.

Indeed, Pukatok was willing, for Ertuk was young and comely, and had two mickaninnies; Pukatok was ugly and ill-favored. When he sought Ertuk's igloo, she thought on him with exceeding dislike.

Unnoticed, she squatted sullen and wretched on the floor of the igloo. Wrapped in ragged skins, two hungry babies sucked noisily on meatless bones.

"Thou art hungry, Ertuk, and thy mate is gone, even as mine is," said Pukatok. "Why should thy mickaninnies starve when I, Pukatok, will be thy man?" Dressed in his finest parka, he felt himself a great hunter.

Ertuk turned upon him fiercely.

"Thou speakest but lies, thou dog-faced man! Apolarek is not dead as old Immachuk, thy squaw, is."

"What matter it then if he lives," quoth Pukatok, cunningly, "since you and the mickaninnies are cold and hungry and he comes not."

"When the water comes again in the sea he will return to us," replied Ertuk.

"When the waves come again in the sea thy mickaninnies will not hear them, foolish Ertuk," mocked Pukatok.

Ertuk looked at her children, afraid. Already they gnawed the last bone of her dogs. For herself it did not matter, since Apolarek was gone from her,

but her mickaninnies must not die. They were weak and sick unto death, even now. In the springtime they would be under the snow as Pukatok said.

"The men of the village have sent me to be your man," went on Pukatok. "To-day, I will hunt food for you and yours. When I have fresh meat for you, then will I return."

Ertuk bowed her head low over her knees.

Pukatok went out.

Thus it happened that Pukatok, the Hairlip, came to live in the igloo with Ertuk and her mickaninnies.

With their stomachs satisfied, the mickaninnies grew strong and rolled on the floor again, while Mother Ertuk stitched fiercely on new clothes for them.

Pukatok was a good hunter. He liked the mickaninnies. He had no children of his own, and he was proud of the family, even though Ertuk spoke but rarely. To him, she was Ertuk, the Silent One.

In the springtime, when the birds came back and squawked hoarsely as they scratched up the moss on the bare patches of earth for the red and black berries hidden beneath, there was plenty of food for the natives.

The Arctic lands began to quicken.

In the long, bright days and the white nights, people came and went more frequently, making the most of the snow before it melted away. Through the village one day came a white man with a long string of dogs, and with him came a native who stayed.

The native went straight to the igloo of Ertuk.

Anxious, expectant, he paused in the doorway.

"Ertuk!"

Ertuk looked up. A great light came into her hungry eyes.

It was Apolarek, who had gone away.

"Have you no word for me, Ertuk?" asked Apolarek, coming nearer.

"Yea, Apolarek." Ertuk rose up. "You have been long away. Thy

children were starving. It was bitter cold; we had neither food nor warmth."

Apolarek made a move to interrupt.

"Wait!" commanded Ertuk, bitterly. "The men of the village said that I must be the woman of Pukatok, the Hairlip. So it came about that we still live, but I am no longer thy woman, nor are these thy mickaninnies."

"Na! Na! My Ertuk! my mickaninnies!" Apolarek cried from his heart. He turned to the round-eyed children with tears in his eyes. He held out his hands to them.

In affright they fled to their mother and buried their heads in the folds of her parka. Apolarek was a stranger. They would have none of him.

"Remember, Apolarek, they know thee not as their father. They have been fed and clothed by another," said Ertuk, miserably. "Why didst thou not return?"

Tears running unchecked from his eyes, Apolarek said:

"From here we sailed in a big white-winged oomiak for a long time till we came to a great village, where many white men lived in strange iglooes. There were Eskimos, too, but they talked not as we do. The white men shut me up in a great black kozgia away from the sunshine. They fed me on strange food each day till I grew to like it much better than the fish and seal oil. Many days I was lonely, and longed for you and my mickaninnies. Then I cry, cry, cry all the time, but no use.

"After a long time the man opened the door and let me out. Then he brought me here very fast with his dog team, but too late, no Ertuk, now, no mickaninnies."

Apolarek turned and passed out of the igloo.

Gazing after him for a long moment, Ertuk stood like a statue of stone.

"Apolarek!" A great gust of pain swept her. Her eyes blurred. She breathed thickly.

Yet no answer came from the doorway. Apolarek was gone.

The mickaninnies resumed their play.

Her limbs sagging beneath her, Ertuk sank to the floor.

Her head drooped lower and lower till it rested on her knees, then back and forth she rocked monotonously, marking time to her grief.

For a day Apolarek stayed in the village with his brother, Apparea. He had learned much. The men of the village listened to him gravely, even Pukatok. Then they shook their heads.

Nay, he could not take Ertuk back again, nor the mickaninnies. They were Pukatok's. He, Apolarek, must find him another woman.

Apolarek bowed his head. His people had spoken.

At the end of the day he went on the ice with his gun. Far out, farther than any one had gone for days, he trudged. The wind blew, the ice cracked about him, but he kept on, till he was only a dim speck in the distance.

The natives in the village who saw him shook their heads wisely.

That night the wind blew harder and harder. When morning came the sea had awakened. Tired waves, worn out in their struggle with the ice, softly lapped the sandy beach. Far out a thin blue line marked the great white ship of ice that sailed away with Apolarek.

On a piece of driftwood stood Ertuk, the brown woman, her eyes strained across the shining water. A low, wailing sound came from her lips at intervals, while the waves moaned a requiem.



Whitenose

By Neski O Kwiss

THE winter, which was now half over, had been exceptionally severe. Even the farmers living near the shores of Clear Lake had been driven from their homes by the rising waters, the cattle up on their winter ranges in the neighboring hills and all the other animals, both domestic and wild, suffered terribly, some even dying of starvation and cold.

Man and beast were longing for the warm summer—every one, in fact, except Old Trapper Jim, who was always sorry when a storm ceased and the sun came out. For the hungrier the little fur-bearers got, the easier it was for him to deceive them into putting one of their feet where it usually stayed—in the iron grip of a steel trap.

So far it had been a glorious season for the trapper, and there was only one annoying thing that always kept rising disagreeably in his mind—he had not caught Whitenose.

For seven years the sly old mink, getting ever wiser and wiser, had been fooling him, till Jim was often tempted to believe that he was protected by some divine power, and was at his wits' end for a plan of capture.

Three years before, the trapper had caught this same mink at one of his live bait sets. It had been a live quail, secured in a small pen with a trap set in the entrance, that made Whitenose forget himself. But so quickly did the cautious animal withdraw the endangered foot at the first suspicious movement of the trap that only the ends of two of his toes were caught.

Tho whole night the mink struggled violently to free himself, even tearing down the pen in his rage, killing the

quail and chewing up everything within his reach. By morning nothing held but one strong single tendon. The trapper, always out on his line before daylight, came up within a few feet of his catch before discovering that the trap contained anything. Even in the hazy half light of that cold rainy morning, he could see the pure white spot on the mink's snout. But it was just for a moment; for the desperate animal was driven into an insane terror by the approach of his worst and most dreaded enemy, man, and by almost supernatural efforts, tore himself free and vanished among the tules. Nothing was left in the trap but two toes with their tendons, which still twitched as though alive.

Such was Old Jim's introduction to Whitenose; and it was the last he saw of the old mink that winter; for Whitenose left that part of the country and traveled steadily till he reached the opposite end of the lake, and it was a long, long time before he ever dared to look back toward the scene of his terrible experience. The last two seasons, however, he had been returning and continually harassing the trapper by stealing the bait from his sets, and had been putting an edge on his temper by not allowing himself to be caught.

All this year it had been the same old story. A farmer near by had informed Jim that some animal had raided his henhouse and was kind enough to leave him three small chickens, the rest, numbering about fifteen, all had their throats neatly cut. A reward of ten dollars was offered for the capture of the marauder. Jim investigated and discovered the tracks of Whitenose in a dusty corner. He

knew them instantly from the missing toes on the right forefoot.

Then came the time when Jim found the same track in an old mink trail which ran along over an overhanging bank. Day after day he examined the trail patiently, and soon discovered that the mink passed there regularly every forty-eight hours, for a good trapper can read the signs on a trail much as we read the daily paper.

There was his opportunity. By lying flat in the bottom of the boat and working his way along with the aid of the roots and weeds which hung down from above, Jim was able to follow the trail till it led into deep water, where it was necessary for the mink to swim a few feet. At this point he cleverly arranged some tule roots on each side of the trail just where it entered the water, so that whatever passed that way would be compelled to go between the two obstacles. Fearing that his presence in that locality might become known to the wary old mink, Jim stayed away for a week, and upon returning was overjoyed to find that Whitenose had not become suspicious but had traveled over the same route regularly.

After his midday meal Jim spent a whole hour overhauling one of his best traps. He filed the triggers, oiled and worked all the moving parts, tested the chain and swivels, kept setting, springing and resetting it till he was sure nothing more could be done to improve the quickness and certainty with which it operated.

It was nearly dark before the set was completed. The trapper had attached a long, strong wire to the chain which was fastened to a stake driven into the mud. Everything was under the water, the trap being carefully covered with water soaked leaves so it was certain that no human scent could be left around. All that now remained for Whitenose was to step into the trap, plunge into the deep water like any other mink, and soon drown; for the heavy trap and chain would hold the animal down and rather abruptly remove any possible chance of escape.

The next night about ten, Whitenose was hurrying along this trail, intent on reaching a little height of ground where meadow larks wintered and where he was sure of getting a meal. The instant he put his foot into the trap he knew it, but it was too late; the jaws closed around his leg at the lowest joint. With a shrill screech of rage and desperation, Whitenose plunged into the water, but the last link of the chain caught on a tule root and held him from diving any deeper.

So after swimming desperately downward for three or four minutes and making no headway, he tried to swim upwards to the surface. The discovery that this was impossible made him realize that the water was no place for him, so twisting around until he faced the shore, he climbed up on the muddy, slippery incline and barely succeeded in dragging himself out on the shelving bank before his breath was gone.

After resting a few minutes, Whitenose again struggled desperately, but the chain, now more firmly entangled in the weeds and roots, held him fast, and the only result of his exertions was that his fur became all choked up with mud, which soon began to chill his exhausted carcass to the marrow of his bones.

The night had been a very cold one. All the small ponds had frozen over, and even some of the deeper water. So when Jim, who had forced his way for over a mile through the thin ice, found the poor "critter," as he calls a mink, looking more like an icicle than a soft, velvety-furred animal, he let out a whoop of delight; for it was the one he was after. There was no mistake. The white spot showed plainly.

Taking up the set and removing the catch from the trap, he threw the mink into the bottom of the boat and started for home.

The sun soon melted the ice casing around the mink's body, and Jim paused long enough to wash out the glossy fur and take a long, satisfied look at the coveted prize. It was during this operation that Whitenose first

began to regain his senses, but he gave no hint of it, and soon found himself quietly laid down on a box in front of the unsuspecting trapper, who confidently resumed his paddling.

The warmth of the sun now began to send the blood tingling through the veins of the revived animal. He opened his eyes, turned them toward the trapper, worked his legs trying out the benumbed muscles, but Jim did not notice it. He took a deep breath and still Jim never looked down at him.

He gathered his legs under him, and when the boat passed close to a little projecting point of land, Whitenose sprang out into the water.

Trapper Jim saw him just as he was crawling out on the bank, and raised his gun, but lowered it again as quickly, muttering: "Nope; ye're too dom foxy t' kill." Whereupon Whitenose turned his white spotted snout toward the would-be captor, let out one of his hair-raising screeches, and vanished into the tule.

"Our Need of Faith"

By Thos. O'Shaughnessy

FAITH does not mean to believe in things without evidence, or in impossible things. For if the mind grants more than reason makes it see, the excess is not faith, but credulity. Those who fear, worry and give way to complaint, and despair, when overtaken by a petty trouble, lack the courage of faith. You cannot despair if you believe your helper to be Omnipotent. Faith is the union of belief and trust; it is the conscious power of God within us. An intelligent army derives its strength from the faith of its soldiers in the righteousness of the cause they are fighting for, and the confidence they have in their officers. Men cannot fight vigorously and successfully if they are uncertain of their right to fight. For men cannot do their best without faith in what they are doing. The uncertainty of the right and the lack of faith in the World War, is likely to make it a draw. Negative men with prudence will preserve that which is; but only positive men with faith, courage and enthusiasm will make new con-

quests and accomplish great things. As faith implies freedom, there can be no authority for faith. Faith inspires us to effort. It is the energizing principle of the soul; absolute faith will accomplish anything. But to be permanent it must be intelligent, and therefore based on science and reason. Belief is only experimental, its foundation is theory instead of actual knowledge.

Faith is the foundation of all success and progress. And as all help and power comes from within, the greatest service we can render to others is to inspire them with faith in themselves. Proper respect for ourselves, and for the divinity in man, would revolutionize the relations of men and their modes of living. A lack of faith in God, and a lack of self-respect, causes all our troubles. No man has faith in God or respect for himself who does not do to others as he would have them do to him, nor is he honest or just. Only while you remain true to your conscience do you receive the knowledge of what you ought to do.

Therefore, no man should be asked to violate his conscience, which is the voice of God within him. For he cannot violate it or practice falsehood without losing faith in himself, also the respect and confidence of others. Perfect faith in God, in Nature, in yourself, and in the final triumph of goodness, righteousness and justice, is the only thing that can sustain you through the trials and troubles of life. Those who really have faith in God must believe that He knows what is best for us, and that He does what is best for all. It is our ignorance and perversity that cause our troubles, and make experience and discipline necessary. Faith in the triumph of goodness, and that the trials and sufferings of life are disciplinary experiences, necessary to develop character, gives courage and strength to pass through the trials and difficulties of life.

Faith is the only thing that can preserve hope, which is the comforter of life. When we hold humanity sacred, instead of gold, most of our troubles will cease. Some people, though doing no evil action, yet blight everything fine and fair around them; while others have a genius for calling out the noblest in their fellows, and inspire them with new hope and fresh

courage. To progress, men need hope and courage; therefore cheerfulness is a duty. And cheerfulness is founded in faith. To get pleasure out of life, and satisfaction out of our work, it is necessary to have a working theory of life, which makes room for action and a place for hope. The pessimist is a menace to society. For pessimism takes courage out of the hearts of people, and the tonic out of the atmosphere in which they live. The best things in man are evoked by his faith in himself, or by the faith of others in him. To believe a man base is an effective step toward making him base; while to treat him who is undeserving as if he were deserving is an effective step toward rehabilitating him.

If humanity, as a whole, was true to itself, and had faith in its ability to live the highest life and to do the greatest things to-morrow, society would be regenerated. Society is full of partially developed men who have possibilities to which they have not given full expression, and capacities which they have not adequately recognized. Men fail by reason of under-estimation of their power, caused through lack of self-respect and faith in God and love, instead of dollars and force.

MY TREASURES

I had a thousand diamonds
 When I awoke this morn,
 They glittered in my rose bush,
 And glistened on my lawn;
 They sparkled in the sunshine,
 A many-hued delight,
 But ere I caught my treasures
 They faded from my sight.

I had a thousand bright hopes
 In life's fair early morn,
 They shone like stars of promise
 And ever urged me on;
 But one by one they vanished,
 Of all I was bereft;
 Now of my hopes and diamonds,
 But memory is left.

CAROLINE CHRISTIE.

Toughing It

By D. A. Davidson

MY STAKE amounted to the sum of 15 cents. I was a stranger in the town, but as I was willing to work and work honestly, I was not dismayed or downhearted, and after securing a night's sleep in the loft of a livery barn, I crawled out next morning full of hope and confidence.

As I was accustomed to the care and management of horses, I wasn't long in making up with the livery man, who I found from experience afterwards, to be a kindhearted good fellow. After he had staked me for my breakfast, I set about to do what there was to be done, about the livery, and after a few days' time, was quite at home about the place.

My object at getting off at this point was to locate a homestead, as certain land was open several miles out for homestead purposes. My connection with the livery business gave me the advantage of finding out where the best land lay, as I quite frequently had to make trips into the country with land seekers. On one of these land seeking excursions, with a young man who was a stranger in these parts, I decided to locate my homestead, and it was agreed that we would get adjoining ones, which we did. The land where we located was not the level prairie by any means, quite the contrary, being one field of comparatively small rolling hills, but contained good strong soil, of which the best evidence was the heavy, thick growth of prairie grass, more commonly known to the settlers as "Prairie Wool." Sloughs were numerous in some parts, but the country was destitute of timber, large or small, dead or living. In fact, from the top of mostly any of the hills, a

view of the surrounding country could be had in every direction, for many miles. This, too, was not an inspiring sight, as it was only here and there one's eye would fall upon where there was any sign of habitation, perhaps the shack of some lone settler.

I continued to work at the livery throughout the summer to provide me with provisions for the coming winter, as I would have to reside there permanently for six months. My neighbor located himself on his land with such a supply of provisions that would last him for several weeks. His first work was to erect a sod shack, or as it is termed, a "soddie," in which he could find shelter. I arranged that he would build for me a similar one on my land, but close to his, and for his services I brought him out supplies. We went out threshing that fall in the old settled district, and when all work was through for the season, we had accumulated quite a little stake each upon which we depended to put us through the long winter months. We purchased two horses, a set of harness, which had gone through sundry wrecks—and an old sleigh. These things were most essential, as we had to haul our supplies from town, and get our wood from the bush country, which was about twenty miles away from our homesteads. We were now anxious to get on our land and get fixed before the real cold weather set in, having to build another soddie to house our horses in, and dig a well to provide us with the water we would require, at least until snow fell. We therefore hired a wagon to haul our supplies out in, and would return for our sleigh when there was sleighing. Having got our fixing up done, we secured

a couple of loads of fire wood from the wood country. We had secured considerable prairie wool and slough hay, and some grain from farmers, and thus provision for our stock was provided for some time. As the supply of bread we brought with us had long since been consumed, we decided to attempt to bake some, as we certainly had tired of slap-jacks we had been making morning, noon and night, which generally were much overdone on one side and much underdone on the other and perhaps as flat and sodden as wet clay for neglect of enough baking powder, or bloated like an adder from receiving an overdose of it. The lot, however, of baking the bread fell to me. Taxing my memory to its utmost, as to how mother used to make it, I went at the job, first mixing the flour to a batter, then adding a yeast cake. This done, I placed the mixture in the oven for a start, and making a good fire in the stove, so as to get the yeast to rise, I left it while I went to the stable to clean the horses. Returning in about an hour's time I found the soddie filled with smoke, and the batter burnt as black as any black cat. I told my friend upon his return what had happened, and declared that I was through with experiments of that kind. He next tried his hand, and while he got it to the stage where it resembled dough in appearance, when it was baked, and became a day or two old, you might as well try to chew buffalo hide with the hair on it. Disgusted at the thoughts of having to return to slap-jacks again, I decided to go to town and interview John Chinaman and get a lesson on the art of bread making from him. On the way to town it commenced raining, and continued to rain until after my arrival there, when it turned cold, and snow began falling fast and thick. This did not daunt me; it was to learn the art of bread making I was here for, and I forthwith repaired to see the Chink. After listening attentively to my mission until I was through, he said: "You givee me five dollars me showe how Amellikan man makee

bread." This was too much for me to invest in an enterprise I had just failed in. After telling my troubles to the livery man, he took me to his wife, who kindly instructed me how she made bread, and whose instructions I afterwards followed with much success.

As the snow was still falling, and the temperature was dropping rapidly I decided to make the livery barn my refuge for the night, and take no chance of getting lost on the bald, bleak prairie, or perhaps encounter a blizzard, which is apt to blow up at any time, and render one's chances of coming through very slim.

Next morning the air was clear and cold. Hitching to our sleigh, as there was now sleighing, and getting together my purchases, I was soon heading in the direction I now called home.

The country over which I had to travel, for about fifteen miles, was a level, bald prairie, with no protection from the sweep of the hurricane winds for which this district was noted. However, there was but little wind, but the trails were unbroken, which compelled me to keep to walking gait. The steel shoes of the sleigh, which had been laying out to the weather all summer, were rusty, and this caused them to draw very hard. About dark I reached the settler's place where I intended to stay for the night, which covered about half my distance home. After having a comfortable night's rest, I got away early next morning, as I wanted to finish my journey that day in good time. I was now well into the rolling or hilly country, where it was most difficult to follow the unbroken trail, and as the country was now clad in snow, it assumed a very different appearance to when I used to travel it, when it was green or bare. At noon I blanketed and fed my horses oats and hay, which I had brought along, on the prairie. Taking up the trail as soon as they were through feeding, I journeyed along, taking my bearings now and again by the surveyor's poles, which were located at the corner of each township, and catch-

ing a glimpse of the trail here and there where the snow had blown off. As darkness set in I figured that I was about six or seven miles from home, but that is a long way to go on a cold night with tired horses and over a trail that isn't a trail. However, I journeyed along not doubting but that I would reach home sometime that night. After plodding away for a couple of hours or more. I began to look out for some more familiar sign, and for the light that my friend was to hoist on the top of a pole at our shack. Nothing seemed familiar in the surroundings, the same old low-lying hills everywhere, nor could I discern a light anywhere. There was no moon, yet the night wasn't to say real dark. I stopped my horses, and went in search of the trail. I circled about in every direction, scanning closely all the bare spots I came across for any signs of trail marks, but none could I find. It now began to dawn upon me that I was lost on the prairie. I went back to my sleigh and considered for a couple of minutes what I should do: whether I should unhitch from the sleigh, mount one of the horses, lead the other and go in search of my shack. This idea might be all right, but as the horses had nothing to eat, I should feed them first. After they were through feeding, I started again in search of a sheltered location, as I could find, which I happened to run across in the form of a small basin shaped slough. Here I unhitched and turned the horses around so that they could eat out of the sleigh box. While they were feeding I made another survey of the landscape, but could discover nothing to aid me in the situation. Returning to the horses again, I spent some minutes considering what I should do, as it was my first experience of the kind on the prairie. If I wandered away from the sleigh with the horses, and did not find my shack or any other place to put up at, I might not be able to return to it again. While all these things were passing through my mind, I began to feel sharp gusts of wind; presently

they became more frequent, and finally developed into long strong blows, carrying with them drifting snow.

To move from where I was now would be dangerous, so I turned my horses with their backs toward the stream, fastened their blankets about them more securely, saw that they were properly tied, and decided to await developments. The violence of the wind kept increasing, until at times it was impossible to see but a few feet in any direction with the drifting snow. The prairie wolves who seemed to be everywhere over the prairie, from the noise they were making, now were no longer to be heard; the moan and roaring sound of the wind, with the swish of the drifting snow, was all there was to break the stillness of the night.

I got into the sleigh box for protection from the storm, but the drifting snow was filling in upon me fast; the horses hung their heads and took their lot as though they knew there was nothing otherwise for them to do. I looked at my watch; it was not yet ten o'clock. I dare not think of the long, dreary night before me. I lived in hopes that the wind would cease, that the night would not grow colder, or that I was near to my shack, and if the storm abated that I might catch a glimpse of my friend's light, as I knew he would be out on the hunt for me. An hour passed by without any change, only that I was getting chilly, as I had not been moving about. I got out of the sleigh and tramped about to warm myself, but not daring to go very far from the sleigh. This I kept up at intervals for a couple of hours, taking my rest between the horses, so as to get the heat from their bodies. They, too, were beginning to feel the effects of the cold, as the snow had covered their backs, and in places had formed into patches of ice. I finally untied them and kept them walking about the sleigh, thus giving exercise to both horses and myself. A half hour's spell of this at a time, and a rest until chilled again kept wearing the night away until we were well into

the small hours. The storm continued to blow about the same, and I thought if it does not subside when morning comes, and should continue for a day or two, which it often does, what shall I do. I had feed enough to last the horses for a day or more, could break into my supplies to get something to eat for myself, but supposing sleep overcame me, there would be only one solution to the situation—an eternal sleep. Drowsiness had not bothered me so far, but the worst hours were to come, those just before day breaks. However, I wasn't going to say die until I had to, so resorting to walking the horses about as before, the balance of the night was passed, and I was beginning to look around to see where the sky was going to break; that is, if the light was strong enough to force its rays through the drifting snow clouds. I fed my horses in preparedness.

Daylight was now beginning to appear, and I could see through the clear places, between snow clouds, stretches of the country. Sunshine soon followed the daylight, which seemed to inspire me with new life; to forget the night I had passed through, and to think that it wouldn't be long until my shack was reached and I would be relating my night's experience to my friend. Untying my horses and mounting one, I set out to reconnoiter as best I could. After sometime I came across a township pole. I thought I recognized it. I dismounted and examined it. Carefully I looked it over, but could discover no marks. Finally brushing aside the snow that had accumulated well up around it, I was agreeably surprised to see the very letters and numbers of the township that I had carved in it when locating my claim months before. I looked the landscape over as far as it was possible, looked at the position of the sun, but could not get it into my head that my homestead was in

the direction I should go according to the township pole. I must be completely turned around or the country is turned around, I thought to myself. However, I wasn't going to dispute my own markings, so decided to go back and get the sleigh, as my shack was only about three miles from where I now stood. It wasn't long until I was back with the sleigh, and on the way for my shack, although I couldn't get it into my head but that I was going in the opposite direction to the way I should go. I continued on, however, with the wind fortunately in my favor. The surroundings, which all seemed to look alike, did not convince me yet that I was going right until ascending to near the summit of some rising ground, I observed but a short way off a pole, attached to the top of which was a large cloth of some kind that waved to and fro in the wind. I changed my course at once in the direction of it, as I knew it had been hoisted for my benefit. When I drove up alongside of it I could hardly see my shack; it was so covered with the snow that had drifted during the night. I surely would have passed it unnoticed in the dark.

The shack was vacant, but warm. On the table lay a note from my friend saying that he was going out on the trail or in that direction to look for me, but would return at 11 o'clock if he did not come across me in the meantime. It was now after ten, so that I hadn't much time to wait in anxiety. About the time stated he turned up, and he could hardly restrain his unbounded joy at seeing me safely home, for he said he thought if I was on the prairie I would never be able to weather the night through. He had wandered about the prairie as far as he dared to venture from the shack, all night, carrying a lantern on the end of a pole in hopes that I would see it, and calling at intervals as loudly as he could.

A Man, A Squaw Man and An Indian

By Elizabeth Vore

A LONG line of brown hills skirting the horizon; a blistering stretch of sand-dunes and scrub cacti, with the scorching August sun like a molten ball in the heavens. The air quivered with heat, a faint tremble vibrated from west to east, and a slow, dread rumble, distant but ominous, came from the far-away mountains.

"El temblor!" muttered the man, staggering over the burning sands. "Jesu Maria!"

He fell heavily upon his face on the hot ground, and clutched convulsively at the clump of sage-brush. His brown, shaking fingers closed over something hard and unyielding. The ground reeled, the sky seemed suddenly to tip down to meet it, and to the man's departing senses all things resolved into a whirling ball of fire that turned to crimson and grew black—the blackness of oblivion.

* * * *

"This here Jason Yates must be the most stupendous idiot on God-A-mighty's footstool," drawled a man's voice. "What in tarnation a man chooses to go off in this consarned desert, dancing after a will-o'-the-wisp is more than I can tell."

The speaker knocked the ashes out of his pipe and took a drink from the canteen.

"A man that lets his love for gold lure him into this durned death trap is a tarnal fool," he added.

"Si, senor," said the Indian gravely.

"It is cooler since the earthquake," said the white man, stretching himself out under the shade of the cacti and fanning his heated face with his sombrero.

The Indian nodded. His copper-

tinted face was immovable. His alert, restive eyes, scanning the illimitable stretch of dazzling sand, alone betrayed anxiety. His form, tall and straight as an arrow, was silhouetted against the desert—silent as the sphinx. He had been strangely silent for hours—ever since they had found that scrap of paper, drawn through a wedding ring and pinned to a branch of sagebrush.

"Read what the poor devil says again, Juan, while the burros eat—unfortunate beggars, there's little enough to eat."

The Indian took the scrap of paper from his pocket and read the almost illegible Spanish:

"I, Jason Yates, have been for eight weeks prospecting for gold in the desert, and have lost my way. Should any one find this ring, I adjure him to take it to Riena Coto, the Indian girl in the village of Ranna—she whom I have called my wife for a year—and tell her I would have made her my wife in the eyes of the law had I returned. To her I leave all my worldly possessions.—Jason Yates."

"Faugh! A squaw-man!" said the white man contemptuously. "I would not spend time looking for the mean cuss if it wasn't for this here queer fancy of your'n, Juan. One less of them fellers and the better the country is, I say. By the Lord Harry, I don't relish hunting up his carcass—but you saved my life, Juan, an' if you have a fancy to hunt up this feller, I'm game fer the search. Friend o' your'n, I've figgered out, or you wouldn't risk your life without a chance in a thousand of finding him alive."

The Indian's eyes narrowed, a perceptible quiver ran over his set face.

"It grows late, Senor, and the burros are rested," he said calmly.

"Blast the feller," muttered the white man; "he wouldn't talk on a toasting-fork, over red-hot coals."

For hours the two men traveled. Night came on and the moon rose, a silver disk over the low hills, and still the two men pressed onward, for the most part in silence. When the moon went down, they rested, and lay down and slept from fatigue. The far off sound of a coyote awakened them. The quick ear of the Indian caught the sound of water. Behind a neighboring sand-dune they found it, a deep pool, fed by some subterranean stream.

They lay down by the water hole and drank deeply. Then, filling their canteens, they pressed onward, guided by the Indian's unerring instinct. Far to the east, his alert eyes caught, in the dawning light of the morning, a dark object on the sand—the shadow of cacti, possibly—perhaps—

It remained motionless, gradually growing larger as they advanced. The white man did not see it. He filled his pipe with shaking fingers and swore frequently under his breath. The uselessness of the search maddened him.

"See here, Juan, air you sech a fool as to hope you will find this squaw-feller alive?" he burst out, impatiently.

A strange look passed over the Indian's face. His eyes were fixed toward the east, his course was in the direction of the dark object on the sand. The white man's patience snapped.

"I asked you a question, boy!" he cried explosively.

"Si, Senor," replied the Indian imperturbably. "The day breaks, and yonder I see a thing that lies still and moves not." He pointed to the dark object undert he cacti.

"Good God!" cried the white man, "I believe you are right. A man, as I live—or something mightily like one. The squaw-man, think you? How long since you discovered the poor feller?"

"With the light, senor."

"Wall, it ain't so blamed light yit. You beat the dickens. How long will it be before we reach the place?"

"Poco tiempo," said the Indian.

It was the squaw-man! He was lying motionless—a part of the great silence about him. The white man and the Indian stood side by side looking at him. Then the white man spoke. His lazy voice held an unwonted gravity.

"Darned hard luck, even for a squaw-man," he said.

The Indian did not reply. The veins stood out in his forehead, his hands were tightly clenched. Something clutched in the dead man's hand caught the white man's attention, an object that gleamed, glittering and yellow, through the brown, stiffened fingers, which held it unconsciously in a death grasp.

He stooped down and examined closely. With trembling fingers he loosened it from the dead hand and held it up. Excitement, awe and astonishment struggled for mastery in his face.

"Gold—by gum!" he ejaculated. "As I live, the poor devil struck it rich jest as he passed in his checks!"

He stooped down in growing excitement. "More of it—jumping bees-wax! Look at this!—and this! Nuggets of the yaller stuff! I tell you, boy, the unfortunate cuss made his pile at his last gasp. Air you dead sure these remains is Yates?"

He stooped down and turned the body over—the dead man's face was raised to the morning sky.

"Si, Senor, I know him—four years ago."

The white man's eyes returned to the nuggets.

"Juan, it's gold, I tell you! Do you understand? This young Indian woman, Riena Coto, is a rich woman—he left her all his possessions in that scrap of paper you're carryin', an' I 'low to see the poor cuss' wishes carried out—if he *was* a squaw-man."

The Indian's eyes were fixed upon the gold. Slowly his hand unclenched.

With the movement of a panther, he leaned forward, and catching the yellow ore from the white man's hand, with a swift motion of his arm sent it flying out over the desert.

"Curse you! I won't stand for this—robbing that poor little gal that ain't a widder!" shouted the white

man, transfixed with wrath. "You're wuss than the unfortunate wretch whose wife she was to have been. What possessed you to do this outrageous thing?"

"Senor," said the Indian coldly, "She is my wife. Last week I marry her."

THE HEART OF HILMAR

Translated from the French of Leconte de Lisle, by M. H. Ellis

Clear is the night; the wintry wind sweeps o'er the blood-red snow.
In sleep of death a thousand youths lie slain by cruel foe,
Sword firmly grasped, eyes set. The awful stillness holds.
Above a flight of ravens black, in narrowing circles scolds.

The winter moon casts o'er the scene its lurid ghastly light.
Among the bloody dead young Hilmar views his helpless plight.
Struggling to rise, with desperate hands, clutches his shattered blade;
And as the purple current flows, he feels his senses fade.

"Ho, there! Does any one still breathe?" in faltering voice he cries,
"Of all those happy, hardy boys—those noisy, roistering boys,
Who yester e'en laughed gleefully, laughed as they sang and played,
Like chirping, chattering blackbirds, in thickets' deepest shade?"

"All, all are mute; no answering voice. My heavy helmet broke;
My armor pierced; its rivets sprung by oft-repeated stroke.
My eyes with blood are filled. A murmur measureless I hear
Like shrieking of the ocean, like wolves that know no fear.

"Come over here, my raven, thou brave eater of brave men;
And with thy beak of iron open my breast, and then
To-morrow thou may'st come again and gorge thyself at will.
Only bear my heart still warm to my sweetheart on the hill.

"Thou thieving prowler of the heath, thy giddy flight pursue
To Upsala, where high-born Jarls drink deep their richest brew,
And clash their golden flagons, as they pledge before they part.
Oh! raven, seek that maiden rare, and bear to her my heart.

"At summit of the tower, where the rooks are wont to nest,
Thou'lt find her watching wistfully, hands pressed upon her breast.
In her ears are rings of silver; as thou flyest, from afar
Thou'lt see the light of eyes as bright as yonder morning star.

"Now go, thou imp of darkness, go! Tell her my love is true;
That here's my heart. She'll recognize; aye, and be grateful, too,
That it is red, in fibre firm; not tremulous nor vile.
And, raven, watch that maiden proud. Thou'lt see that she will smile.

"I'm dying now. The crimson stream comes in diminished flood.
My days are done. Drink deep, oh, wolves; drink deep my vermeil blood;
Young, laughing, brave and free; unwhipped by evil's righteous rods.
I am going—to the sun—to seat myself among the gods."

Zarathustra Feeds His Slaves

A Few Facts About War-Lords and Workingmen

By Charles Hancock Forster

PROFESSOR So-and-So, a scholarly reformer from one of our western colleges, visited Germany a few years ago to study what had been done over there for the benefit of the working classes. When he reached Germany he discovered that he was not alone, for from Strassburg to Konigsburg, from Bremen to Breslau, in cities great and small, and even in the country, he met a great army of pilgrims bent on the same quest, worshiping at the shrine of German social reform. They wished to learn how to do it and to return to America as the prophet of a new heaven and a new earth, made in Germany. Who has not heard the voice of these German-inspired prophets in this wilderness of ours? We have heard, over and over again, of German labor registries and workingmen's colonies, of municipal housing bureaus and shelters for the homeless, of convalescent homes and consumption crusades, of State pawnshops and meals for wandering workers, of industrial, sickness, and old age insurance, of baby welfare and municipal midwives. We have been made to regard Germany as a voice in the wilderness when it comes to social legislation for the welfare of the masses.

The Paradox.

Now this great host of academic humanitarians, to whom Germany had been a paragon, a hobby and an inspiration, received a very rude shock in the autumn of the year nineteen

hundred and fourteen. How could a nation that had legislated so effectively in the interest of babies, torpedo the Lusitania, and glory in an act which included the drowning of over forty helpless children? Why make laws to preserve the life and well-being of its subjects and then drive them to be slaughtered by the hundreds of thousands to gain some seemingly insignificant advantage?

Germany is a paradox! On the one hand she appears to be imbued with a spirit of constructive humanitarianism, and on the other she deifies brute force and becomes inhuman. This paradoxical situation can be explained by answering the following three questions: Has Germany suddenly changed from an enthusiasm for social reform to a mad lust for war, destruction and conquest? Are there two opposite elements in German life, the worst of which is now in control? Are the social movements of late years merely one of the means used by the militarists to carry out their plans? A study of the facts leads us to take the third question and answer it in the affirmative, since we are thus led to discover the designing hand of the war-lord in the social movements of late years. The few instances cited in this article are merely suggestive of what is true concerning the activity of militarism in social reform.

Premiums to Mothers.

A few years ago, the eloquent Friedrich Naumann said: "Men invent machines, women bring men into the

world; men shape weapons, while in the arms of women soldiers are reared. Mothers are the conquering element. The sinking down of mothers is the fall of the people. the descent into senility." Such words sound well until we realize the sinister motive back of them. "Four hundred thousand babies die annually, about one-fifth of all that are born." was the statement of the military statisticians. It was recognized immediately that such a state of things would eventually have its effect upon the armies of Germany; so the Kaiser, the princes and the military leaders encouraged the enactment of laws to conserve the child and the mother in maternity. Germany is far ahead of all other nations in this respect. Her specialists agreed that a good soldier must be bred at the breast and not on the bottle; therefore a system for breast feeding was established. Berlin paid out a hundred thousand marks for this purpose annually, and other cities in proportion. Any mother, who wished to receive this premium, was to present herself and the child for examination and medical advice. By such methods the military leaders raised, from the ranks of the poor, thousands of red-blooded little fellows. They could see ahead. They needed them for Verdun. The news tactics of mass formation required great slaughter, and any girl, married or single, who could give birth to a son and breed him at the breast, was offered two or three marks a month. This was the price paid to raise a son for the slaughter.

The Home.

In many books dealing with the conduct of war and the development of an efficient military system, the fact is emphasized that the dissolution of the home through the pressure of economic conditions will cause the downfall of the nation. In the literature of Prussian Militarism we find advocated better pay, shorter hours and the removal of the economic pressure that is undermining the foundations of

society. The militarist played the part of a social reformer, not because he was interested in humanity for its own sake, but because he knew that these problems must be dealt with in developing a strong, military nation. A country cannot feel secure if the family and the home exist under the ever-lurking shadow of insecurity. The permanence of any people depends upon the integrity of the home. Realizing these facts the war lords of Germany have encouraged and initiated the enactment of laws which have given a larger measure of life to the masses, and which have helped to dispel the dreadful shadow of uncertainty that lurks ahead of the great throng that labors day by day for tomorrow's bread. With motives like these Germany has encouraged reforms that have attracted the attention of the civilized world. The German workman has been encouraged to own his own home, and the State has made this possible by loaning him money for the purpose at a very low rate of interest. "If the subject owns a home," we are told by those who initiated the system of making such loans, "however humble it may be, patriotism will take a new meaning, and such a subject makes a better fighter than a serf."

Sexual Attraction.

To German militarists, according to their own statements, sexual attraction must take a prominent place as a factor in developing a large and efficient army. "Among the working classes, when the young women become listless and sexually unattractive, marriage loses that element necessary for the birth of a mentally and physically perfect offspring. When the life of the young woman is one round of drudgery, and when economic conditions paralyze all effort to rise out of the conditions into which she is born, the spiritual elements of sex idealization and chivalry are found to be lacking among the men, in their attitude toward such a woman. An army mobilized under such conditions is no

better than a mass of dull brutes, obeying and fighting through fear of their officers." Taking this point of view, Germany has used every effort to increase the well being of the workers. A scientific, German general would at once estimate a pretty girl and her lover, courting under the trees just as he would estimate the value of a new kind of weapon. By his training under military specialists he has been taught to regard the instinct of reproduction as the most powerful factor in human life, so that a fine female element must be developed, and the prettiest girls must prefer the fighting men to the civilians. He is also taught to regard, as one of the chief dangers of a prolonged peace, the fact that the inactive soldier is looked upon as a good-for-nothing, a parasite, and an outcast. He is shunned by the girls of the better type, and has to seek the society of the women of the underworld. But with war comes a change. The civilian is a slacker, and the girls spend their leisure hours knitting socks and underwear for the men on the fighting line. Then, too, stronger than any abstract national anthem is the song of the girl left behind:

"It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know."

The Land.

Bernard von Bulow said: "A weakening of agriculture means a weakening of our power of defense, a diminution of our national strength and safety. If our armaments are to be

maintained in undiminished strength, a strong and numerous rural population is demanded, living in a highly developed agricultural industry. If our navy was defeated, in a very few weeks we would be reduced to a point of starvation on the one hand, and an unconditional peace on the other. Countries where agriculture flourishes have greater powers of resistance in critical times. If, in critical times, our frontiers are wholly or partly closed, and home agriculture is unable to supply the foodstuffs—misery and hunger and their fatal consequences would destroy the State." Well said! When war menaces, every nation would do well to heed these words, but my purpose in quoting them is to show why the war-lords of Germany have encouraged the Socialists, and helped to bring about the enactment of laws for the betterment of rural life. German laws are a model in this respect, but in making them she has had an ever-present vision of the great war now come.

Facts like these seem very strange to those who have not lived under the power of a militaristic government. It is extremely difficult for the average American to think of the German war-lord as a humanitarian, but in truth, German humanitarianism is born of German militarism. It is very abhorrent to a free citizen to think of being granted social justice with a view to making a good, faithful soldier out of him. Germany has aimed to keep the masses satisfied and healthy because it believes that the well fed dog makes the best fighter. You can see now why Zarathustra feeds his slaves.



Reminiscences of Early Virginia City and the Comstock

By A Californian

(Continued From Last Month)

CHAPTER II.

SOON after the re-opening of the Bank of California, the great fire of '75 occurred in Virginia City, which seemed to many a more alarming and ruinous calamity than the failure of the bank. Marye did not lose his office building, as has been said before, but his handsome and comfortable residence on B street, which he had just finished and moved into was practically destroyed, and he suffered much personal inconvenience. The work of re-building began at once, but during the months following the fire the enforced changes and the physical strain told on Marye, and in the spring of '76 he had a severe attack of illness. The illness was serious and even dangerous, but a good constitution and good nursing enabled him after some weeks to reach convalescence, and in order to regain his health completely he determined to give himself a period of rest and recreation, and to pass some months in travel. He left his Virginia City office in the competent hands of his nephew, Orrick Walton Marye, and of an efficient staff of clerks, and went East to attend the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, and to visit friends and relatives in Baltimore and Virginia. He enjoyed the trip and was immensely benefited by it, and in the early autumn he returned to San Francisco and Virginia City fully restored to health. He

needed his health and vigor, for he found on his return that the market for Comstock shares had reached a phase which required from one in his extensive business, vigilance, foresight and firmness. Values had begun to sag, and there was no durable reaction, no lasting recovery to those prices that Marye had been accustomed to when he went away. The whole market showed evidence of a steady and permanent decline, and in the spring of '77 the situation was recognized as very serious. It certainly was very disquieting to one who, like Marye, had many hundreds of thousands of dollars loaned out on securities, the value of which seemed to be fading into thin air. Many conferences were held among those principally interested in the Comstock mines, and it was endeavored to reach a concerted plan to sustain values and prevent a further unreasonable decline. The only practicable thing to do was to publish an accurate description of the work in the mines, and to show that their condition was the same as when all stocks were selling at much higher prices. At the same time it had to be realized that during the period of great excitement which had previously prevailed, stocks had soared beyond all reason and prices could not go back to the figures they had reached before. The period of rapid shrinkage came to an end, and there was a marked recovery, but the

reaction did not carry the market back to what it had been either in volume of business or in the matter of values. The heyday of the great Bonanza market was a thing of the past, the period in the life of Virginia City without precedent or parallel was passing into history. During the remainder of '77 and for the first half of '78 there was still a very fair degree of interest shown in the mines, and there were many and quite considerable fluctuations in values, but the trend of prices was downward. But the old lode, which had already furnished so many surprises, was soon to furnish yet another which would renew the declining values of its mines and revive the drooping spirits of its votaries.

In the summer of 1878, developments in the Sierra Nevada mine began to attract general and widespread attention. It had long been believed by some of the most experienced miners on the lode that in the northerly part of the mine there was an ore body which could readily be reached, and which was awaiting only to be uncovered. Among others who entertained that belief was R. W. Chase, who with James G. Fair was accounted one of the two best informed miners about Comstock conditions of all the expert miners in Virginia City and Gold Hill. But the rumors which were now attracting attention and creating an old-time revival of interest in the Comstock had nothing to do with the northerly part of the mine or any supposed ore body that might be awaiting development there. They related to an important discovery which it was said had been made in the southerly part of the mine very near the dividing line between it and the Union mine, its neighbor on the south.

Sierra Nevada had always been and was at this time under independent control; that is, it was not controlled by the Bonanza people, Flood and Mackay and Fair, or by the Bank crowd. Sharon and his friends of the Bank of California. It was under the control of John Skae, or as he was more familiarly known to his friends

and associates in Virginia City and San Francisco, Johnnie Skae. He was a Canadian by birth, but had resided at an earlier period for a long time in Virginia City, where he had amassed quite a fortune, and he was now living in San Francisco in a handsome residence on Van Ness avenue, which will be remembered by those who were familiar with that beautiful avenue before the great fire in San Francisco. Originally associated with him in the control was William Thornburgh, who had resided in Virginia City at the same time as Skae, and whose beautiful wife was, with Mrs. Wm. M. Stewart, one of the two leaders in the active social life of the place in the earlier days. Thornburgh was afterwards a member of the wealthy but short-lived firm of stockbrokers, Cheseman, Head and Thornburgh, and not long after the dissolution of that firm he had died, leaving a considerable estate to his widow, and included in it quite a block of Sierra Nevada stock. His widow, who, after they left Virginia City, had passed much of her time in the capitals of western Europe, soon after his death returned again to Europe and spent there the bulk of the fortune she had inherited from her husband, and when the great advance came in the value of Sierra Nevada stock, she was disappointed to find she had none of it left. Having part in the control of the mine when the great market came was William S. Lyle—Billy Lyle, one of the most popular and active operators on the street. He had made a large fortune in dealing in the shares of the great Bonanza mines, Con. Virginia and California, and he had invested a good part of his profits in the purchase of stock in the Sierra Nevada mine, perhaps in the same belief as R. W. Chase that there was a large ore body awaiting development in the northerly part of the claim. In any event, when the great movement in the market came he held a large block of the stock. There were others who had considerable stock holdings in the company and who were associated

with Skae in the management of the mine, but they were not prominently identified in the public mind with the control of the property, and it is believed they soon dropped out when the stock became active and the center of attraction in the market. They all made money, of course, on their early holdings, but it is likely they went in again when the stock had reached higher figures, and they were not perhaps so successful.

The development near the Union Line gave excellent indications, and after the 4th of July in the summer of 1878 Sierra Nevada stock began to soar. Those who were carrying shares in the mine on the faith of an ore deposit in the northerly part were at first quite mystified, and did not know what to make of the situation. They were disposed to think that the alleged discovery in the south was intended to conceal more important developments in the north, but nothing occurred to encourage or to warrant that belief, and the possibilities in the north were soon lost sight of in the eager speculation as to the nature and dimensions of what had been actually found near the south line. It is not often in mining or in any other business that mistakes lead to profitable results, but those who followed the will-o'-the-wisp of the north end and bought the stock when it was low had the opportunity of making large profits. Some took advantage of the opportunity, and among them Henry Williams, a prominent member of the Stock Exchange, who had bought a large block of the stock on the faith of what was supposed to lie in the north end. He was a very practical operator, and when the stock, on what was developed near the Union line went higher than he had perhaps ever expected it to go on what might be uncovered in the north end, he sold his stock and realized a large fortune. His was the first large fortune actually realized in the Sierra Nevada market.

The excellent indications in the mine continued and naturally gave rise to high hopes that they would

lead to a development which would rival some of its great predecessors, but while the indications were good, the expected development was persistently elusive, and gradually the feeling of confident expectation began to give way to one of pronounced disappointment. Besides, the ore body, as far as any had been shown to exist, seemed to be pitching beyond the line between the two mines from Sierra Nevada south into Union ground, and so one fateful Saturday the shares of Sierra Nevada, which had reached high figures, broke sharply and abruptly, and it seemed as if the public had lost both confidence and interest in the mine's prospects.

The consternation was great among the large stockholders who had control of the mine, who believed in it, and who thought they were about to have the management of a property which would perhaps equal in richness and importance those which had already contributed most to the worldwide fame of the Comstock, and they at once set about to do something to revive faith and confidence in the immediate prospects of the company. There was a place in the mine near the incline where the ore seemed particularly good; it was not a place where, in the usual course of work, ore would be stoped or explorations made, but it was determined to open it up and see what there was in it. And on the Sunday following the Saturday of the break an excavation was made which afterwards became famous under the name of the "Coyote Hole." The ore where they ran the excavation, which was right under the incline, proved of extraordinary richness, and on Monday when the Stock Exchange opened in San Francisco the shares, which had declined so rapidly on Saturday, at once recovered and went away above any figures they had reached before.

Confidence thus restored, the shares of the mine became extremely active on a steadily rising market, and though it was increasingly clear that the ore ran south into Union ground,

that fact caused no discouragement to Sierra Nevada stockholders, but was merely looked upon by them as added proof of the great extent of the deposit. There was an idea on the part of some that what had been found already in Sierra Nevada might be connected in some way with what was supposed to exist in the northerly part of the mine, an idea rejected by all conservative and practical observers on account of the great distance between the two. But it was the general belief that the main bulk of the deposit in process of development would lie in Sierra Nevada. That belief itself furnishes another of the many examples of the uncertainties of mining, for the ore body which caused so much excitement and which ultimately proved so disappointing, yielded more from Union than from Sierra Nevada ground. Sierra Nevada always led in the market, however, and the main center of interest and attraction. The highest figure reached by the stock of the Union was \$182 a share when Sierra Nevada was selling at rather more than \$300. And when Union was selling at the figure just mentioned an interesting incident occurred which is again a striking instance of the changeable nature of every mining situation. It must have been a miner who first said "it is the unexpected that happens."

When Union was selling at that figure, which was the highest it ever reached in the open market, James G. Fair went into the mine to inspect it with its president, Robert Sherwood. Now, as has been said perhaps more than once in speaking of Virginia City and its people, there was no better miner on the Comstock nor any one better acquainted with mining conditions there or with all the features of the lode than James G. Fair. He and Sherwood went together for their inspection into the drift in Union near the Sierra Nevada line, and Fair, after a prolonged and most thorough examination of all the indications and appearances in the mine at that time, said to Sherwood:

"Sherwood, you have 5,000 shares of Union, haven't you? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do with you: I'll give you \$200 a share for your lot. The stock is selling at a little above \$180, and I will give you \$200 a share cash for your 5,000 shares if you want to sell."

Sherwood was quite taken aback, for he had not expected any such offer, and he answered: "Well, I'll let you know. I don't feel that I want to sell my stock."

"The offer is not a continuing one," returned Fair, "but if you want to sell I'll give you 200 a share for your stock. That's a million dollars, and I will give you a check for the money right away if you want to sell."

Sherwood, after hesitating for a moment, said: "All right, I'll take it," and immediately after leaving the mine the transaction was consummated.

On parting with Sherwood, Fair stopped in at Marye's office and told him of his purchase, possibly in the idea of strengthening the stock by making known what he had done, possibly with some other purpose in mind. Marye only shook his head, and remarked that he thought he could have got the stock for him cheaper.

On that occasion Fair was carried away by the impulsive enthusiasm caused by what he saw at the moment. Probably if he had gone into the mine a minute sooner or a minute later he would not have been impressed in the way he was, and appearances would not have been so misleading to his experienced judgment. The stock never went any higher, never reached in the open market the price he had paid for it; on the contrary, it soon began steadily to decline, and he had to get out of what he bought as best he could. With Sherwood it was widely different; if it had not been for Fair's tempting offer it is probable he would have kept his stock until the break came, and would have lost his market. The transaction was a rare piece of luck for him.

The incident just related records in some sort the high-water mark of the

Sierra-Nevada-Union market. It did indeed for some time longer continue firm and active, but it was no longer a growing market. There were many and considerable fluctuations, but the upward and downward trend about offset one another, signs became perceptible, and began to multiply that the deposit in the two mines was not opening up in a manner to meet anticipations. It had been known for a long time that the Schmitt brothers, Maurice and Joe, were carrying a large lot of Sierra Nevada for themselves, and Maurice Hoefflich, they had bought the stock for the trio, and Hoefflich had inside information which he was turning in for the common benefit. One of the brothers, Maurice, was very friendly with George I. Ives, who was one of the brokers for George T. Marye & Son, and who frequently executed very large orders for the house. When Sierra Nevada had for some time been showing unmistakable signs of weakness it was noticed that Ives was selling large blocks of the stock. It was commonly supposed on the floor of the exchange and on the street that the sales were on orders from Marye's office, but of course those connected with that office knew just what fraction of Ives' sales were on their account, and they shrewdly and correctly surmised that the Schmitts and Hoefflich were using Ives as a blind to sell their Sierra Nevada. No mention of the matter was made to Ives, but he was closely observed, and the sales were looked upon in Marye's office as a valuable indication of what was ahead, for Hoefflich was known to have good information. That and other premonitory symptoms of an impending change were freely though quietly discussed in Marye's office, and the clients of the house were encouraged to ease up on their holdings. Never was caution more needed, for the apprehensions were well founded and the stock market was on the eve of a break such as never had been witnessed before. Throughout the week before the break occurred it seemed to be in the air that there was

trouble brewing, though as yet there was no violent change.

On the Saturday of that week, Sierra Nevada closed at 260. The market was dull and heavy, but it was not panicky. Between then and the opening session of the Board on Monday morning a tremendous change took place. All stocks were decidedly weak on the call, and opened at a marked decline from previous prices, but when Sierra Nevada was reached it seemed indeed as if "the bottom had dropped out." The stock was at once offered at forty dollars less than the previous closing figure, then at forty dollars less again, and then at successive declines of twenty dollars. The first sale was made at a hundred and forty, and then on down, each successive scale being made at a lower figure, until it closed at eighty. It was a trying time, and those who were a part of it and who lived through it, will never forget it. Upon those in the Board fell the heat and the burden of the abrupt and violent shifting and re-adjustment of values, but their clients, who were not in the Board, but upon whom fell the main losses through the shrinkage, they felt the stress and strain in no less degree, though not in so many ways.

The market never recovered, but continued steadily to decline, for the ore deposit which had excited so many hopes, yielded less than four million dollars, of which nearly three-quarters came from Union ground. Sierra Nevada and Union, with what was found in them, stand out as the great disappointment of the Comstock as Belcher and Crown Point and Con-Virginia, with their fabulous yields, remain its unrivaled glories.

This was the last great market in which Marye took an active part. A year or so after the decline in Sierra Nevada and Union, he turned over the management of his Virginia City office to his nephew, Orrick Walton Marye, in the same as he had some time before placed his son in charge of the San Francisco house, and turned his attention to other pursuits.

Venice in War Time

By Charles V. Sargent

TODAY, more than ever, Venice seems a city of dreams, lying silent in her splendor of a thousand years in the gray lagoon.

The forestieri now have her only in their hopes, or in their memories. To the northeast, not so far away, is the roar of conflict, in the issue of which the Venetians, like other Italians, have growing confidence. And always there stand the Alps, with rest upon their summits, keeping guard while men struggle.

Men and women, in various parts of the world, who love Venice, wonder what she is like today, this beautiful city of the sea, with her wondrous palace, her unique church, her bell towers, and her Piazza. Out of the sky, one of the chief sources of her charm, there has appeared a menace of destruction. To ward off the missiles of the foe, Venice, the glad, the open, the smiling, the iridescent, has swathed her statues and hidden her charm beneath prosaic paddings, and disguised her architecture with extraneous structures, having no pretensions to form, color or proportions.

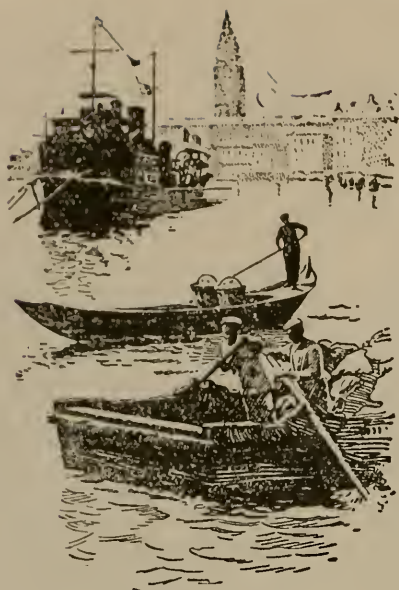
Despite these protective measures, she has suffered some injuries; fortunately, they have not been severe, and the features for which she is most widely noted remain intact.

Adjectives have been exhausted, and the colors of the palette found too dim to portray the glories of Venice. One man will tell you that the secret lies in one thing and another will have found an entirely different reason for the spell it casts upon tourists of all nations. Its most obvious attraction is that which differentiates it from all other cities, its unique position, the interrelation of land and water. To

those who linger in Venice long enough really to know her, there grows upon them daily the part that history has had in making Venice what she is and the manner in which her art has been developed. This is as true of Venice as of Rome and Florence. Each of these three Italian cities has a background of centuries, through which pass interesting characters and thrilling events, as a setting for the city of today.

The first settlers, driven from the mainland by the Huns, found a resting place on these low lying lands, where they could be undisturbed by the turbulence that went on elsewhere. As they grew, they maintained their independence, both of the East and West. The little groups that had settled on many of the islands as independent units, at first quarreling among themselves, were gradually brought together in a league for defensive purposes. The Huns had driven them from the mainland, but the French taught them how to use the sea for their defense. After their victory over the French, the Venetians withdrew from the outer islands and chose for the founding of their permanent state the islands half way between the outer sea and the mainland, known then as the Rialto, but afterwards as Venice. When they were asked to declare themselves subjects of the Eastern Empire, they replied: "God, who is our help and protector, has saved us, that we might dwell upon these waters. This second Venetia which we have raised in the lagoon is a mighty habitation for us. No power of Emperor or Prince can reach us, and of them we have no fear."

Because of her position and condi-



A lagoon in Venice.

tions. Venice rose to be a great sea power; her ships were in every port; she made other nations pay heavily for the transportation of men and wares; she was the carrier of the world. The Venetians were skillful, too, in avoiding trouble. Twice the destruction of the city was decreed, but still Venice remained and flourished.

As the command of the sea was a necessity for Venice, it largely decided the ultimate form of her government. "Like England, later, she became an aristocratic oligarchy, represented by a constitutional sovereign, in Venice elective, in England hereditary."

Venice joined in the crusades wholeheartedly, but she also turned them to practical account. In return for the Doge's leadership and Venetian ships, the crusaders fought for her and the result was that she soon held the Adriatic and the Eastern Mediterranean, "the gateways of the Orient," in her grip. She clashed with her rival, Genoa, and was victorious, but, not content with her great commercial empire, she sought to establish herself on the mainland, and thus became entangled in the mesh of Italian politics. One

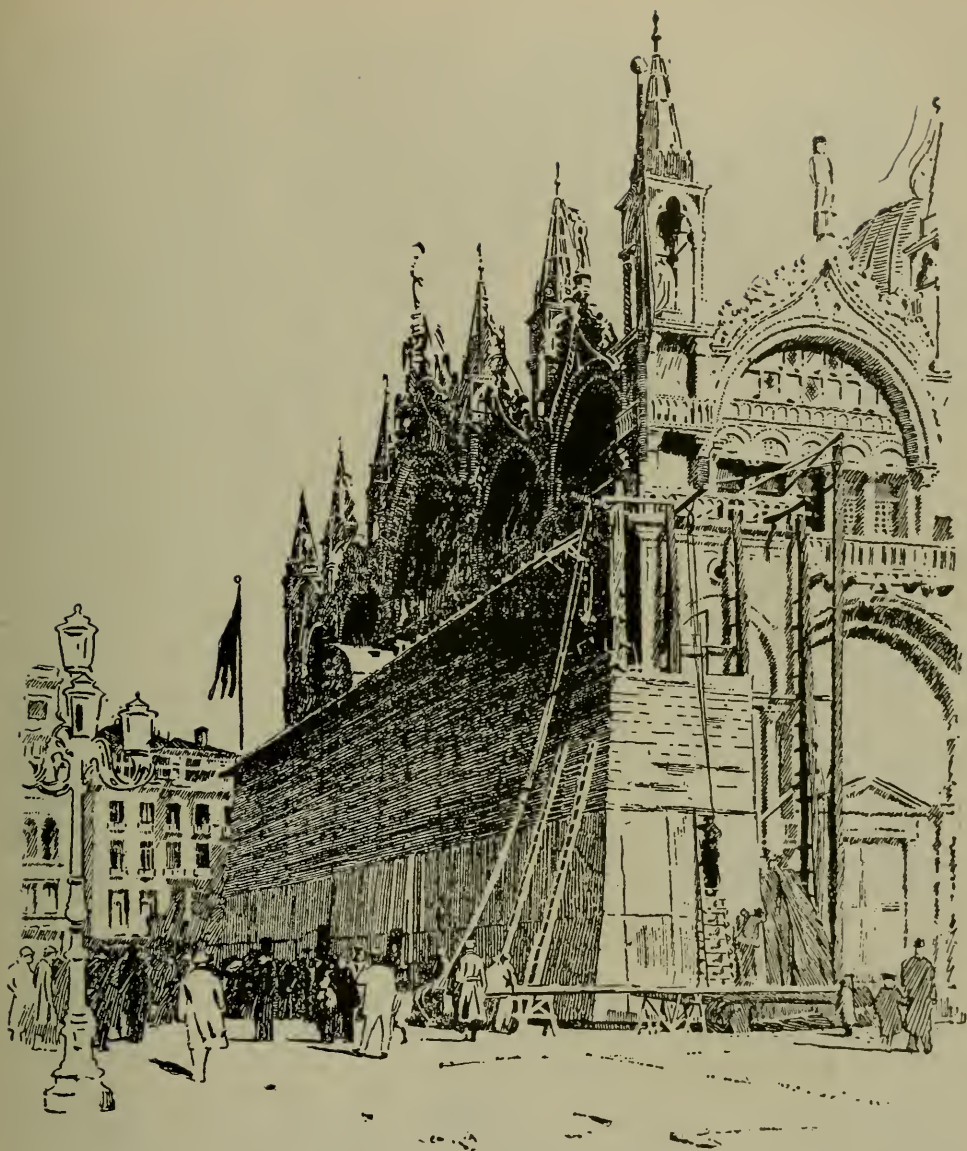
war after another with European States left her crippled and she slowly wasted away politically until the last of her doges surrendered to Napoleon. Laying the ducal barretta on the table, he called to his servant, "Take it away; I shall not use it more."

Venice today is only "one of the cities of Italy." Her political entity is passed, but the outward expression of days of brilliant successes, her sumptuous living, her artistic pomp, are still in existence. Many a one who has visited Venice remembers with a thrill his first landing when, instead of the commonplace cab, a gondola waited at the station to conduct him to his hotel, not a motor boat of degenerate times, but a veritable gondola, the most luxurious carriage in the world, with a gondolier who looks as if he had descended direct from that race who used to urge the bright-colored gondolas of noblemen, picturesquely bending to his work with easy grace, dressed in slashed doublet and parti-colored hose.

Perhaps he will recall that first night in Venice when, as he ate his dinner al fresco, the singing came to him over the water, and, as soon as he had finished eating, he joined the others, who put forth under the moonlit sky for a



The famous Colleoni statue as it looked before the war

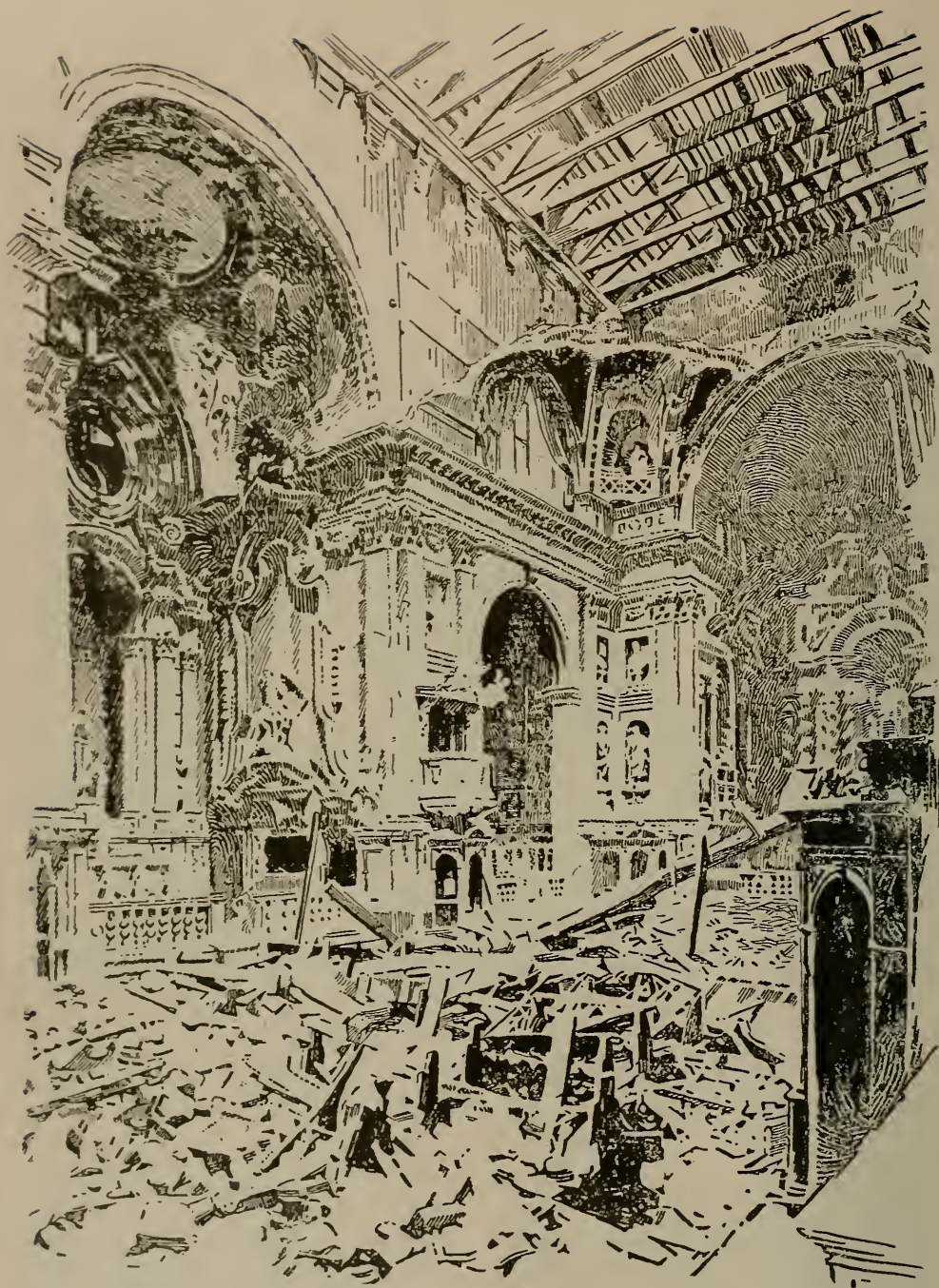


Sandbags and Other Protection Built Over the Facade of St. Marks.
Venice, Against the Dangers of War.

taste of the Venetian charm which falls upon the stranger in such circumstances. He almost feared to see the city the following morning, lest it should fall short of the beauty of the night, but it was not disappointing. The rich coloring, the deep red and orange colored sails of the fishing boats, the overhung walls of the gardens, the palaces along the water's edge, a thousand delights, reveal a daylight Venice as rarely beautiful as

that on which the moon shed its soft rays.

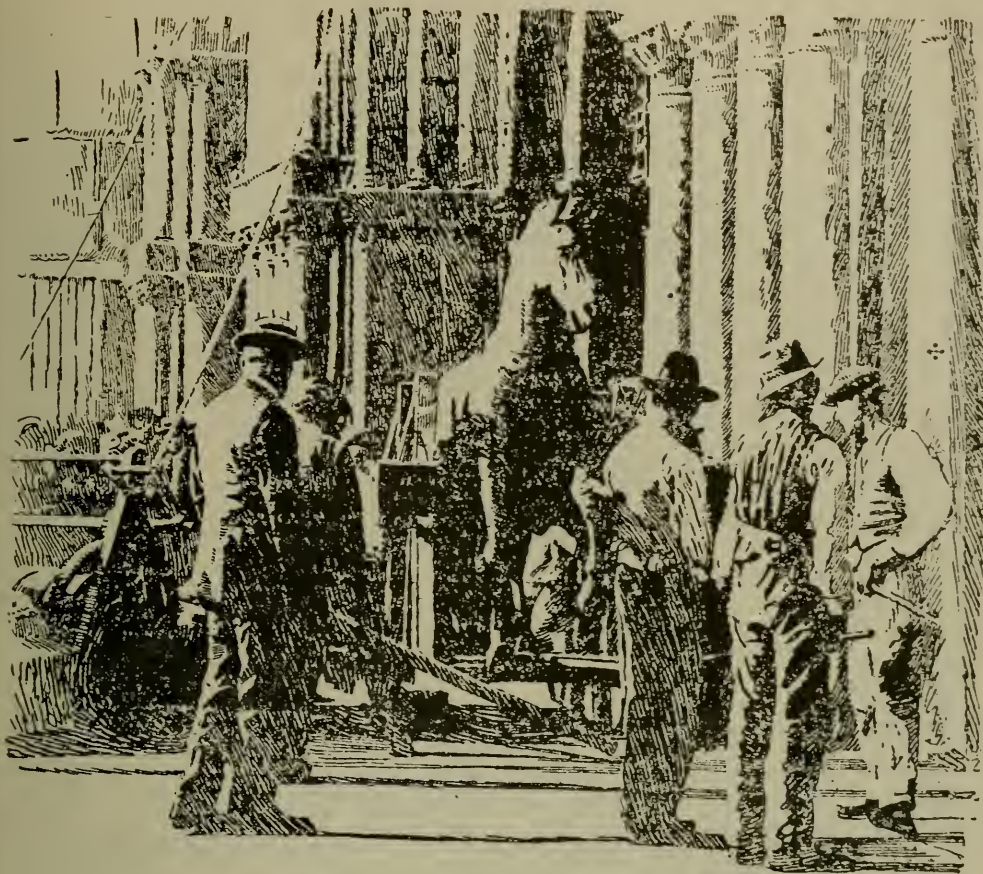
If one could go to Venice today, what would he find? He would hardly know when he was approaching, for the curtains of the railway train would be closely drawn across the windows. The railway station, too, would be dark and there would be many soldiers taking trains or waiting for the time to board them. There would be no fleet of gondolas, if one arrived after 8



Interior of Santa Maria Formosa, After the Explosion of a War Bomb.

o'clock in the evening, as none is permitted, except the hotel omnibus gondola, which meets the night train. Silently, you would make your way in that black conveyance through darkened waterways, past darkened houses

where the most that would be seen in the way of light would be a bit of glimmer from a candle through a chink or crack. All electric power is cut off between the hours of 8 p. m. and 4 a. m.



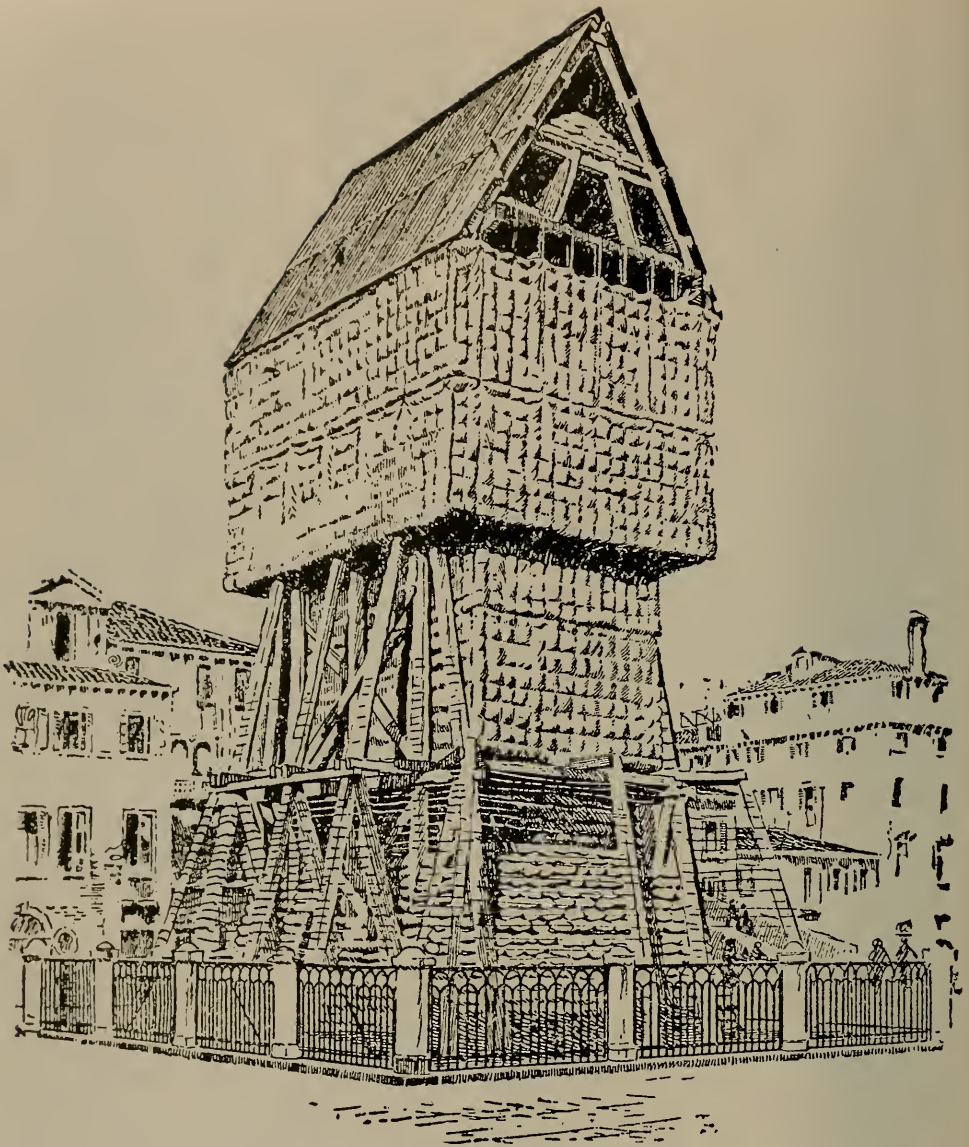
Preparations to Remove the Historical Bronze Horses.

There are, however, two little lights that still gleam dimly every night, as they have for centuries, in a sheltered corner between St. Marks and the Doge's Palace. They were ordered to be kept burning perpetually, to remind the Venetians of a certain miscarriage of justice, and as a warning that it should not occur again, but it is doubtful if one in a hundred of the modern Venetians could tell why they are burning every night, even in war time.

The visitor would hear the whir of engines in the air and on the water, the guardians of the city against enemy attacks. D'Annunzio referred to these airplanes as "sail flyers," but the people call them replani. Guards on the roofs of houses signal to each other at regular intervals, "Good watch aloft." Near the bridges are wooden barriers, and certain large houses have

been notified that they must be opened quickly for those who are less well protected, in case of a sudden attack—"cities of refuge," they are named.

One of the first things that the visitor would want to do would be to hasten to the Piazza, and there make sure that the familiar structures were untouched, but he would have to look twice to recognize St. Marks and the Ducal Palace. The location of the Doge's Palace, by the water, somewhat resembles that of Westminster on the Thames, and for a thousand years a government building has been on this spot—first one in the Byzantine style, and, later, the present Italian Gothic one. There remain today the Hall of the Great Council of the Fourteenth Century, and the facade on the Piazzetta, belonging to the Fifteenth Century. The design of the palace is such



The Boxed Protection Given the Colleoni Statue.

as to make it peculiarly susceptible to irreparable injury. To prevent this, the angles which support their famous sculptures have been encased and buttressed in brick. The Judgment angle, a Florentine work of the Fifteenth Century, now appears as a round tower with sloping escarpments; the Adam and Eve angle is a round tower, with brackets; and the Noah angle is a short, thick tower, with a slanting roof. Engineers have filled in the arches of the tower with brick work, strength-

ened by buttresses, while the upper arcades are strengthened by heavy timbers. So fortified and defended is the palace of delicate hues and familiar outline, that it resembles a fortress of the Middle Ages. Inside, too, precautions have been taken. From the Porta della Carta, where the government proclamations were read, to the Stairway of the Giants, is the atrium. Here is the bronze statue of San Marco, now covered with sand bags, as are other statues, and the well heads

in the court yards. The paintings have been taken from the walls, rolled up and put in safe places.

The woodwork under the roof has been treated with fireproof material, the water works have been extended, and extra sand bags provided in that part of the building.

Every precaution has been taken to protect St. Marks, begun in the Tenth Century and constructed by Byzantine artists. It took nearly a hundred years for its completion, and is today the finest Byzantine building in the Christian world. The pinnacles and gables belong to a later century. The richness of its coloring is probably the feature that first strikes the beholder unaccustomed to such florid magnificence. But none of this can be seen now. A double wall of wood, filled with sand, guards the facades. The left door is completely closed with sand bags, to protect the most valuable of the mosaics.

In the church the altar, pulpit and votary chapels are all packed in sand bags, and, wherever there is a precious statue, it is heavily swathed. Around each column is a heap of sand. One figure, that of Christ Jesus, remains in the center of the church where the worshipers may kneel. In the cupola, the glass has been taken from the windows and sail-cloth put in its place. Its soft brown shade is said to cast a beautiful light over the church. During attacks, doors and windows are left open to lessen the force of the impact. The famous bronze horses, trophies of the capture of Constantinople, have been stabled for the term of the war in safer quarters. It is to be hoped that they will come back in good condition, as they did after Napoleon had carried them away.

Strangely enough, while other monuments of Venice have been protected by masonry, timbers and sand bags, the bronze lion of St. Marks, the symbol of the republic, still stands defiant on his column in the Piazzetta, as does St. Theodore on his. The lion is of bronze and probably formed a part of the decoration of some Assyrian

palace, before it was removed to Venice to become the symbol of its patron saint, although the wings are of modern construction.

In October, 1916, the Mayor of Venice, himself a descendant of the Doges, wrote the Premier of Italy: "The city of the Doges is proud to present the lion of St. Marks, the symbol of her past greatness, to replace, on the facade of the historic *pallazzo di Venezia*, the former Austro-Hungarian Embassy, the Hapsburg coat of arms." The *Palazzo di Venezia*, formerly used by the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador accredited to the Holy See, had been seized by the Italian government on September 24th.

For a long time, the campanile stood unguarded. Of course, the present one is new, but it is a reproduction of the famous tower which gave way as if it were slowly falling into the sea, in 1902. A shock ran around the world, among all the admirers of Venice, when the news spread that the famous bell tower, whose foundations were laid so long ago, that no one has been able to fix the date (888 having been assigned by some authorities), had fallen.

In 1489, when the tower had to be reconstructed, the work was confided to a master builder who constructed the bell chamber, attic, pyramid and angel, as they remained until the day of the fall. Sanudo made this entry in his diary: "1513, 6th July. Today in the Piazza of St. Marks the gilded copper angel was hoisted up to the sound of trumpets and pipes. Wine and milk were poured upon it in token of rejoicing. Pray God it has been raised in a happy hour and to the increase of this republic."

The tower was a landmark to those on the sea; it was the center of popular festivals; and its bell rang for victory or to tell doleful tidings. No tower was permitted to be erected anywhere in the city, to surpass it in height. It fell without injury to any one and with little damage. The Venetians said: "He's always been a gentleman; he spoke, he warned us:

'Away with you, for I'm coming down.'"

Bombs have been dropped on Venice, and some damage has been done, but none of the most precious of its historical buildings or monuments has been injured, and the people remain quite unperturbed by the efforts of the Austrians to damage their beautiful city of the sea. Probably the most deplorable ruin was wrought by the bombardment of the Church of Santa Maria Formosa, which was reduced to ruins by an Austrian air raid, August, 1916. It was an ancient church; one of its altars was considered a masterpiece of Palma Vecchio; another altar dated from 1473. It also contained famous old paintings. Fortunately, Palma's widely admired Santa Barbara had been removed.

The Church of the Scalzi, or Barefooted Friars, near the railway station, was seriously damaged by the Austrian batteries, in 1848; and on May 25, 1916, Tiepolo's beautiful ceiling, the pavement, and much of the marble decorations were destroyed by a bomb.

An explosive bomb pierced the clerestory wall of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, at the apex of a window, passed diagonally across the church, burst in the air, and pierced the opposite clerestory wall. The plastering fell, Piazzetta's ceiling, representing St. Domi-

nic in glory, was injured, and the glass in the windows shattered. Happily, the fine Vivarini window had been removed.

The bomb fell outside the wall of the sacristy, near the foot of the campanile at S. Francesco della Vigna. Here the bomb buried itself before exploding, making a hole six feet deep and ten wide, blowing in the wall of the sacristy and cracking the foundations.

The Church of SS. Giovanni e Paolo is probably the most interesting in Venice, next to St. Marks. It was begun in 1246, on land given by the Doge of that day. Outside, "as though on guard, rides the noblest of her condottiere, Bartolommeo Colleoni, expressed in eternal bronze by the greatest of Florentine sculptors, Andrea Verrochio," says Hutton. "This, the noblest equestrian statue in the world, is nobly placed in the Campo of the great church that holds so much of the heroism of Venice."

Colleoni left his fortune to the republic, on condition that his statue should be placed in St. Marks Square. The law forbade this, but there was a scuola of St. Marks, with a square in front of it, so the Senate accepted the inheritance and placed the statue here. It has been well protected against the assaults of the enemy.



Experiences in Locating a Home on Public Lands in the West

(As Told in Letters to the Family)

By Anna W. Case

Edmonton, Alta., Aug. 13, 1916.

DEAR SISTER E.: We are actually here in Edmonton, safe and sound! I suppose you received the card I sent you from Montreal. We left there about ten o'clock Wednesday morning and got here early today, where we are obliged to wait until tomorrow in order to see the land agent. It is no wonder that every one who sees this country is enthusiastic over it, for we have seen enough to satisfy us that this is as perfect an agricultural section as we can wish to find. I expect, however, that we will go on for three or four hundred miles to the Peace River, where we can have an even choicer location from which to choose.

We are not as tired as we expected to be, and the children behaved very well until yesterday, when the boys began to be noisy.

The first day of our trip was very warm, and the train to Montreal very crowded, so we were glad to stop for the night and get rested. The prices in Montreal are terrible. They charged us three dollars for the room, and food in proportion.

I was glad to have the chance to see Vermont and compare it with other parts of New England, and I certainly can't understand why so many farmers from there should so frequently come down into southern New Hampshire, where the land seems to average so much poorer. When we had passed through the Green Moun-

tains, which of course I enjoyed, we came out into a flat country where we saw fine grain-fields on either side, and got our first glimpse of real farming. This was the Canadian border, and it was here that W—— had to undergo the questions put to all immigrants, and to have a personal description taken.

The next day after our night in Montreal, we rode through a beautiful country, where were large grain-fields and extremely large young apple orchards—in fact, the first real orchards we ever saw. Sometime in the afternoon we reached Lake Ontario and traveled for miles along its northern shore. I was somewhat surprised to see how much like the ocean the lake looked, for there was no indication of a shore on the other side, and except for the lack of breakers, I doubt if I could have told the difference. Although we were traveling for only a cent a mile, the track was a fine one over which the train went swiftly, and we were very comfortable.

At Toronto we had to change cars, leaving there about ten o'clock that night. As this was to be a regular "touring car" with accommodations for cooking, W—— took the chance to get some supplies, but we were sorry all our utensils were in the trunk which of course we could not get at. We got along all right, nevertheless. At Winnipeg, we had to change again—this time into a first class coach, not nearly so convenient in spite of its style.

As I said, the kids were very good—and made no objections to sleeping to-

gether in the lower berths while we occupied the ones above. They are certainly getting quite a bit of experience.

Will write you when I get a chance.
With love,
H—.

(To my sister, E—)

Spirit River, Alta, Aug. 16, 1916.

Dear E:

Just a few lines to let you know that we are here in the Peace River district in a little six months' old town called Spirit River. We are planning on going about forty miles further west to a place known as Pouce Coupe, just over the line into British Columbia, but there is no way of getting there just now except by team over a very rough trail, because the railroad which is being constructed, is not yet finished. It will cost so much to hire a rig here that we are waiting a few days in hopes of having a chance to go over with a settler—a way that is commonly relied upon. The only reason we wish to go to this particular place is because its climate is supposed to be a little better than in the other sections around here, and the best time to get a homestead there is right now, before the railroad gets through and there is a rush of settlers.

This has been a very bad season everywhere, and just now we are hearing some discouraging things, but I like the whole country immensely, and am confident we will settle around here as soon as possible. The cold spell the last few days has brought frosts that injured the grain and gardens, but although the sun shines all the time it feels like October.

The children are making themselves right at home, playing in the black dirt—which I cannot say I like very well because they do not stay clean a minute.

As soon as I am sure what our post-office is to be, I will let you know. If you sent any letter to Edmonton I have not yet received it, but will send word

to the postmaster there to forward our mail.

Hope that you have let M— know that we were all right so far,
As ever,
H—.

(To my sister-in-law, M—)

Spirit River, Alta., Aug. 17, 1916.

Dear M—

I trust that E— has informed you all before now that we arrived all right at our first destination, but it looks as if it would be some time yet before I can be sure of an address to send you. Just now we are in one of the Peace River districts known as Spirit River, where we are waiting to get over to another section called Pouce Coupe. We are at a hotel which is, of course, without modern conveniences of any sort—our room is not even provided with a chair or a mirror. The food, however, is good, and plentiful, though likely to have a fly or two cooked with it, for the kitchen fairly swarms with them. Guess you would object to that, wouldn't you?

Spirit River is a typical little boom town of the West springing up in the last six months, following the completion of the railroad last winter. The settlement of home-steaders is some distance away, so this is nothing but a business section with one road parallel with the railroad and one other perpendicular to it upon which are the stores, cafes and hotels. To the north one looks over a vast expanse of prairie still undeveloped, but the land rises slightly in the other direction, so that as one looks up the road a short distance it seems to come to an end abruptly. Over the brow, and apparently out of nothingness, will frequently appear a man on horseback, or perhaps a settler driving always either a pair of horses or a yoke of oxen. Colts and cattle walk out at liberty through the streets to feed upon the prairie, and one at first feels a little timid to find himself defenseless against these big cows and steers. The men are nearly always in rough clothes, with broad-

brimmed felt hats; smoking pipes, and presumably indifferent to when they shaved the last time.

The sun shines all the time, but it is colder than I expected. In fact, it has been as unusual a season in the West, I think, as it was in the East before we left. Early frosts have ruined the wheat crop in the best sections of these Canadian provinces, and will make it awfully hard for many homesteaders. It is claimed that in the location we are going to they are not as apt to get these frosts, but I believe this year they have been hit everywhere.

We have made arrangements to be carried out to Pouce Coupe tomorrow by an Indian half-breed—a trip of about forty miles, which will take two days and a half. Although the trail is considered a hard one, I doubt if we mind it any more than we did the horrible railroad we came over in getting here from Edmonton, a distance of perhaps three hundred miles. We left at half-past six at night, and it took until nine o'clock in the morning to go about two-thirds of the way. I put the three children in the lower berth, and W—and I slept, or rather didn't sleep, in the upper. I had thought the train in which we had come across the country was rough riding, but it was smooth compared to what we got that night. One could only keep from being afraid by being perfectly willing to die. The story is told of a farmer and his wife who were so afraid that they asked the conductor to let them off, and the conductor put out his foot against the engine wheel and the train stopped—a joke on the swiftness of the line. But the next day it began to crawl, it taking us until night to go ninety miles. I saw a man run after a train on a branch line when it was half a mile ahead of him—and he caught it!

If we get discouraged, this railroad will keep us from wanting to go back.

Exchange letters with E—, and you will both get more news. Hope you or your mother can get some use out of the things I told her you were to have.

Love to all,

H—.

(To my friend, Mrs. F—)

Pouce Coupe, B. C., Aug. 24, 1916.

Dear Mrs. F—

Probably you have read the letters I have sent my sister, and have gathered from them that everything has gone very smoothly with us. This is not exactly the case, but I have not cared to mention it until things got better. We are passing through a period of discouragement due in part to our physical exhaustion and also to more or less disappointment. While I should be satisfied, I think, to live in this locality, the land does not seem to be as good as in the other sections we passed through, and the water is so alkaline that in many cases it proves deadly to children and stock. There is a weed, too, that cattle get in early spring that sometimes poisons them. One man lost twenty-eight cows from either that or the water, and good horses from outside sections are very likely to die. There are no wells, and if the water of the creeks is not boiled it is dangerous for children. These are some of the things of which the government gives no hint in its desire to get settlers here. Of one thing I am sure, that many have come into these provinces and lost both their courage and whatever money they had. Not but that, on the other hand, men have come here with very little and made some money. It is a big gamble. In the southern part of these provinces they usually have droughts, and in the northern they are never safe from early frosts, and somewhere between the two is what is called the "hail belt" where every year the farmers get "hailed out"—the hail being so severe as to entirely ruin the grain. They can be insured against this loss, but it is poor compensation.

No one should tackle this job of pioneering who is afraid of hardships or inconveniences. It is certainly wonderful and admirable the difficulties with which people will put up. This is no place for softness, but the hardening process may be too much. You can't be fussy as to what you may eat,

nor to whether you have a bed or not on which to sleep. You may be required to walk thirty miles or ride a hundred on horseback, or shoot a man or drive bears out of your house. There are thousands of Indians and half-breeds around this north country, but an efficient system of mounted police keeps them and any lawless whites from causing trouble.

After all, I may be painting the picture too dark, but it wouldn't be so bad if W— did not hear the pessimistic talk of dissatisfied men. This particular place has not been very prosperous, to be sure, though it has not been settled but eight years, and it is still sixty miles from a railroad. A railroad is, however, being constructed right now, and may be completed to this point before winter, at all events before another harvest. In coming over the trail from Spirit River we crossed and recrossed the roadbed, so we know it is not just talk, and many people think that with its completion will come a crowd of settlers.

The best of the land already seems to be taken up, and Mr. G— is having a hard time in trying to locate something desirable. I am glad for a chance to rest a little, for traveling with children is not much fun. Bert was the first to be sick—having a fever the third or fourth day out. At Edmonton Helen was nauseous for a day or two—at Spirit River Bert became affected by the water and had diarrhea. That was a week ago yesterday—the next day he continued to have pain in the abdomen, but we had to start on our sixty-mile drive to this place. He laid on blankets in the bottom of the wagon, and managed to survive the trip, although he ate little and upon reaching here I had to put him through a great deal of massage, hot-water-bottle treatment, and physic, as the after-effect of the alkaline seems to be the danger of compaction. He is all right now, though rather weak. Helen has begun vomiting again and maybe the water is going to make her sick, too, but I will have a good chance to doctor out here. One has to be

their own doctor, as there are none. Ben has not been sick, and hope he will get by easy. Mr. G— is getting awfully tired and if he gets sick I shall not like it. As far as I am concerned, I do not see any opportunity to be laid up. I had a slight attack of the water sickness, also a sore throat, but the climate, I guess, will be good for me.

I hope we can get settled somewhere before long, for I can't say I like to stay at this unfinished hotel. Although I know we are sheltered from any storms, and have plenty of wood and water, and are handy to a food supply, and safe from assault by man or beast, still I cannot feel that I have as much as a corner that is private. The rooms upstairs are only partially partitioned with sheathing paper, and as they are used as sleeping quarters for eight or nine men who are working on the farm, I do not undress at night—it is now a week since I was wholly undressed. Nor do I ever know in the day time but that a man is likely to come in for something, as the building is used as storeroom for various supplies and the back rooms are immense grain bins. I believe there are about 300 bushels of oats left in one of them now. The people here are all French. Two little girls from the house come over to play every day. I don't feel that I can send them back or scold them at all, although with my kids sick and sometimes wanting a nap it is quite annoying.

Guess I have done growling enough now to last all winter, so don't be surprised if the next time I write the sun will be shining. At all events, I like it out here, and can't see why a family may not be nearly self-supporting. Guess the thermometer goes pretty low in winter, but all agree that people do not mind it—a matter I shall be a judge of before many months. You and my sister may exchange letters, as I can't write the same things so many times. Don't fail to write to me when you get a chance.

Very sincerely yours,

H. G.

(To my sister, E—)

Pouce Coupe, B. C., Aug. 29, 1916.

Dear E—:

We are still here and still as undecided as ever. There is a quarter about five miles from here on the side of the mountain of which I spoke that W— took me to see Sunday. He had a two-seated wagon with a pair of "coyotes"—a term of derision for good-for-nothing horses. The day was quite hot—we have had three very warm days—and while we were looking around the place, having tied the horses to a hitching pole, one of the horses pulled on his bridle until he broke it. W— had to mend it with rope, and after that we were anxious to get back before they should cut any new capers. That quarter was very uneven, with some brush on it—some alkali land—and also rocks. Rather a tough proposition to come way out here to find. It has just three advantages—it has water, which most people in the prairie have to haul several miles; it is higher than the prairie, and land adjoining it was not hit by frost when everywhere else the grain was killed—and it may be worth considering as a speculation. The railroad is coming through here from the Pacific—it is to be finished when the war is over. Many have located near this place because they think it will be a town site, and if this should be the case the land will be worth a great deal. But railroads don't always go where people expect them to, and I don't believe we will take the chance.

We are both quite discouraged and willing to leave here, as many others are doing. There seems to be much dissatisfaction with the locality. If we don't settle here W— says he is going to Vancouver, and I almost believe the chances there must be better than here. In this country if a man can shoot a moose he will have his winter's supply of meat, but the cost of nearly everything one has to buy is about double the usual price. If one should want to work out there is nothing nearer than ninety miles. I can't

help thinking, however, that when the railroad gets here from Edmonton this fall or winter that conditions will be much improved.

The kids are all over the effects of the alkali water and are having lots of fun playing with the children near the stream that runs by here, and getting covered with black dust.

I use the big preserving kettle for a wash tub, the bread pan for a dish pan, and the straps of the extension bag for a clothes line, as I don't want to borrow much from the people here since we are having the free use of this hotel for more than a week now.

Hope I shall have something more encouraging to write you next time.

As ever,

H.

(To my sister, E—)

Grande Prairie, Alta., Sept. 2, 1916.

Dear E—:

I wrote we would probably leave Pouce Coupe, so you are not surprised at the heading. Although the weather was misting and cold we had to go with the postman on Thursday, as his team only goes over the road once a week, and that is the only means of getting out of the place. After a three-days' trip, during which the weather remained about the same, we reached here Saturday night. We are well located here for the present in a hotel, and are quite undecided what to do. We passed through a first-class farming section, called Lake Saskatoon, which might truly be called Arcadia, but like all the other good land it is all taken up. There seems to be two different districts within about forty miles of here, which are now being settled, and to one or the other we may go, or else return to Edmonton, looking then in some other direction. This north country may possibly have a milder winter than Edmonton, but it makes up by having a colder summer. If crops did as well as claimed, so many wouldn't have to go out elsewhere to the harvest to earn money, for one sees plenty of the

black soil. With no grain to feed the hogs this winter, some are giving away their pigs. Potatoes will be scarce, as vines were all killed too soon. Perhaps the frost doesn't come very often—once is enough sometimes! It has been quite a setback to the development of this town, as the "bottom has dropped out" of business—for no harvest means no money to spend.

Let me know if you sent any letters to Pouce Coupe as soon as I give you a definite address.

With love,
H.

(To my sister, E—)

Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 14, 1916.

Dear E—:

Here we are back again! We have been at the Immigration Hall a week. This is a sort of institution maintained by the government for the temporary convenience of immigrants. It is all free—a room with two beds—the use of big kitchen—fuel—cooking utensils—washing facilities—everything but your food. Nearly all kinds of food are cheaper here than in the east, so we are not at much expense just now. The children have been sick again from the water—that is, Helen and Ben have, but are well now. It's real November weather almost, and all of us have slight colds. Am going to invest in woolen underwear tomorrow. Keeping house keeps me busy, as everything must be done just so, and all must help in keeping the kitchen clean. There are five families here now—with eight children in all—so things are rather lively.

W— has gone out today with another man, and I don't know how long he will be away. I certainly hope he will find something, but a man who has been here ten days and been out repeatedly in different directions has given up the search for awhile and taken a tenement. We may do that ourselves if nothing comes of this trip.

Rents are terribly cheap here, for the town, planned on 70,000, has shrunk to 40,000.

As ever,
H.

(To my sister E—)

1—— 8—th St.,

Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 18, 1916.

Dear E—:

We have taken a little house in North Edmonton for a month. We had stayed the usual length of time at the Immigration Hall, and it was time to do something. This house is only three minutes' walk from electrics and a cluster of stores, but is in the suburbs, where there is plenty of room for the children to play outdoors. There are five rooms, hall, shed, toilet, hardwood floors, running water in sink, electric lights—all for \$5.50 per month. The kitchen, however, is a little too large to heat up in winter, and should we stay much longer I think W— would wish to change. We have purchased a small stove and a few other things second hand, but are much upset that we haven't our goods yet. W— went to two freight offices Saturday, with no result. There is one other railway line and things may be there. He will find out this morning. It is five weeks and there should be no reason why they could not be here by now. Wish you would write me at once to this address telling me when the things were shipped and if you have sent any letters anywhere. Give this address to Mrs. F— and to M—, but not to use after the first of October, unless you hear differently from me, for we may be gone by the middle of that month.

As ever,
H.

3 P. M.

P. S.—W— has returned. The goods are not here. What can be the matter?

(To be continued.)

The Divine Plan of the Ages

Our Lord's Return

Part X

The dawn of hope for all humanity.
—John 3:16.

STRANGE indeed that for centuries past so many Christian people, when reading the Scriptures relating to the Second Coming of Christ, have failed to find therein the comfort provided for the truth-hungry! Instead of seeing in our Lord's Return the dawn of hope for the groaning creation—the Restitution of all the willing and obedient to Paradise—they seemingly have read only a dreadful doom for the great bulk of humanity and the destruction of all things mundane. According to this conception the Plan of God is seen to end in disaster and defeat, so far as the majority of our race is concerned, and in an overwhelming victory for Satan. Thank God, however, that with the clearer light of our day shining upon the pages of the Divine Revelation, the sincere Bible student is able to read in fairer lines the Plan of God for human salvation and the consummation of all things in the ultimate and everlasting defeat of Satan and in the recovery of a sorrowing and ruined world!

But why does the Savior come again? Did He not properly establish His Church at His First Advent? Has the Gospel Age been a failure? Will the Master come again a second time to rectify matters and to start His Church afresh in the work of world conversion and blessing? Oh, no! we answer; His work has carried out exactly as purposed. Not a suggestion of Scripture implies that the Church is to convert the world during this

Age. On the contrary, her mission has been to act as God's mouthpiece in calling out a class to be joint-heirs with the Redeemer in His future Kingdom. Properly enough Jesus said: "I pray not for the world, but for those whom Thou hast given Me" (John 17:9). He loved the world; He died for the world. In due time through His Messianic Kingdom He will bless all the families of the earth. Evidently this time is near at hand. First, however, a special class is invited to become separate from the world, to become sanctified or set apart to God and His service, following in the footsteps of Jesus. Their reward is to be sharers with their Master in His Heavenly Throne of Glory, which for a thousand years will rule to bless and uplift humanity.

Both Living and Dead to Be Benefited.

Some who see and appreciate in a measure the fact that the Lord returns to bestow upon humanity the grand blessing purchased by His death, fail to see the vast scope of that blessing as applicable to all mankind—that all those in their graves have as much interest in Messiah's glorious reign as have those who happen to be living at the time of His return. Is it not because of God's Plan for their release that those in the tomb are called "PRISONERS OF HOPE"?

It is estimated that about one hundred and forty-three billions of human beings have lived on the earth during the six thousand years since Adam's creation. Of these the very broadest

estimate that could be made with reason would be that less than one billion were saints of God. This broad estimate would leave the immense aggregate of one hundred and forty-two billions (142,000,000) who went down into death without faith and hope in "the only name given under Heaven or amongst men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12). Indeed, the vast majority of these neither knew nor heard of Jesus, and could not believe in Him of whom they had not heard.

What, we ask, has become of this vast multitude, of which figures give a wholly inadequate idea? Did God make no provision for these, whose condition and circumstances He must have foreseen? Or did He, from the foundation of the world, make a merciless provision for their hopeless, eternal torture, as many of His children claim? Or has He yet in store for them, in the heights, depths, lengths and breadths of His Plan, an opportunity for all to come to the knowledge of the Only Name, and, by becoming obedient to the conditions, to enjoy life everlasting?

Views of Atheism, Calvinism and Arminianism.

To these questions, which every thinking Christian asks himself, and yearns to hear answered truthfully and in harmony with the character of Jehovah, comes a variety of replies:

Atheism answers, "They are eternally dead. There is no hereafter. They will never live again."

Calvanism answers, "They were not elected to be saved. God foreordained and predestinated them to be lost—to go to hell; and there they are now, writhing in agony and there they will forever remain without hope."

Arminianism answers, "We believe that God excuses many of them on account of ignorance. Those who did the best they knew how will be sure of being a part of the 'Church of the First-borns,' even though they never heard of Jesus."

To this last view the majority of

Christians of all denominations assent—notwithstanding the creeds of some to the contrary—from a feeling that any other view would be irreconcilable with justice on God's part. But do the Scriptures support this last view? Did they teach that ignorance is a ground of salvation? No; the only ground of salvation mentioned in the Scriptures is FAITH in Christ as our Redeemer and Lord. "By grace are ye saved THROUGH FAITH" (Eph. 2:8). Justification by faith is the underlying principle of the whole system of Christianity. When asked, "What must I do to be saved?" the Apostles answered: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ." "There is no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we must be saved" (Acts 4:12); "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved" (Rom. 10:13). But St. Paul reasons that a man must hear the Gospel before he can believe, saying, "How then shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? And how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?" (Rom. 10:14).

Both Jew and Gentile Condemned.

Some claim that St. Paul teaches that ignorance will save men, when he says, "The Gentiles, which have not the Law, are a law unto themselves" (Rom. 2:14). They gather from this statement that the law which conscience furnishes is sufficient to justify mankind. But such persons misunderstand St. Paul. His argument is that the whole world is guilty before God (Rom. 5:10); that the Gentiles, who had not the written Law, were condemned, not justified, by the light of conscience which, whether it excused them or condemned them, proved that they were short of perfection and therefore unworthy of life, even as the Jews, who had the written Law, were condemned by it. "For by the Law is the knowledge of sin" (Rom. 3:20).

The Law given to the Jew revealed his weakness, and was designed to show him that he was unable to jus-

tify himself before God; "for by the deeds of the Law shall no flesh be justified in His (God's) sight." The written Law condemned the Jews; and the Gentiles had light enough of conscience to condemn them. Thus every mouth is stopped from claiming the right to life, and all the world stands guilty before God.

None Saved Through Ignorance.

Notwithstanding these Bible statements many Christians, unwilling to believe that so many millions of ignorant infants and heathen will be eternally lost—which they have been taught means to be sent to a place of eternal torment—insist that God will not condemn the ignorant. We admire indeed their liberality of heart and their appreciation of God's goodness; but we urge them not to be too hasty about discarding or ignoring Bible statements. God has a blessing in reserve for all, in a better way than through ignorance.

Do these Christian people act in harmony with their state belief? No! Though they profess to believe that the ignorant will be saved on account of ignorance, yet they continue to send missionaries to the heathen at the cost of thousands of valuable lives and of millions of money. If the heathen, or even half of them, would be saved through ignorance, it is a positive injury to send missionaries to teach them of Christ; for only about one in a thousand believes when the missionaries do go to them. If this idea be correct, it would be much better to let them remain in ignorance, as then a much larger proportion would be saved!

Continuing the same line of argument, might we not reason that if God had left all men in ignorance all would have been saved? If so, the coming and the death of Jesus were useless, the preaching and the suffering of the Apostles and the saints were in vain, and the Gospel, instead of being good news, would be very bad news indeed. Even more absurd and unreasonable

is the sending of missionaries to the heathen by those who believe the Calvinistic or fatalistic view of election—that the eternal destiny of each individual was unalterably fixed before he had an existence.

Only One Way of Salvation.

But the Bible, which is full of the missionary spirit, does not teach that there are several ways of salvation—one by faith, another by works, and a third by ignorance. Neither does it teach the God-dishonoring doctrine of fatalism. While it shows every other door of hope closed against the race, it throws wide open the only door, and proclaims that whosoever will may enter into life; and it explains that all who do not now see or appreciate the blessed privilege of entering shall in due time be brought to a full knowledge and appreciation. The only way by which any and all of the condemned race may come to God is neither by meritorious works nor by ignorance, but by faith in the precious blood of Christ, which takes away the sin of the world (1 Peter, 1:19; John, 1:29). This is the Gospel, the "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

Let us now look at these tidings just as God tells us of them, and leave the clearing of His character to Himself. Let us inquire, What has become of the one hundred and forty-two billions of Adam's posterity?

Whatever may have become of them we may be sure that they are not now in a condition of suffering; for not only do the Scriptures teach that full and complete reward is not given to the Church until Christ comes (Matt. 16:27), but that the unjust are to receive their punishment then also (2 Peter, 2:9). Therefore, whatever may be their present condition, it cannot be their full reward.

But the thought that so many of our fellow creatures should at any time be lost from lack of the knowledge which is necessary to salvation would be sad indeed to all who have a spark of love

or of pity. Then, too, there are numerous Scriptures which it seems impossible to harmonize with this thought. Let us see: In the light of the past and the present as the only opportunities — laying aside all hope through a restitution during the incoming Age—how shall we understand the statements, "God is Love," and "God so loved the world that He gave His Only Begotten Son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish"? (1 John, 4:8; John, 3:16). Would it not seem that if God loved the world so much He might have made provision, not only that believers might be saved, but also that all might hear in order to believe?

Again, when we read, "That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," our observation says, "Not so; every man has not been enlightened. We cannot see that our Lord has lighted more than a few of earth's billions. Even in this comparatively enlightened day, millions of heathen give no evidence of such enlightenment, neither did the Sodomites nor multitudes of others in past ages."

We read that Jesus Christ "by the grace of God tasted death for every man (Heb. 2:9). But if our Redeemer tasted death for the one hundred and forty-three billions and if from any cause that Sacrifice becomes efficacious to only one billion was not the Redemption comparatively a failure? Then in that case is not the Apostle's statement too broad? Again, when we read, "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto ALL PEOPLE," and looking about us see that only to a "little flock" has it been good tidings, we would be compelled to wonder whether the angels had not overstated the goodness of God and the breadth of their message, and overrated the importance of the work to be accomplished by the Messiah whom they announced (Luke, 2:10, 11).

Another statement is, "There is one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus, who

gave Himself a Ransom for all" (1 Timothy, 2:5, 6). A Ransom for ALL! Then why should not all for whom the Ransom had provided have some benefit from Christ's death? Why should not ALL come to a knowledge of the Truth, that they may believe?

The Testimony "In Due Time."

Without the key how dark, how inconsistent, these statements appear! But when we find the key to God's Plan for human salvation, these texts with one voice declare that "God is Love." This key is found in the latter part of the text last quoted—"Who gave Himself a Ransom for all, TO BE TESTIFIED IN DUE TIME." God has a due time for everything. He could have testified it to these in their past lifetime. But since He did not do so, it proves that their due time must be future. For those who will be of the Church, the Bride of Christ, and who will share His Kingdom honors, the present is the "due time" to hear; and whosoever now has an ear to hear, let him hear and heed; and he will be blessed accordingly. Though Jesus secured our Ransom-price before we were born, our "due time" to hear of it did not come until long years afterward; and the mere appreciation of it brought responsibility to the extent of our ability. The same principle applies to all. In God's due time the Ransom will be testified to all; and then all will have opportunity to believe and to be blessed by it.

The prevailing opinion is that death ends all probation. But there is no Scripture which so teaches. On the contrary, all the above quoted texts, and many others, would be meaningless or worse, if death ends all hope for the ignorant masses of the world. The one Scripture quoted to prove this generally entertained view is, "Where the tree falleth, there shall it be" (Eccle. 11:3). If this has any relation to man's future, it indicates that whatever, his condition when he en-

ters the tomb, no change takes place until he is awakened out of it; and this is the uniform teaching of all Scripture bearing on the subject, as will be demonstrated in succeeding articles.

All to Know the Truth.

Since God does not purpose to save men on account of ignorance, but "will have ALL MEN to come to the knowledge of the Truth" (1 Tim. 2:4); and since the masses of mankind have died in ignorance; and since "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave" (Eccle. :10), therefore God has prepared for the awakening of the dead, in order to knowledge, faith and salvation. Hence His Plan is that "as all in Adam die, even so all in Christ shall be made alive, but each one in his own order"—the Gospel Church, the Bride, the Body of Christ, first; afterward, during the Millennial Age, all who become His during the thousand years of His PRESENCE — mistranslated coming—the Lord's due time for all to know Him, from the least to the greatest (1 Cor. 15:22). Thus the

hope of the world lies beyond the Lord's Return.

As death came by the first Adam, so life comes by Christ, the second Adam. Everything that mankind lost through being in the first Adam is to be restored to those who believe in the second Adam. When awakened, with the advantage of experience with evil which Adam lacked, those who thankfully accept the redemption as God's gift may continue to live everlastingly on the original terms of obedience. Under the righteous Reign of the Prince of Peace perfect ability to obey will be given, and perfect obedience will be required. Here is the salvation offered to the world. This does not mean that God will coerce or force the world into a state of salvation in the future Age. In that Day of full knowledge and opportunity, only those who accept the Message and become obedient thereto will be given life everlasting. Those who willfully reject the way of righteousness under the Reign of Christ will be judged incorrigible, and ultimately will be destroyed in the Second Death, from which there will be no recovery (Acts 3:23; Rom. 6:23).



Pastor Russell's Forecast of the Jews

Returning to Jerusalem

IT WAS in Overland Monthly that the late Pastor C. T. Russell, Pastor of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, first made the prophecy that the Jewish race, the descendants of Israel, would in the very near future return in triumph to the city of their forefathers, Jerusalem. That prophecy was made less than six years ago.

Here are a few of Pastor Russell's forecasts made regarding the Jews and the early return: "Do we consider it strange that an influence, a hope, should so quickly be spread abroad over all the earth amongst the 8,000,000 of the Hebrew race? Do we consider it extraordinary that after eighteen centuries of absence from their fatherland, the thought of turning thither should so pulsate the hearts of the nation? Do we not marvel still more, when we consider that they have been a longer period out of that land than ever they were in it? If these are the interrogations of our mind, they merely prove that we do not comprehend the sentiment which now for nearly thirty-eight centuries has influenced Abraham and his seed!

"What can be the foundation from which proceeds the irrepressible hope and courage of the Jew, which have carried him through bloody seas of persecution, through social ostracism, against the current of prejudice and superstition, to his present lofty stand in the world? Why has he not been crushed, as have other people? Why has he not disappeared from the face of the earth as a race, as have other races? Why is it that to-day, after thirty-eight centuries, he is such a force, such a power in the world financially, that the wealthiest governments

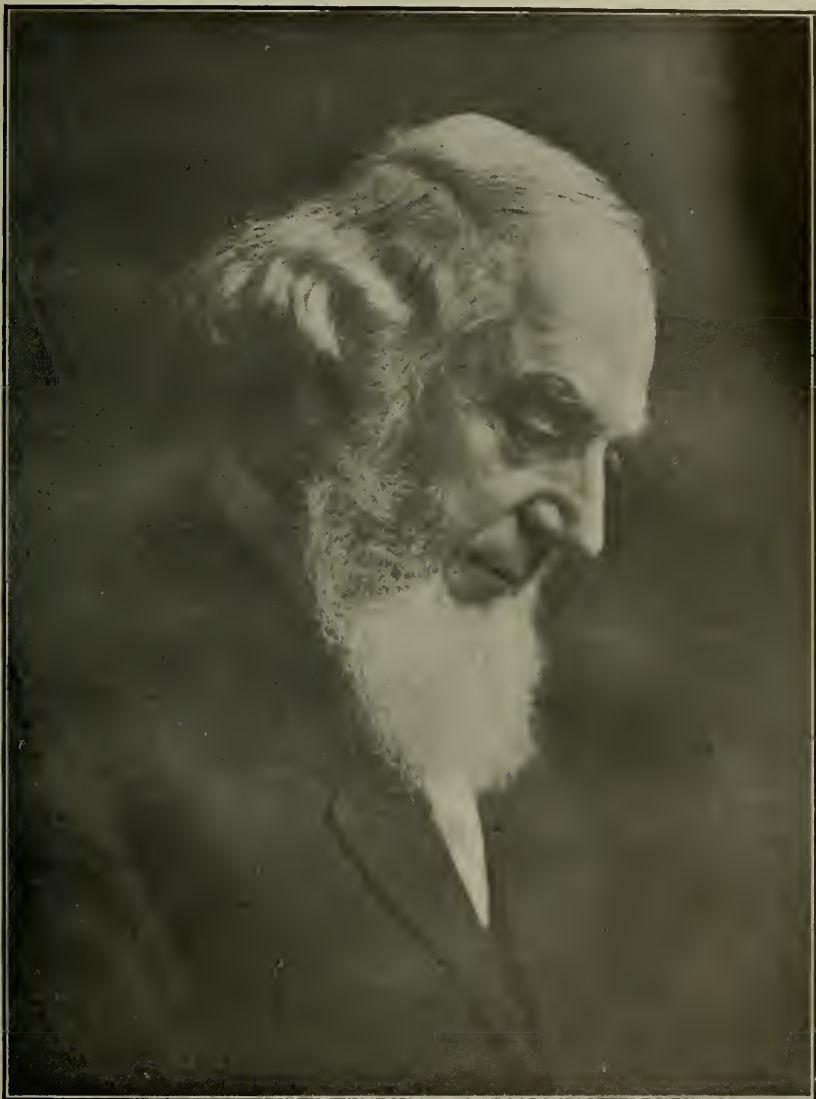
are indebted to him and dare scarcely undertake a war without his co-operation in raising the funds? What is the secret of Jewish hope, courage and pride?

"The key to the situation is given us in the Bible, and nowhere else. The relationship of Jewish people and the land of Palestine and the Bible, rightly understood.

"The Scriptures seem to indicate, however, that the time is at hand when 'The mystery of God shall be finished,' and when the understanding of the Divine Plan may be comprehended by increasing numbers, and amongst these the reverential Jews. Indeed, the Jew should be specially attracted by the outlines of the Divine Plan set forth in the prophecies of his own Scriptures. They explain the experiences of Israel while still in God's favor, and the experiences of the past eighteen centuries of their disfavor, and show both of these will work together eventually for the blessing of Israel.

"None of these nations see what Bible students see. They do not know that the kingdom of God is just at the door, that the Reign of Righteousness is at hand."

As in future articles, we shall outline various Scriptural prophecies in which the Jew is vitally interested; it is our hope that not merely our Hebrew friends will be interested, but also Christian Bible students and non-professors. The coming blessings will be abundant to the blessing of all mankind, but the Jew first, for "God hath not cast away his people whom he foreknew;" "For the gifts and calling of God he never repents of."—Romans II, 2, 23, 32.



Pastor Russell who foretold so eloquently the early recovery of Jerusalem for the Jews, the historical city of their forefathers

Earth

By John Hall Wheelock

Grasshopper, your fairy-song
And my poem alike belong
To the deep and silent earth
From which all poetry has birth;
All we say and all we sing
Is but as the murmuring
Of that drowsy heart of hers
When from her deep dream she stirs:
If we sorrow, or rejoice,
You and I are but her voice.

Deftly does the dust express
In mind her hidden loveliness,
And from her cool silence stream
The cricket's cry and Dante's dream;
For the earth that breeds the trees
Breeds cities, too, and symphonies,
Equally her beauty flows
Into a savior, or a rose—
Looks down in dream, and from above
Smiles at herself in Jesus's love.
Christ's love and Homer's art
Are but the workings of her heart;
Through Leonardo's hand she seeks
Herself, and through Beethoven speaks
In holy thunderings around
The awful message of the ground.

The serene and humble mold
Does in herself all selves enfold—
Kingdoms, destinies and creeds,
Great dreams, and dauntless deeds.
Science that metes the firmament,
The high, inflexible intent
Of one for many sacrificed—
Plato's brain, the heart of Christ:
All love, all legend, and all lore
Are in the dust forevermore.

Even as the growing grass
Up from the soil religions pass,
And the field that bears the rye
Bears parables and prophecy.
Out of the earth the poem grows
Like the lily, or the rose;
And all man is, or yet may be,
Is but herself in agony
Toiling up the steep ascent
Toward the complete accomplishment
When all dust shall be, the whole
Universe, one conscious soul.

Yea, the quiet the cool sod
Bears in her breast the dream of God.

If you would know what earth is, scan
The intricate, proud heart of man,
Which is the earth articulate,
And learn how holy and how great,
How limitless and how profound
Is the nature of the ground—
How without terror or demur
We may entrust ourselves to her
When we are wearied out, and lay
Our faces in the common clay.

For she is pity, she is love.
All wisdom she, all thoughts that move
About her everlasting breast
Till she gathers them to rest:
All tenderness of all the ages,
Seraphic secrets of the sages,
Vision and hope of all the seers,
All prayer, all anguish, and all tears
Are but the dust, that from her dream
Awakes, and knows herself supreme—
Are but earth when she reveals
All that her secret heart conceals
Down in the dark and silent loam,
Which is ourselves asleep, at home.

Yea, and this my poem, too,
Is part of her as dust and dew,
Wherein herself she doth declare
Through my lips, and say her prayer.

The Americans in France

By a Military Correspondent

H. Q., A. E. F., France.

DURING the last few days I have been privileged to live among the men who have been the first to come to France to uphold the honor of the Star-Spangled Banner and to make good the President's words by their deeds. I have talked with most of their chief officers, have been allowed to study their nascent organization, and to visit the troops, their huts, billets and training camps. If I cannot say all that might be said about their numbers, state of preparedness and intentions, I shall endeavor to convey my general impressions of the mighty new force which has come upon the scene, and to express that sincere appreciation of it which every visitor must very deeply feel.

Englishmen who have studied the American army before the war have understood that it bore a strong resemblance to ours in pre-Cardwell days; that it was the armed police of an essentially pacific people; that it was starved for men and war material; that it was scattered in detachments in distant garrisons; that it was not a modern army in any sense except in its spirit and in the excellence and spartan discipline of the West Point training; and that even the General Staff, that mainspring of success in war, has been relegated to a position inferior to its deserts. All the struggles which our soldiers have been through to improve our army in recent years the American soldiers have also been through, almost measure for measure, but just as it required this World War to bring home to the minds of our people that right without might was

unsafe in a still imperfect world, so it has needed this perfidious aggression and these insane barbarities of Germany to convince the citizens of the United States that they must in defense of principles which they have deeply at heart, turn their ploughshares into swords for awhile.

I admit that the key of the situation so far as the American Expeditionary Force is concerned, remains in Washington. The vast and extremely complicated problem of organizing, transporting and maintaining armies adequate to represent America honorably in the war must be solved at Washington and cannot be solved anywhere else. The American armies gathering here are the expression of the ability or otherwise of Washington to work out one of the most arduous Staff exercises ever set to a military administration, and upon the competence or otherwise of the President and his advisers to foresee and provide for all contingencies must depend the success of this astounding American adventure.

It is a cause of disquiet to some people that, owing to President Wilson's almost autocratic powers, and the leading role which he plays in these great events, one false note struck by him may fatally injure the cause. But as against this fear there stands the fact, admitted even by the President's political opponents, that not only in all that he has said and done since he took his great decision, but also in all that he has not said and has not done, he has at present not made one single mistake. There is consequently complete confidence in his supreme direction and control.

I have to make this last reservation

because people are too busy here to follow in all their details the preparations in America. But we know that the necessary men are at the President's disposal, that all the youth and strength and energy of America are being enlisted for the war; that the arrangements for providing munitions and equipments are well forward, and as each new division lands in France we see not only evidence but proof that the machine at home works well. The President's practice of sending men here to gain experience by harsh contact with practical realities, and then calling them back to advise him, is an excellent system, and might even be further extended with advantage.

To understand the difficulties of Washington we must, for example, comprehend the transport problem. We must know how many tons gross are needed, first for the transport and then for the maintenance of every American soldier; how long the circular tour of the transports takes; how much of this time is occupied by embarking and disembarking, and how much by steaming in convoy or otherwise; and there enters into this calculation the question of draughts of vessels and of ports, as well as that of railway or other communications with the troops at the front. A margin to provide against losses at sea is also one of the necessities of the situation.

There have been no great American armies in the field since the Civil War, and that was quite a long time ago. Consequently General Pershing and his staff have been almost exclusively occupied, since they landed in June last, in creating the organization for the armies now in course of arriving. It has been a stupendous task, greater, I think, than any American soldier realized before he arrived here. The whole of the Headquarters Staff, and the whole great administrative services at the front and on the lines of communication, have had to be devised, and then created and manned.

We have built up the magnificent organization of our British armies from small beginnings, and after a long

lapse of time. The organization of the ports, railways, lines of communication, rest camps, depots, magazines, hospitals, remount establishments, artillery repair shops, billets, wash-houses, and a score of other services has been evolved by a long process of painful experience. This experience, and that of our French allies, are placed freely at the disposal of the American staff, but an army like that of the United States coming fresh to this gigantic problem must be appalled at its magnitude and complexity, and must be given full time to master it. The American army is not in its own country. It has, in everything connected with the French territory, and even railways, to act through the French mission under a general officer which is attached to it, and through French civil administration. American ways are not the ways of other people, and it has required good will on both sides to overcome all the formidable difficulties which have constantly presented themselves. All these difficulties are being overcome by the natural good sense of both sides, and though the time taken to complete the organization appears long to ardent spirits. I am convinced that the Americans are working on the right lines, and that it is merely a question of time for the organization to be completed.

It is the same with the troops who are distributed in huts and billets in localities suitable for training, each division by itself. The divisional commander is able to gain a grip upon his men, to know all his chief officers, and to supervise the training, which is in general charge of the French, so far as the battalion and the battery work is concerned, in case any help is needed. American officers and men attend both French schools and ours, and every assistance needed is freely rendered. The progress of all arms is remarkable. All ranks display a serious spirit and show the greatest keenness. The officers of the old Regular army are a distinguished body of men, thoroughly professional, highly educated, and most modest and anxious to

learn all the new methods of war which this campaign has produced. The case of the American colonel who refused to be a mere spectator at one of our bombing schools, and went through the whole course in the guise of a private under a British sergeant-instructor is, to my mind, typical of the manner in which American officers approach their task. The troops are a fine, virile, upstanding body of men, nearest perhaps to the Australians in type, but with a very distinct individuality of their own. The discipline is excellent, so far as can be judged by externals, and I shall be almost sorry for the Boches when these lithe, active Americans run up against them.

The American Expeditionary Force is completely self-supporting, and draws nothing from France except air, water, fresh vegetables and eggs. The soldiers eat the best white bread that I have tasted for many months, and all the flour comes from America, as does the frozen meat and everything else in the way of supplies, including the iron ration of bacon and biscuit, and even milk. The Americans do not therefore impose any very severe strain upon the food supplies of the nation whose guests they are, and, moreover, they are bringing over locomotives, carriages, trucks and railway plant to increase the possibilities of railway traffic on the French lines.

The relations between the Americans and their French hosts are excellent. There have been difficulties to be overcome, naturally, and things move more slowly than is pleasing to every one, but by the exercise of tact and discretion on both sides, the ways are being smoothed, and the troops and staff are settling down to the long preliminary work necessary to fit units for the specialized warfare of today. In a thousand ways the French prove excellent guides and invaluable helpers. They are employed by the hundred thousand in erecting huts for the troops, so that the Americans may be comfortably housed during their first winter in France. They are busy manufacturing an important part of the American ar-

tillery, and in training the new arrivals to use these guns. They help in training specialists, especially in the infantry, and, in short, they place themselves completely at American disposal while their guests are in what the latter themselves describe as a "formative" stage.

Our role in helping the Americans to perfect their organization and training is much more restricted, but still it is important. Our practice is to place everything that we have unreservedly at American disposal, and to throw all doors widely open to them. Field-Marshal Douglas Haig is excellently represented at General Pershing's headquarters by a good, sound, practical officer. The wonderful organization, spirit and efficiency of our armies come as a complete revelation to most American soldiers. Americans of all grades have visited our armies, have studied and have adopted much of our organization, have been present at our operations, large and small, and have, many of them, undergone the training in our schools for specialists. Some of our specialists, by request, help to found the American schools on sure bases. We have not forced ourselves in any way upon the Americans. We wait for them to come to us. They have just come to us at their good will and pleasure, without any false pride, and the unbreakable link of a common language, common ideals and a common outlook upon life has enabled them to understand us rapidly. What they find good in our system they accept and adopt, and what they find bad they reject.

In France we have suddenly discovered America, and America has discovered us. How different we both are from our preconceived notions of each other! We did not know what a highly educated, professional and modest gentleman the American Regular officer was, nor did we quite realize what a splendid body of active fighting men he was going to bring over with him. We are a great deal more enthusiastic about the Americans and, if I may say so, more proud of

them, than we show on the surface. How can we not regard as men of our own flesh and blood the relays of American soldiers of all grades who come to us, who speak our own language and bear our own names, who understand us in a flash of time, and whose point of view on almost every conceivable subject under heaven is our own?

These sentiments are, I hope, mutual. The Americans did not know what our armies were, nor what they had done or are doing. Many of them know now. They witness under fire our grand attacks and our raids. They observe with astonishment the terrific

powers of our modern artillery and the glorious activities of our splendid airmen. They see the spirit, the discipline, and the emulation of our infantry, and they are profoundly impressed by them. I hope that the pride which we feel, without venturing to express it, in the Americans is a little reciprocated by them. I can only say that every American soldier who has told me of his experiences on the British front has spoken with enthusiastic admiration of our men, and that an entirely new feeling, the consequences of which may be immense, is growing up between the two kindred nations.

In the Realm of Bookland

"The Hill Trails, A Book of Verse,"
by Arthur Wallace Peach.

The human, sympathetically understanding and simply understandable verse of Arthur Wallace Peach has pleased magazine readers the country over for many years. His poetry gets away from the feverish tenseness of dramatic climaxes and leads to quiet hill trails. It succeeds exceptionally well in articulating wisely and with distinction and grace the ordinary moments, light-hearted or leaden, that make up life for most of the world. Every phase of living is found in the volume—love songs, poems of religious significance, songs of youth and springtime and old age, of troubles passed and conquered, songs of courage for the battle against dragons in the way, verses inspired by the sheer beauty and wonder of the common world. There is a wealth of imagery in the nature poems; the personifications of nature are particularly pleasing. In short, by virtue of wisdom of perception and easy harmony, the collection enriches both literature and life.

\$1.00 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Reed Voices," by James B. Kenyon.

Mr. James T. White, head of a big publishing corporation, himself a writer of verse and of wide circulation, and a member of the Poetry Society of America, and also for years editor in chief of the National Cyclopaedia, is interested in the advancement of poetry, both in its production and dissemination. It is therefore the purpose of the publishers to issue a series of the best poetry of the present day, in compact and uniform size, in attractive style and binding, and they believe that such a series will find a welcome place in the libraries of all poetry lovers, and be the means of elevating the art to a permanent and higher plane in the thought of the day, as well as doing justice to the humbler poets, whose grains of gold might otherwise be lost, for want of such a collector. It is the aim to have the quality of the Verse such as will give a sounder estimate of the place and dignity of poetic thought in the life of the day, and bring the poet himself into higher esteem and consideration.

The first volume of the series, "Poems and Lyrics," by Alfred Abernethy Cowles, is a collection of poems

of such beauty that Edmund Clarence Stedman insisted that they should be given to the world.

The most recent volume, "Reed Voices," by James B. Kenyon, has just been issued from the press. Included with numbers of this excellent collection of verses are a number by the author, taken from *Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's*, *Harper's*, *Munsey's*, *Smart Set* and other high-class publications.

\$1.25 net. James T. White & Co., New York.

"English B." by Agnes Porter.

Being brief records in verse of a student's intellectual and emotional adventures the first years out of the classroom. Leaving the friendly steps of the classroom, "English B," he blunders abruptly into life, only to withdraw a minute later into the old conceits of childhood. He thinks that by lighting The Blue Flame around the Christmas Pudding he can banish the apparitions of life. But he has forgotten how to play.

Turning To the Young, he warns them what queer things happen when the old nursery door closes "forever, with a slam that mocks." Now the door is shut, the adventurer must settle down before the coal fire of the world to try and get used to his Tenantry. He comes upon many mysteries and upsetting things, but finds surprising charms here and there, and Blue Lilies. And he finds life to a great extent.

\$1 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Fun with the Fairies," by E. Geraldine Berkeley.

The crowning glory of these fairy adventures is a trip to see—hush—Santa Claus! And Emily and Johnnie are invited as special guests of the fairy queen. What more could be desired? The visit with dear Mr. and Mrs. Santa Claus is as full of surprises and delights as a proper currant cake. There are little Wow Wow and Fluffy, the fairy puppy and kitten, for

instance. And among other things, Johnnie climbs into the engine cab (every one is tiny in Fairyland) and takes Emily and the fairies to ride in a toy train.

A book that ten-year-olds, both boys and girls, will enjoy.

\$1 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Children's Lark," by Leila France.

To those children and grown-ups who love music and birds, especially larks, this little book will bring perennial delight. Song themes of larks, taken from the meadow larks of California. These larks sing all the year, from daylight to dark, and contribute a great variety of themes. Words accompany these themes and are written to suit young children's taste. Thirty-four themes with appropriate titles, are given.

Published by Elite Music Co., Los Altos, Cal.

"The Land Where the Sunsets Go," by Orville H. Leonard.

"The Land Where the Sunsets Go" is not fiction, but a true description of the American Desert. Those who know this desert will shake hands with it again, and those who do not know it will see it for the first time truly. Readers who care for the terse and the laconic will not be disappointed in these sketches and bits of philosophy, in these stark tales and gripping poems.

The West is changing every day, but it has its backwaters as the East has. Into one of these the author drifted, and lived long enough to love the rugged country and its widely scattered people. There he met and fraternized with the desert rat, the keen prospector and the hobo miner, and later, when his duties took him across the mighty mountain wall that separates the desert from the semi-arid country, he met the hunter and the placer miner and the cattleman, and he has presented them in true and vivid colors. They

told him weird and stirring tales as they rode the trails with him. These he treasured and set down. The stars that seemed to bend so near the sands out there whispered to him, and the tales they told he set down also. In his poems and stories the coyote gives his eery howl, the mountains speak, the pines stand strong and quiet, and bring their own soothing messages.

\$1.35 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Evergreen Tree," by Percy Mackaye.

Percy Mackaye transmutes all earthly things and actions into the spiritual and ethical. In this instance he has grasped the theme of the great world's war, and through the magic help of the evergreen tree he endeavors by use of antic mirth, naive awe of paganism, the joy and passion of Christianity as marks both happy and tragic, which the folk spirit of Childhood has worn for ages, and shall wear for ages to come, in ritual of a tree that never dies. In the present dramatic conflict, for us as participants, he finds his theme, not of the drama, but of communal life, the action of which is a battle and a prayer. Accordingly his masque, he believes, fits in with the time. The masque is given in twelve actions. There are twenty persons in the cast, from Elf, Gnome, Tree, to Sorrow, Death. Poverty and four groups of people. The action is punctuated with choruses and carols.

Through the twenty characters he gradually develops his Christian purpose, touched with pagan themes. Illustrations in black and white and in colors illuminate the book.

D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Golden Songs of the Golden State,"
Selected by Marguerite Wilkinson.

The author frankly states that she had two purposes in publishing this unusually attractive collection of verses for those who love California and for those who weave her themes into poetry; first to make an interesting book.

and second, to give to all who may desire it a volume of poems that sing and celebrate the traditions, the life, and the great beauty of one of the greatest commonwealths in the Union. All of these things have inspired California poets and visiting poets, as readers of the book will find. Many songs of many singers bear witness to this beauty. A large anthology could be made of the poems that have been written about one flower—the *eschscholtzia*, California poppy. It is the duty of the anthologist to choose the coins of best metal, best minted in this treasury of verbal expression, and that is what the author has endeavored with fine selection to do.

Some rare old translations of famous early Spanish California are included in the volume; they contribute the original native color and imagination of the padre period. Some of these poems were taken from the early volumes of *Overland Monthly*. The author has made a notably good selection, something worth while to put in the California corner of your library.

\$1.50 net. A. C. McClurg, Chicago.

"Green Fruit," by John Peale Bishop.

The beauty of these poems is classic and stately, with the unhurried, colorful, perfumed exquisiteness of green-clipt, cloistered gardens and of lovely women in rich brocades, with the courtly gallantry of powdered wigs and plated ruffs, with the art of a tapestry where ugliness is left out and beauty emphasized. The greatest appeal of the volume is rather to the senses than to the emotions—and, it might be said in passing, not infrequently as much to the eye as to the ear; the author has an instinct for words that paint as well as for rhythm.

80 cents net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Supremacy of Life," by W. S. Harrison.

A poem in Miltonian vein, contemplating the wonders of life, of God, creation, the earth and all its number-

less counterparts, sin, salvation, heaven and hell. In Book One the author would grasp something of the magnitude of life, and of infinity of time and boundlessness of space as giving some conception of the greatness of God, who is Life to all things. In the second book he beholds in a vision the glories of space, and philosophizes upon the overwhelming vastness of nature and the necessity for redemption to precede the creation of any life capable of sin. In the third book, worlds in the making are viewed, from an unused void to a newly completed world.

\$1.25 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"The Cruise of the Corwin, Journal of the Arctic Expedition of 1881 in Search of De Long and the Jeanette," by John Muir. Edited by William Frederic Bade.

John Muir, who joined the first search expedition from San Francisco, had achieved distinction by his glacial studies in the Sierra Nevada and in Alaska. The Corwin expedition afforded him a coveted opportunity to cruise among the islands of the Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean, and to visit the frost-bitten shores of north-eastern Alaska. The events that led up to the memorable cruise of the Corwin in 1881 and the hunt for the lost Arctic explorer, De Long, and his ship, the Jeanette. How keenly Muir appreciated the possibilities of the unknown Arctic land which they reached may be seen in the fourteenth chapter of the volume. To this time, nothing was known about Wrangell Land except its existence.

During the cruise Muir kept a daily record of his experiences and observations in this strange land. His note books contain a large amount of interesting literary and scientific material which has not been published. Muir's primary object in joining the Corwin expedition was to look for evidence of glaciation in the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions, and this volume

gathers up the results of his glacial studies and discoveries. Beside the illustrative drawings on glaciation in the Far North his note books contain numerous interesting sketches of geological and topographical features of Arctic landscapes. Freely illustrated with photographs and sketches.

\$2.75 net. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"Songs of the Heart and Soul," by Jos. Roland Piatt.

Songs of auld lang syne are many of these, with something of the quality of Eugene Wood's prose in the reminiscences of boyhood and sweethearting days—the quality that brings a laugh and a lump together to the throat as old scenes and characters, dear still but laughable as well, viewed through the vista of years, are sketched.

\$1.25 net. Sherman, French & Co.,

"Flashlights," by Margaret Babcock.

These verses sing the faith and hope of Christian Science. They are the apostles of glad tidings; the Good in everything is their inspiration; the triumph and reality of that Good is their message. Theirs is the gospel of kindness and helpfulness one to another. They would banish wrong, proclaim peace; replace fear with courage, despair with hope, hate with love, sickness with health, ignorance with knowledge. Believing that the world is too full of tears, they would pass on a smile to brighten the years and help others to see a better day.

\$1.25 net. Sherman, French & Co.,

"Poems," by Carroll Aikins.

There is much out-of-doors in the book, the generous, open spaces of the West, rather than the thickly wooded and more elaborate nature of the East. Particularly noticeable is the restraint and spirituality of its love songs, a quality rather unusual in modern poetry, where passion of sex is frequently the dominant note and the one reason for being.

75 cents net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

"Exposition Memories," by George Wharton James.

Herein Dr. James has caught the spirit of the San Diego Exposition, a spirit more original and reflective of California than was the spirit of the Panama-Pacific Exposition held in San Francisco. It presented more in common with the surroundings, a distinctive atmosphere and the spirit of the Old Missions, of Ramona and the Spanish Conquistadores; the spirit of the Indian villages of the Painted Desert. Its acreage was blossomed with the rich, luxurious native flowers of Southern California. These requisites, and much more, made the San Diego Exposition such a natural success, was the artistic, educational and devoted spirit of those choice men and women who devoted their time, energies and altruistic ideas in producing constructive success. The California Literature Class, and the noble series of California Authors' Days are carefully set forth in their proper relation and merit in their historical volume. One-half of this excellent book is devoted rightly to the San Diego writers and their work, with apt biographical sketches practically up to date. Excellent photographs of the famous views of the beautiful structures of the Exposition and photographs of many of the authors liberally fill the volume. An excellent index includes the names of authors and the prominent buildings and places in the Exposition ground.

\$2 net. The Radiant Life Press, Pasadena, Cal.

"The Indian's Secret of Health," by George Wharton James, author of the "Painted Desert Region," "Indian Basketry and their Makers," "In and Out of the Old Missions of California," etc.

This is a new and enlarged edition of Dr. James's former popular volume of the same title. New and very useful matter of like material of importance has been liberally added. The book is merely suggestive, and the

author readily admits that the field is much larger than he has gleaned. He declares that everything he has stated is strictly within the bounds of truth: he has written only what he knows to be a fact, and this will, of course, largely strengthen the faith of the reader.

The author's key question is "Why should we not add to the best of our civilization these good things of the Indians? If I can live healthily and happily, I certainly desire to live long, and I believe that in this book I have pointed out at least some of the important reasons why the Indians' life is healthy, happy and long. To this new edition I have added a chapter on the mental qualities of the Indian, which I think will be a revelation to thousands of readers."

In clear and logical sequences Dr. James describes the life of the Indian in his natural surroundings, and the special customs that so readily make for his splendid physical health—when not abused by practices of his white fellows. These subjects cover deep breathing, out of door life, sleeping out of doors, walking, riding and climbing, "in rain and dirt," physical labor among men, women and children; diet, education, hospitality; certain social traits and customs; luxuries, the sex question; the Indian squaw and her baby; the sanctity of nudity, mental poise and self-restraint; affectations, art work, religious worship, immortality and mentality. It is a book worth while in every family seeking health and happiness. Fully illustrated with photographs and sketches.

\$2.50 net. Radiant Life Press, Pasadena, Cal.

"A Voice from the Silence," by Anna B. Bensen, with an introduction by Bishop Charles H. Brent.

A sustained note of triumph is the first impression of these poems, yet few even of the legions who have found satisfaction in them upon their appearance in current magazines, have been aware of the peculiar circumstances

surrounding their writing. Since early youth the author has been shut out from human society by absolute deafness and by a dimness of sight so great that she is unable to move abroad

alone. That in itself does not make her work poetry; it simply increases the wonder of her singing.

\$1.00 net. Sherman, French & Co., Boston.

IN ENGLAND

Today the lonely winds are loose,
And crying goes the rain,
And here we walk the fields they knew,
The Dead who died in pain.
The fields that wait the slow hours long
For sounds that shall not come—
In other fields, in other earth
The laughing hearts lie dumb.

And—

There are silent homes in England now,
And wakeful eyes in England, now,
And tired hearts in England, now,
Unhailed by fife or drum.

There are crocuses at Nottingham
And jonquils in the South,
And any Dorset child may press
A snowdrop to her mouth.

The broken flesh that Flanders keeps,
It, too, may have its flowers,
But are they haunted, memory-sad
As these new buds of ours?

For—

There are ghosts abroad in England, now,
And crying winds in England, now,
And none forget in England, now,
The wasted lives and powers.

Here, we who cannot even die
Live out our emptied days—
The maimed, the blind, the witless, throng
Our unassaulted ways.
Around our lives, the broken lives
Like worthless toys down-thrown,
And they were dropped in Hell, whilst here
The early flowers had blown.

But—

Our hearts are pierced in England, now,
And none forget in England, now,
That redder seed than England's now
In Flanders earth is sown!

MAY O'ROURKE.

Overland Monthly

MARCH 1938

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By Robert Aiken

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Paducah Indian Fountain, Paducah, Kentucky.
Modeled by Lorado Taft.



The medicine man

Cyrus E. Dallin, Sculptor.



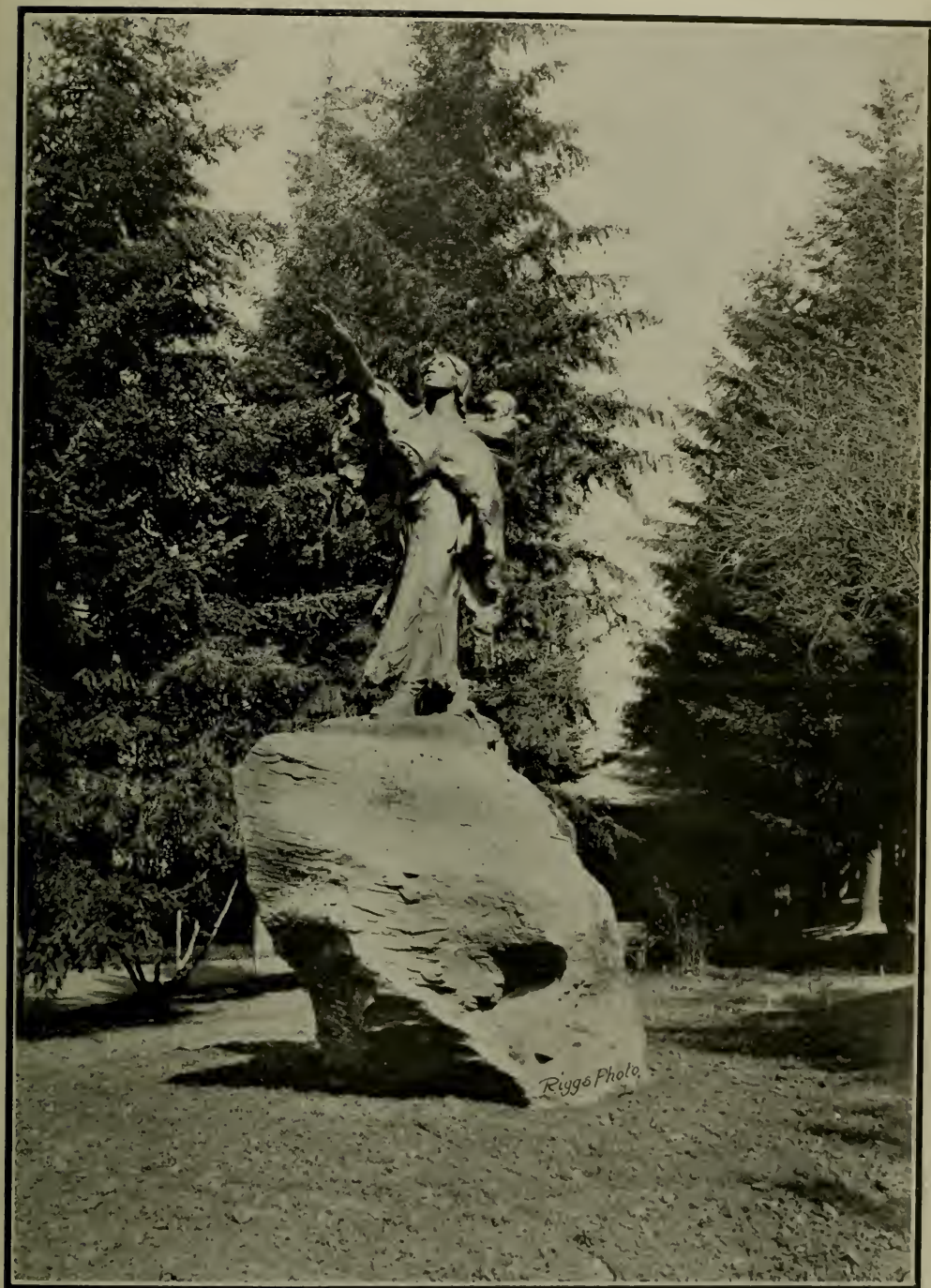
Mounted cowboy.

By Frederick J. Remington.



Coming of the White Man

Herman A. McNeil, Sculptor.



Sacajamea, the Bird Woman.

Alice Cooper, Sculptor.



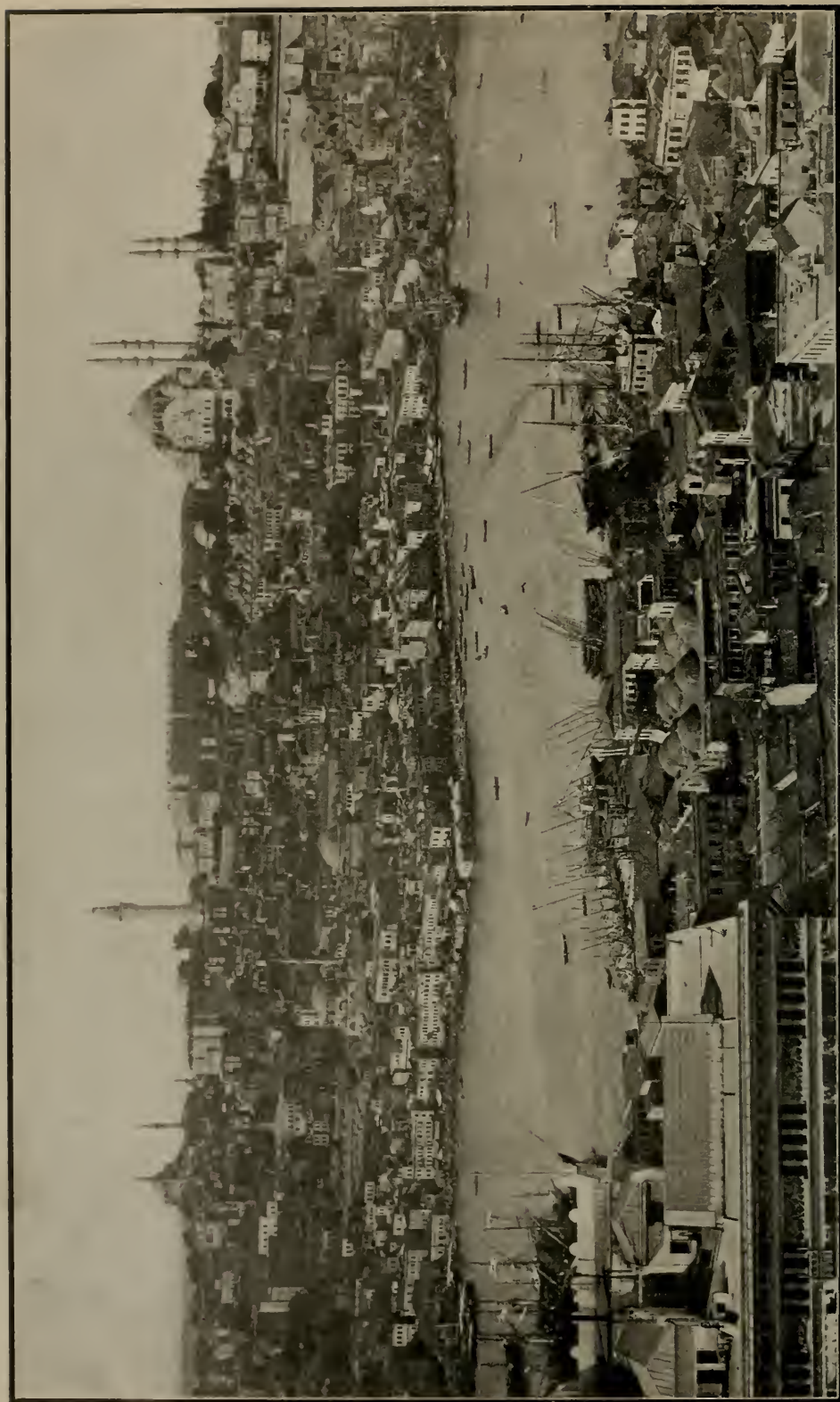
Aztec sun worshipers.

Louis A. Gudebrod, Sculptor.



Chief Mahaska, Oskaloosa, Iowa

Sherry E. Fry, Sculptor.



A section of the famous Golden Horn on the Bosphorus.



The City of the Lord of the Two Seas

By Katherine Elwes Thomas

CONSTANTINOPLE is a city upon which the hand of the quick exerts less of moulding power than that of the mighty dead.

For sixteen miles it lies its lovely way along the Bosphorus. At first sight a dream of witchery, forever thereafter a wondrous, never to be obliterated memory. A place of violent contrasts, of riotous gaiety and somber bloom, in which every nationality under the sun lives and moves and has its being.

The rainbow, shattered to myriad fragments, showers itself upon the gorgeously hued crowd. Look where you will, by whatsoever road you move, color goes by you in waves, surges under, over and about until mellow with the intoxication, you are one with it—one of the six bits of colored glass shaken together in the tube to form ever-changing, always new, combinations of this vast human kaleidoscope.

No one during any length of stay in Constantinople may ever really behold all things or adequately take in the city's magnificence of color. At most, you may but catch gorgeous, tantalizing flashes, for when upon the morrow you set forth again to take up the fascinating task of yesterday, you find that all is changed. The kaleidoscope has been vigorously shaken, and

through the new day's prism you look upon a strange, new agglomeration.

The perfection of civilization flourishes side by side with untrammelled barbarism within that smaller section of the city about which extend the ancient walls, for there is gathered a population of Asiatic races as varied as those which wandered forth over the world from the Tower of Babel.

The juxtaposition of sunshine and shadow are in no country of the universe more strongly defined, more keenly apparent at every turn than in the capital of Turkey, where never under any circumstances should you start for briefest of pedestrian tours without observing the precaution of shoeing yourself with genuine British solidity. This is necessary from the fact that walk in whatever direction you may, you will encounter mud of amazing quantity, and even more surprising hue and malodiferousness.

Under such conditions, you will involuntarily pause more than once in the course of a day before some alluring cafe to refresh yourself with delicious sips of black coffee. If you are a man, you will as naturally join the smokers, and puff away at the long, variegated pipes, the enjoyment of which adds perceptible quota to the dolce far niente mood in which you find



Along a strip of shoe stores.

yourself steeped to the very finger tips. You will not be alone in this, for no cafe seems ever to be quite deserted, or without its little circle of smokers sitting dreaming in the sunlight. And when you come to know Constantinople, even the least bit, you will recognize the wisdom of so-calling these pleasant halts along the way, for the chances are that the next considerable bit lies up and down primitively cut steps in the solid rock, forming that portion of the roadway over which you have elected to pass.

You are rarely destined to ennui from monotony of the dead level either as to surroundings or streets, for when you are not descending steps or climbing by slippery, inadequate footholds, you are torn with doubt as to whether or not stoutest of shoe leather will stand the strain necessary to reach the desired stretch of level.

Go in what section you will, you are likely at the next turn from a densely

packed portion of the city to come suddenly on the steepest of hillsides, from which the rural beauty of forest and field stretches between you and that next hillside which is a continuation of the metropolis.

Now and again you will encounter a street composed entirely of stone steps so like to Naples that you will rub your eyes and wonder if, after all, you can catch far, faint glimpses of Capri. Above your head is the same lapis lazuli sky line, a long strip visible between closely built houses, the outer plastered walls of which softly suffuse the surrounding space with every shade of the prismatic coloring toned and graded by centuries of sun and storm.

Between you and that narrow slit of cerulean overhead, hang the lines upon which the washings of many nationalities and degrees of cleanliness stretch to the breeze. Beside you on either side gambol dark-eyed children,



Turkish shop of merchants of Broussa.

while all too heavily laden donkeys carefully pick their way up and down the worn surface of the steps. Here and there in the doorways men and women idly loll, as back and forth from each tier of the human rabbit warrens toss the cadence of animated voices. Some one sings, perhaps, hidden from sight in the dark recess of a tiny room near one of the flat roofs. The twanging of mandolin and guitar wanders out to mingle with the seething murmur of life and stir of motion. Is it any marvel that again and again you rub your eyes, wondering if, after all, this is genuinely real or part of some fascinating dream.

Constantinople is, indeed of all places, one of dreams, in which the complexities of civilization ancient and modern contend for supremacy. A place of unrivaled beauty, of fabled riches, of appalling poverty, of satanic ugliness, of supernal heights of intel-

lectual delights, of abysmal depths of insurmountable ignorance, and all its sad train of evils engendered of the ineradicable traits and ideas of caste. Moorish palaces, Swiss chalets, Japanese huts and Turkish kiosks, side by side, go to make up the general street front effects of this strange spot, wherein from stretches of radiant brightness one comes ever upon the gloom of frequent and sadly despoiled cemeteries.

The turtle dove consecrated by Turkish imagination especially to lovers are to be found surprisingly abundant in the cemeteries of Constantinople. The ravens, which might more appropriately make their homes in such places are ever to be found loudly croaking from the castle of the Seven Towers, where to such jarring sounds they add the noisy creaking of their ponderous sable wings.

And everywhere infesting the streets



Facade of the Mosque Schah-Zade.

is the countless legion of dogs busily intent upon their necessary scavenger duties. The city has for so long been designated a huge dog kennel as to lead to repeated inquiry on the part of the writer as to why this should be so. From a mass of contradictory rationale the most likely of all legendary accounts rendered would seem that which narrates that when through the breach in the gates of St. Rouman's there entered the conqueror, Muhammad, his following was for the most part composed of dogs.

Yet because the Koran sets forth the dog to be an unclean animal, it is asserted that no one in any part of Turkey will acknowledge himself the owner of one of this vast canine army.

If you journey to Constantinople with the idea that any one form of architecture will prevail, or that it is the Byzantine which predominates, you will return to the West with vastly dif-

ferent knowledge. Asiatic, Arabian and Persian virtually are in the ascendant. In this place of all enchantment and complete disenchantment, with ever the unaccustomed to lure you on, you will find within the City of the Sultans, "the Lords of two seas and two worlds," such variety of structure as may be encountered in no other one place.

Scarce will you have feasted your eyes upon the lace-like intricacies of minaret, dome and spire of Turkish designing, than glancing to the right or left, you are confounded by the staidness and uncompromising austerity of an English palace. Then on again, and all that is transporting to the senses greets you in the occidentalism of a Moorish structure. A Chinese pagoda here and there rears its alluring lines and curves in the air. Italian villas dot the landscape. Swiss chalets perch high upon some distant hillside, until.



Sultan Baya-Zed Mosque.

with multiplicity of drastic change, meeting the eye at each fresh turn, the brain surges a composite mass of architecture.

Beside the completed buildings of this city of a by-gone age, startlingly fresh and new-made, are the ant-hill like additions which on all sides go to make up the place as the world knows it today. At every point of the compass, in splendid preservation, structures that have stood the test of centuries, others on which is would appear Time had its full set of teeth in active gnawing operation. Besides these are the yawning chasms from which there will shortly rise in pride the palaces of to-morrow's millions.

A monastery of dervishes dwells in neighborly touch with the gaudily decorated facade of a theatre above the doors of which is a Chinese pagoda. With your nostrils sweet with a thousand varying deliciousnesses of scented bloom, you are at the next step almost

suffocated with stench, each outrivaling the other in vileness.

Below the mosque of the Valideh Sultan is the quarter of a mile long floating bridge which connects the Golden Horn with the opposite shore at the point of Galata. And in daily traffic over this bridge there passes one hundred thousand feet. Merely a quarter of a mile long, yet upon the one side at Stamboul the throbbings news of the outside world must halt, since it may not pass this portal to all that is so distinctly Asiatic it will apparently have naught of interchange either of news or interest that Europeanness of Christianity that permeates Galata and Pera upon the opposite shore.

When the women of the harem go for a drive across this bridge, or in fact anywhere about the streets, you may be in no manner of doubt as to their personality, for before them always rides a huge fellow, the chief eunuch, splendidly mounted, that all may hear and



One of the thousands of popular Turkish cafes.

heed, he lustily shouts: "Vardah! Vardah!" ("Make way!") And you will note quite plainly that beneath their voluminous white veils the women of the harem demurely seated in their gorgeous carriage, are appareled in gowns of violet and emerald hues. As often as not the ever-watchful eunuch, ever on the alert for such happening, will suddenly charge upon some inquisitively obtrusive fellow in the crowd who, all too persistent in his endeavors to attract attention of the Sultan's favorites, has thus drawn upon himself the altogether undesired notice of the eunuch.

Outside the circle of the harem, the day of the closely veiled Turkish woman is past, for veils are now practically discarded, in as much as they are thrust so far back as to leave the entire face exposed.

But the day of the harem is most perceptibly present, for the heavily

barred and grated windows of such establishments make at every few steps blind walls along the populous thoroughfares. It is with a gruesome suggestiveness that you note solemnly facing you from across the way the stones and funerary slabs of an over-populous cemetery.

Beneath some partially hidden recessed space of Arab workmanship there faintly flicker tiny lights of a shrine before which kneeling penitents send up propitiary prayers to the Madonna. Almost brushing one's elbows at times are encountered the disciples of Mahomet, praying, as they stand or walk, kneeling or falling prostrate upon their faces in abasement of spirit.

Around the corner, a gold bronze Buddha draws its worshipers close about. And even as you pause to gaze at such passing, strange polyglot of religious worship, the air is softly smitten with sound of far-off bells.



A typical family carriage in the country.

calling pagan and Christian to prayers in mosque and temple, Greek, Roman Catholic and Church of England, what you will. All are there.

The mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent is one of the most notable in Constantinople, and the favorite resort of professional mendicants. From the hill back of the villages of Kulehi and Vani rises the white kiosk in which this great personage spent three years of his life secreted in a solitary tower hiding from the spies and executioners of his father, Selim.

The variety of nationalities so freely encountered is a never changing source of interested conjecture. You may scarce stroll the length of an ordinary city block without encountering the barbaric, Titan form of the full-blooded Cossack. Well-nigh run down by the rough figure and rougher manners of some heavily-set, scowling Russian, you are fairly precipitated into the

arms of Italy's softest-eyed, most gently comported Sicilian child of mellow warmth of temperament. Dark and swarthy, classic in feature and drapery, pace beside you Arab and Moor, with a Frenchman over the way bowing his suavest, or an Englishman, frigid with Mayfair's indelible stamp upon his salutation.

The masses of the Turkish race have great physical advantage over the leisure-loving, depraved ones of the upper classes. Both men and women impress with their strength, the brightness of their eyes, the clean-cut aquiline of nose and general bearing of dignified intelligence. The too fat, overgrown body, voluptuous lips, small head, low forehead and dull eyes of the classes is happily absent from the men and women of the people who, from necessity, lead what from the Eastern idea is to be regarded as an austere life.

The average melon sellers of Constantinople are superb looking specimens of the people, a very joy to look upon both in the matter of physique and temperament, for like the Italian, there is the ever ready smile to charm and lure one, whether or not they desire his wares, to purchase them.

And the Turkish traveling cart! Is there anywhere else in the universe any thing to compare with it for quaintness, and in its way, genuinely artistic work. Drawn by two snow-white oxen above whose heads sway many gorgeous tassels and jingling bells, every available portion of the cart and harness is literally covered with carving, overlaid many times with color, until naught but the chariot of the Queen of Love and Beauty of some prosperous circus is worthy even of mention in the same breath. The cart stands high from the ground, for if there are ugly bits of mud or water swept roads to be encountered, the Queens of Love and Beauty,



Group of mendicants at the door of Suleiman.

seated in this interesting vehicle, must be protected.

These queens of Love and Beauty, too, whom one meets traveling in such style in rural Turkey, with Constantinople for their goal, are genuine ones. The women of the household, properly habited and veiled, yet not so closely but that their bright eyes peep out at you until little by little, as their curiosity impels

them forward, and the veils are excitedly thrust out of their accustomed lines, you get an unobstructed view of the strong, handsome faces of these happy members of the household, all chattering like so many magpies.

When you start upon a shopping tour, new and strange experiences are in store for you. In the first place, you are not to go in one draper's shop for cloth, to find as elsewhere generally in the world that the boots and slippers you may desire are to be had from the adjoining shop. Nothing of the kind.

When you go upon purchase



Entrance to the Mosque Alik-Monotafa-Pasha



A street scene in Constantinople.

of cloth intent, you will find sellers of such wares congregated in a quarter devoted to woolen manufacture—a whole area of cloth sellers. After that you come upon a long street, from all open front shops of which dangle from hooks and upon stout cords such a multiplicity of footgear of every imaginable make and design as to cover even every unimaginable necessity of whole armies of wearers. Possibly but one long, wooden floor and the same roof covers the entire street of shoe shops. Yet divided by timber partitions, each one is a separate and distinct establishment, upon the floor of which, on folded rugs, sit several workmen with the proprietor conspicuously in the outer foreground, seated, it may be, upon an empty box or rush bottom chair. The shoes and boots are of a vaster variety of color than you would ever fancy adaptable to the uses of ordinary, every-day life. But what matters it. They are most effectively arranged. And the strong, fine faces of the merchants, large and small, is sufficient to attract the attention of the least observant.

Leaving the business centers as you walk along, there will come to you from the walled gardens so plentifully bestrewn about the city the scent of every sweetest flower having its home within the confines of the Sultan's kingdom. Many of these gardens, you will find to your astonishment, sweep acre after acre over hill and dale, until they reach the shores of the Bosphorus, to which run down a flight of steps, from the three-story apartments, where behind the grating is a harem. These gardens hold, with terraced effects of sunlight and bloom, stretches of dense forest, in which free as the wind, the wives and daughters of wealthy citizens ride with the untrameled grace of the Orient.

And from such gardens there float out upon the highways sweet bird notes that cease only at close of the long, amber-tinted twilights. Intermingled with the soft cooing of the ring doves may be heard imperative, saucy chirpings of sparrows, which by no means

confine their bold depredations of crumbs to those scattered within the enclosed spaces. Everywhere you will see these little chirpers about the bazars and cafes. And everywhere as well, adding to the charm of all things, the air on sunny days will be full of darting swallows and iris-throated pigeons strutting about in true Continental profusion.

Like the gondoliers of Venice, the oarsmen of the Bosphorus and Golden Horn are stalwart fellows, creatures of a strength of muscle only to be developed by their peculiarly calling. And assuredly, whatever else their qualifications, always good-looking and picturesquely adapted to their calling. Whenever you go by water about Constantinople, you will have your attention called in beaming pride to that point where, high up upon the Asiatic side of the Golden Horn, the four snow white minarets of St. Sophia stand boldly out against the heavens. You will discover then that in some subtly strange manner the ultramarine of the sky that holds the city in its cup-like rimming has communicated itself to the waters all about.

It matters not if here and there among its countless craft of busy water traffic there bobs at times a strange shapelessness of heavy webbing. You will not know unless one of the uninitiated tells you, that it is the dead body of some disloyal or further undesired favorite of the harem, who, with slit throat, is thus to float her way out to sea, safely sewn from sight in a coarse sack. This sight will not mar your enjoyment of the water's marvelous blueness, since you will not know its import. Not until, perchance, long after it has passed on its solemn, silent way. For at moment of its passing you will not have been told of the sack's contents. That would be impolite to so disturb intensity of your enjoyment of the lovely Bosphorus. It would as well have been disloyal and unwise in any guide to have so much as hinted that this abominable practice of the long ago is still existent, despite all official denials to the contrary.



Entrance gate to the Palace of Sweet Waters.

When from the towers there rings the alarm of fire in the city, you of the Western eyes may witness a proceeding so droll, so absolutely unbelievable as not only then, but forever after, to cause you to feel you have personally taken part in a Gilbert & Sullivan libretto.

While the tolling bells announce to the populace at large that a fire is in progress, and while the winds of heaven, fanning the flames, proceed unmolested on their way to spread conflagration and destruction, the engines of Constantinople repose in their accustomed places. No restive fire horse



A popular melon seller.

paws the stable door, straining with quick comprehension to dash for the place from which, by modern apparatus, the harness may be dropped upon their splendid, much-enduring backs. There are, alas, no electric button processes for speedy extinguishment of fires in Constantinople.

On the contrary, the ringing of bells is the occasion for much dignified

stretching of red tape, which, entwining itself about the feet of certain high officials, finally enmeshes itself upon the person of the Sultan.

At sounding of the alarm, certain lower officials must sally to the residences of the higher officials, and with profound salaams and much suave interchange of preliminary civilities, inform their superiors that it is the will

of Mahomet that a fire has broken out in the city. Upon receipt of such an important communication, the higher officials hasten in a body to the royal palace, where, seeking the presence of the Sultan, they convey to him, through various intermediary channels the fact that Mahomet has been pleased to allow a fire to break out in Constantinople. But that with his Serene Highness's permission will be conveyed to the lower officials that order whereby they may proceed to extinguish the flames. And until such royal favor has been granted, the fires of Constantinople must rage until, if it so chance, the entire city and its environs lie in ashes.

The gateway of the Imperial Palace at the Sweet Waters of Asia are a world-wonder in their splendor of design and delicacy of lace work of marble and bronze. This famous gateway leads to the grounds of the Sultan's summer kiosk at the Sweet Waters.

Not far from the square of the At Meidan stands the turbeh of Mahmud the Reformer, the central object of beauty in a garden of jassemine and roses. A garden in which the sunlight filters with such many toned golden richness of hues through ages-old trees, as just at first to make the traveler wonder if after all he is not walking in a trance through this region of delight.

Gilded gratings fill the window spaces, and from behind these one looks out upon the leading streets. To the interior decorations of carved marble and gilded bronze bas relief effects is added hangings of richest brocade. In the midst, beneath costliest of Parisian shawls, is the tomb of the Sultan whose name the mosque bears. Four ponderous silver candelabra are inlaid with mother-of-pearl. About the walls

are the ornate tombs of seven Sultans, with the Koran lettered in gold, lying upon the marvelously carved reading desk at the base of which rugs of great value cover the marble floor.

Three other mosques famed for their beauty of exterior and interior are those of Schah-Zade, Sultan Baya-Zed and Alik-Monotafa-Pasha.

When the course of your wanderings takes you to the old Seraglio which crowns the easternmost of the seven hills of Stamboul, that loveliest, which from its three seaward sides slopes in beauty to the Golden Horn, the mouth of the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora, there comes upon you a well-nigh unbreakable spell of sorcery. Before you is a gleam of sunlight, upon the domes and spires of Seraglio Hill. In your ears is the sound of splashing fountains, leaping and sparkling, the hush of slippered feet over the stones and mosaics of past glories of royal palaces.

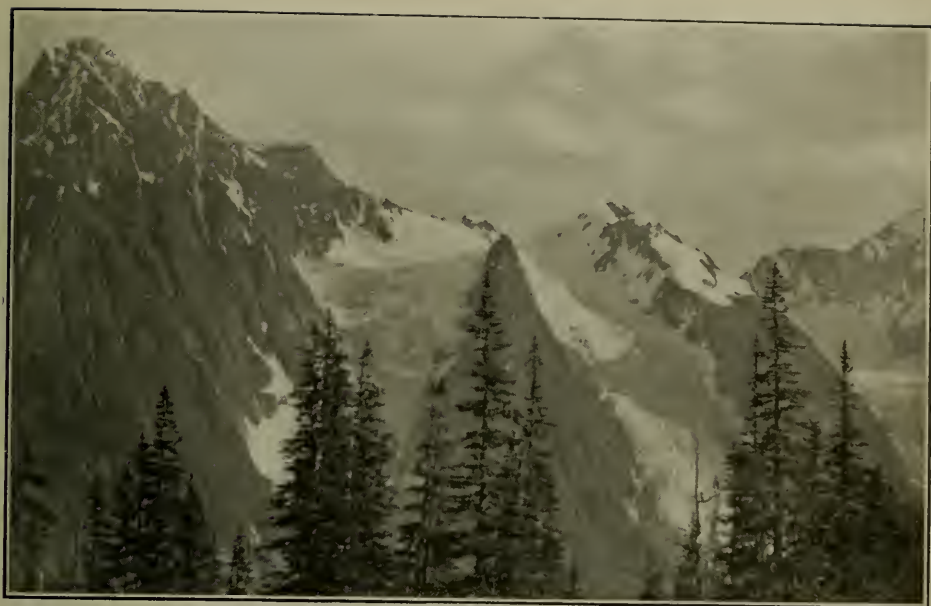
You are Aladdin of the old, old fairy tale, and you have rubbed the lamp to entralling brightness. The most beautiful, mystically fearful, awe-inspiring, fascinatingly lovely spot in all Constantinople is this old seraglio, fortress, sanctuary and palace; therein is concentrated and has been for ages past the heart of Islamism, the brains, wealth and greatest power of death-dealing intrigue in all Turkey.

And beyond these domes and spires, the whiteness of marble walls and many-toned blaze of architectural wonders there is a universe of purest sapphire. The sky is blue, the dancing waves of the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn have caught the cobalt of the universe, as in the distance the earth lines lose themselves in far, faint darkness of indigo.





"Civilization Advancing in the West." By Solon H. Borglum



In the mountain region.

Early British Columbia Stories

By Fred Lockley

A POINT of land juts out into the Columbia near Washougal, which is called Vancouver Point. One hundred and twenty-five years ago Lieutenant Broughton of the British Navy, while exploring what the Indians called "the Great River of the West," named this point after his commander. It marked the farthest point reached by Lieutenant Broughton, who made his trip up the mighty Columbia in the late fall of 1792. Eight years before, on October 19, 1784, there was born near Quebec a sturdy lad named John McLoughlin, who in later years was destined to play an important part in the history of the region, being visited by Lieutenant Broughton. He it was who, selecting the present site of Vancouver as the headquarters of the power-

ful Hudson Bay Company, took the name of Vancouver Point for his fort and trading post and gave to Vancouver its name.

The establishment of Vancouver as the commercial metropolis of the Pacific Northwest takes us back to the days of Charles II of England. On May 2, 1670, Charles II granted a charter "For the discovery of a new passage into the South Sea, and for finding some trade for furs, minerals and other considerable commodities," to a party of hardy sea rovers and adventurers. When it came to choosing a name for the company it was decided to grant the charter in the name of "The Governor and Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." So profitable was the trade in "furs, minerals and other con-



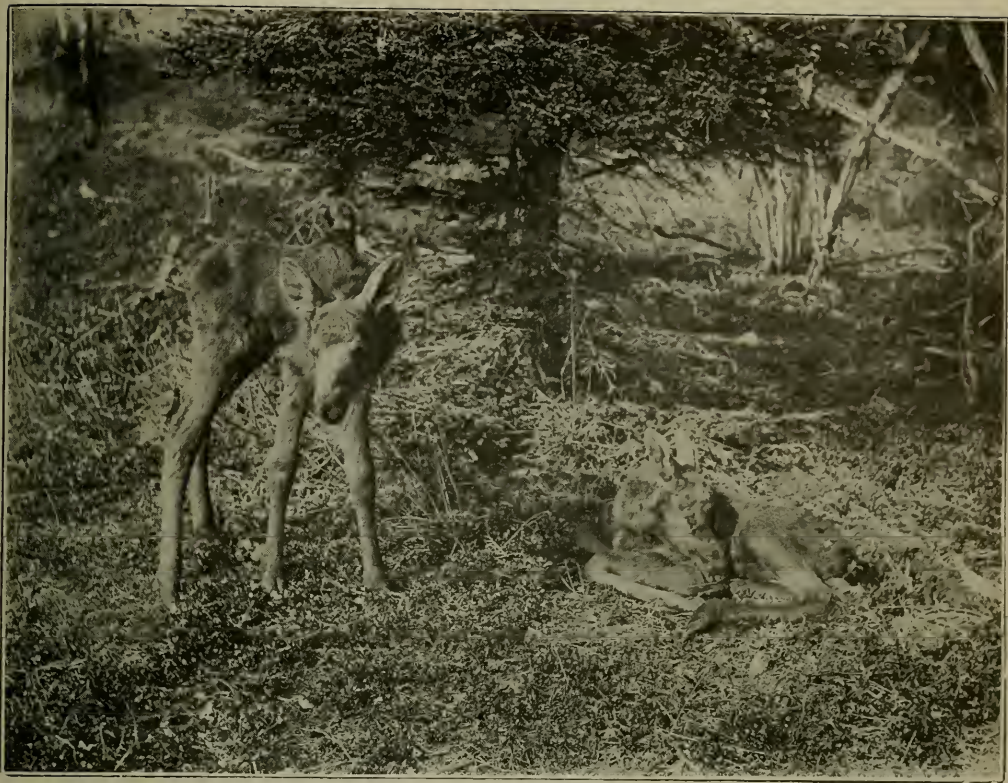
A seal rookery off the coast.

siderable commodities." that eventually there was organized a rival trading company called the Northwest Company, with headquarters in Montreal.

The Hudson Bay Company trapped and traded on the waters flowing into Hudson Bay, and dealt largely with the northern tribes of Indians. The Northwest Company was supposed to trade with the Indians of the Columbia River basin, but in reality the traders of the rival fur companies were constantly coming into conflict. So bitter did the rivalry become that to prevent further bitterness and bloodshed the British Parliament, on July 2, 1821, compelled the warring companies to unite. The Hudson Bay Company and the Northwest Company were merged under a shorter and more accurate title. "The Honorable Company of Merchant Adventurers Trading into

Hudson's Bay." The combined companies were given a license by Parliament, which was to run for twenty-one years, from December 21, 1821. Dr. John McLoughlin was made Chief Factor of the Western or Rocky Mountain Department of the combined fur trade territory. Prior to this consolidation the British factors of the Hudson Bay Company had been busy exploring and mapping the northern territory, as well as trading for furs. It was an Englishman, Hearn, who discovered the Coppermine River. In 1789 Mackenzie discovered the Peace River. Four years later he explored its headwaters. Frazer discovered the Frazer River, though it was left to a later Hudson Bay Company party to discover its mouth in 1824.

The Americans were confining their fur trading and exploring entirely to



In the woodlands.

the coast. Capt. Gray discovering the Columbia river in 1792, and with Captains Kendricks and Ingraham trading up and down the coast of what is now Oregon and Washington, trading bits of copper and iron and other trading goods for sea otter skins, beaver skins and other furs.

In 1805 and 1806 Captain Meriweather Lewis and Captain William Clark came overland and explored the Columbia River Basin. They camped near the shores of Vancouver Lake, about three miles from the present city of Vancouver, on November 14, 1805, and two days later they were looking at the tumbling breakers at the bar at the mouth of the Columbia River. They had reached the "bitter water" as the Indians called the ocean. In 1807 David Thompson, of the Northwest Company, had explored the Rend d'Creile and the Coer d'Alene country, and three years later he had establish-

ed the Spokane House. Meanwhile Andrew Henry, an employee of the Missouri Fur Company, had established a trading post on the Henry Fork of the Snake River in the Columbia River Basin in 1810. On April 12, 1811, John Jacob Astor founded Astoria, but the war of 1812 between England and the United States caused him to lose his interests there on October 16, 1813. On December 12, 1813, Captain Black, of the British Navy, took possession of Astoria, and re-named it Fort George. Just before this, however, the Northwest Company had bought all three of the American trading posts, Astoria, Fort Okanogan and Fort Spokane.

With the merging of the Northwest Company and the Hudson Bay Company, the officials began a relocation of the trading posts. Late in the fall of 1824 George Simpson, governor of the Hudson Bay Company, in company

with Dr. John McLoughlin, chief factor of the Rocky Mountain Department, visited their headquarters at Fort George at the mouth of the Columbia. During their visit the weather was continuously foggy or rainy, and believing the furs if stored there would mildew, they decided to establish new headquarters nearer to the Indians, with whom they traded, and in a more favorable location. Dr. McLoughlin surveyed the north bank of the Columbia River from its mouth to the Cascades, and finally chose a point six miles above the mouth of the Willamette River, the spot selected being

of Fort Vancouver in December, 1824. The work of building the log houses and the stockade was carried on during the winter, and by the spring of 1825 Fort Vancouver was the headquarters for the northwest end of the Hudson Bay Company. The site for the fort or stockade was on the first rising ground back from the river about a mile. Because the supplies that came by ship from England once a year and the furs that came by batteau from the upper country had to be carried a mile from the river bank to the fort, and because all water for the fort had to be hauled from the river, Dr. Mc-



Along the shore.

about a mile east of the present site of Vancouver Barracks.

To Dr. McLoughlin was given the task of ruling over a region of unknown extent, and of administering justice to hundreds of employees and thousands of Indians. He had supreme authority and jurisdiction in military and civil affairs. His attributes were almost those of sovereign government, so it is little wonder that the Indians looked upon "The White Headed Eagle," as they called him, as "King of the Columbia."

Dr. McLoughlin began the building

Loughlin decided to move nearer to the river. New buildings were therefore put up a few hundred yards back from the river bank. The stockade was 750 feet long and 500 feet broad, and consisted of logs set on end in a trench. The wall was twenty feet high, and was well built for defense against attack, though in all its history of more than ninety years Vancouver has never been attacked. There were forty buildings within the stockade, all built of logs with the solitary exception of the powder magazine which was of hewed stone and brick. All of the



Masks used by natives in ceremonial practices.

buildings were of one story except the large log house used as the Governor's residence, which was two stories high. Just outside the stockade were sixty log houses for the married mechanics and servants as well as the boat house, the salmon house, the dairy barns, the threshing mill house and the granaries.

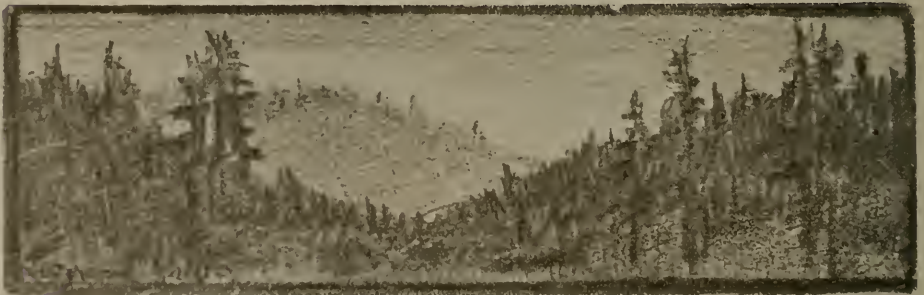
Ten years later more than 1500 acres surrounding Fort Vancouver were in cultivation. More than 3,000 head of cattle and about 2,500 head of sheep were grazing in the fields and meadows of the Hudson Bay Company while over 300 brood mares and as many dairy cattle were cared for in the barns and stables of the company. In addition to this there were several hundred head of dairy cattle on Apato Island.

The butter from this dairy herd, as well as the wheat and barley, found ready sale at Fort Wrangel and at other Alaskan points. Six miles up the Columbia Dr. McLoughlin had established a grist mill and a saw mill and the company's ships sent flour, dried salmon and lumber to the Sandwich Islands. From 1824 to 1846 so just and firm was the control of Dr. McLoughlin over the Indians that there was no Indian trouble and from 1824 to 1847, when the Hudson Bay Company moved its headquarters to Victoria, Vancouver was the commercial metropolis of the Pacific Northwest. At about the time of the coming of Jason Lee as a missionary to the Indians of the Oregon country the Hudson Bay Company was shipping annually to



A cormorant and its young.

London furs to the value of about a million dollars.



Their Mutual Sacrifice

By Arthur L. Dahl

BOB WARE had never been so happy in his life. As he came down the steps from his law office on the second floor of the Bank Building and walked vigorously out the elm-lined street, his heart was singing as gladly as the birds in the branches overhead. It has been said that there are only three great events in a man's life—when he is born, when he marries and when he dies. Ware would have added a fourth—when a lawyer wins his first big case.

It had been a long, bitter fight against great odds and with able antagonists—but he had won. That was the main thing, and the resulting fee and prestige were secondary for the time being. He realized, however, that if he had not earned the big check that was coming he would not now be on his way to plead his second and his biggest case.

His happy thoughts were interrupted by a hearty slap on the back and a jovial "Bless my soul—tearing along like a blind bull. Has the sudden success made you forget all your friends, Mr. Lawyer?"

Ware came to with a start. Grasping the outstretched hand of his smiling challenger, he sheepishly begged pardon for his preoccupation and fell into step with his companion.

"Seriously, Ware, I want to offer my sincere congratulations on your victory. In beating old Grimes you have licked one of the shrewdest members of the State bar. I hope the victory means something to you in a financial way."

"Judged by your city standards, perhaps it would not seem much, but to me it will mean a great deal—a great deal."

"Do you know, Ware, I think you are wasting your time in this little place. You have talent, a good presence and a splendid voice. Why don't you come over to New York where you will find a field worthy of your efforts? I can help you a lot, and it will be a pleasure to do so."

"Thanks, old man. It's good of you. Perhaps I could succeed better in a larger place, but somehow that kind of success never appealed to me. Of course, I want to succeed in my profession, but I want to do it right here where I am known and where I have spent all my life. This is my world—it contains all that I love and hold dear, and I ask nothing better than to be allowed to live out my allotted span within the quiet precincts of old Maysville."

"Why, you will never know what life is if you stay here," rejoined his companion, vehemently. "You want to be pitted against big men to get the glow and the spirit of life, and you can only do that in a big city. Think it over, my boy."

"Perhaps you are right, from your point of view, Mr. Wilson, but to my way of thinking human life is very much the same everywhere, no matter what the environment is. We act and feel and have the measles the same in Maysville as in New York, only our living is not under the same degree of pressure. To you blase New Yorkers, a gala performance at the opera does not produce the thrill we feel in witnessing the exploits of Mary Pickford at the movies. Instead of the music of your symphonies we have the twittering of the birds and the hum of the bees, and to us it is as sweet. Why, the sky might as well not have

any stars so far as you folks are concerned—you can't see them. To me they are the most beautiful things in the world."

"Well, I'm glad all the inhabitants of this sleepy burg don't think as you do," replied Mr. Wilson, somewhat testily. But a smile lighted up his face again as he observed the approach of a youthful form through the shrubbery.

"Has Uncle Will told you, Bob?" were the words of greeting hurled at the young lawyer, as he removed his hat and reached out an eager hand to grasp the warm one extended to him.

"No, I'll leave that to you," dryly replied the older man, as he passed on through the gate that led to a comfortable home, surrounded by flowers and low-spreading trees.

"Oh, Bob, what do you think," continued the girl, her great blue eyes shining with excitement, and her clear, transparent skin flushed with the rich blood that flowed tumultuously beneath. "I'm going back to New York with Uncle Will when he leaves tomorrow. He says it's a shame for me not to cultivate my voice and make a great artist out of myself. He knows just lot of theatrical people, and he's going to have my voice cultivated and then get me an engagement at the opera. Oh, isn't it just lovely!" Ruth Wilson danced for glee on the grass.

The gladness of Bob's heart and the joyous tingling of his nerves slowly died away. Where was his victory of to-day—where his plans and hopes for to-night? His thoughts refused to obey him. He remained silent.

"Oh, forgive me, Bob," Ruth cried, as she saw his smiling, eager face turn to a leaden hue. She misunderstood the cause, and with tenderness in her voice continued, laying her hand upon his arm: "It was thoughtless of me to forget your great victory of to-day. I'm so glad. It was wonderful, and I think you are the finest and most brilliant lawyer in the country. But I was so excited about my going away that I forgot to congratulate you. Please forgive me."

"That is nothing Ruth. I wasn't thinking of that," replied Ware in a strained voice. "Of course I am glad to win," he continued, "but let's not talk about it now. Tell me about your going away. It is such a surprise it startled me out of my senses."

"Do you care, Bob, very much because I am going?" Ruth asked, her lips trembling and her cheeks mantling with color.

Before one of the thousand of burning words that struggled for utterance could be said, Ruth's father approached. He was eager to congratulate the young lawyer upon his success in the litigation that had been the biggest and most talked about event in the history of the local bar.

"You're a made man, Bob," exclaimed the beaming Wilson, as he patted Ware on the back. "I suppose you'll be running for Congress next, eh?"

"If he's got any sense he'll pull out for a town that's big enough for him," grunted Uncle Will, who had come up, savagely puffing at a big cigar.

"Don't mind him, Bob," laughed his brother. "Will thinks New York is the only place on earth, and the rest of the country is merely a truck garden to furnish its food and sustenance. But we know what it means to live in God's country, don't we?"

For the rest of the evening it seemed impossible for Bob to get a minute with Ruth alone. As was the custom of Maysville, neighbors dropped in for a chat, and the hours flew by and time for departure arrived.

In the semi-darkness of the lawn they all sat. Bob smoked on in silence, joining but little in the conversation. He wanted to think it all out in his own mind and determine what he ought to do. He loved Ruth Wilson with all the intensity of his being, and he had come tonight to ask her to be his wife. No thunderbolt from the sky could have been more sudden than the announcement of her intended departure. He knew that Ruth had an unusually fine voice, but no thought had been given to its development until the visit of her father's brother, a

successful New York business man. Did he owe it to her to leave her free to work out her own destiny through life, or should he exercise his masculine powers of persuasion and have her stay—and perhaps regret it all her life? Bob Ware was very honest—honest with himself and with every one else.

As the last lingering neighbor departed, and he found himself alone with the girl he loved, his decision was reached, and it was the trained lawyer, alert, cool, smiling and master of himself, that walked down the path to the gate with the slender girl at his side. As the gate was reached, Ruth became silent, waiting for Bob to speak. He stopped, and in the soft radiance of the moon, took the little hand that was so near his own. In a calm, gentle voice he said:

"Early this evening, Ruth, you asked me a question that I did not answer. You asked if your going would mean anything to me. Perhaps it was Providence that prevented my replying then, for it would have been different. I came here tonight with a very definite purpose in my mind and heart, but that purpose has been put aside by the trend of events. I believe there is but one thing for me to do, and that is to support your new step in life as heartily as I can. My own feelings in the matter we won't speak of. I wish you happiness and success in your new venture. Ruth, and my thoughts and best wishes will be with you constantly. Good-night."

Before the girl could stop him, he had pressed a fervent kiss upon her fingers, and passed out of the gate. She wanted to call him back, but the words stuck in her throat, and in a moment he passed into the darkness and was gone.

The next day Ruth left for New York. Although Ware called at the house early and stayed until train time yet he did not endeavor to be alone with Ruth, which fact somewhat chafed her. She had a feeling that he was playing a part and was doing his best to hide his real feelings, and woman-

like, she wanted to surprise it out of him. She created innumerable chances for strolls through the grounds, and along the quiet brook that meandered back of her father's house, but he always seemed more interested in what her uncle was planning for her in New York, or in listening to the chattering of the neighborhood girls who filtered in and out during the morning. True, his attitude and words and looks toward her were as tender as she could wish, but she felt that he had determined to wear a mask for her. For the first time since the wonderful vista of her trip had opened to her, she was sorry that she was going. Sometimes a terror would seize her heart as she thought of leaving those who had been so near and dear to her, and the sleepy little town assumed attractions it had never possessed before. But in the hustle and bustle of the final hour's preparations, these thoughts were cast aside. Soon the family carriage was waiting at the gate to take her to the depot. It was arranged that all the good-byes should be said at the house, and only her father drove them down to the train. Bob had planned to take the same train to a nearby town, where he had some business to attend to.

On the train Uncle Will early sought the smoking compartment, leaving the two young people together, and in spite of the presence of other passengers, Ware found it difficult to restrain himself from declaring his great love for the girl and asking her to be his wife. But he did not, and only too soon the station hove in sight, where he was to leave the train. Their parting was simply that of very good friends.

Ware had always been a great worker, but with Ruth gone he virtually slept at his office. His fame traveled over all the surrounding country, and he found himself engaged in important litigation in distant towns. Already he was being approached by the political wiseacres who picked him for a coming man and wanted to be able to say that they had discovered him. But Bob refused all such overtures, and devoted himself singly to the prac-

tice of the law. His natural talent as an orator was greatly developed by the numerous criminal trials in which he was engaged, giving him scope for the exercise of all of his faculties. But he was never too busy to write long, interesting letters to Ruth, giving her all the news of the little town, with such clarity and humor that she would sit and visualize the episodes as they were depicted to her.

In New York Ruth found herself in an entirely new world. Her uncle took her to a famous vocal teacher, who, after a rigid test, announced that she indeed had a splendid voice, and by hard work and strict living it could be developed into grand opera quality. The news served to restore Ruth to the height of enthusiasm, and she plunged into her work as heartily as Bob did into his. In due time her work began to bear fruit. As winter approached a series of concerts was given by the students and Ruth was chosen to take part in some of these. While these concerts were given merely to enable the pupils to gain poise and self-confidence by appearing before their friends, yet occasionally a critic or a theatrical manager would drop in to listen.

Bob was importuned to spend the holidays in New York, but declined, pleading an important case. The real reason was he did not want to trust himself in the presence of the girl he loved with an intensity that had grown by separation. Ruth attributed to her disappointment in his not coming the increased reluctance she felt in going on with her lessons. More and more enthusiastic commendation was showered upon her as her training continued. Already several managers had made inquiries about her. The future looked bright, indeed, and Uncle Will, as proud as a peacock of his niece, boasted at his clubs that soon he would be taking his friends to the opera to hear the girl he had discovered.

Ruth should have been happy, but she was not. She worked more conscientiously than ever.

Spring came. The long, hard win-

ter of study and training was at an end. The limpid purity of her tones had been clarified; the strength and power of her voice had been intensified and made more enduring, and there had crept into her songs a quality that was even greater than the natural gifts with which she was endowed. Her voice had a soul, and it touched and influenced all who heard it. So great was the delight of her teacher that he announced a special recital at which she alone would appear. All the big musical lights were invited, and a representative of the Metropolitan thought it desirable to confirm or disprove the rumors he had heard of the newly discovered star. Even an invitation drifted out to the little town of Maysville, unknown to the singer.

The night of the concert Ruth was radiantly beautiful. Her voice was superb, and the audience of notables from all professions fell under the spell of her charm. Seasoned opera goers declared that never had they heard such music as poured like a torrent from her open throat, or filtered like bird notes from her mobile lips. Her triumph was complete, and the stage was banked with flowers from admirers, while her teacher was besieged with offers of engagements. The Metropolitan scout determined that the rumors he had heard were more than confirmed, and his offer, too, was laid at the feet of the new star.

A representative from Maysville was there, but he did not at once make his presence known. It was not because he was not appropriately dressed—for no clubman was more immaculately attired. Perhaps it was because his train was late and he did not want to interrupt a box party.

But when the final number had been sung, and the last pair of white gloves had been ruined by the enthusiastic listeners, the man from Maysville worked his way toward the stage and joined the happy throng that surrounded the singer. Long before he reached her, she recognized him, and a new wave of color rose in her cheeks. In deference to the unspoken desire in

her eyes, the crowd fell away and permitted Ware to reach her side.

"I am so happy for you, Ruth," he said, as her gloved hand rested in his for an instant. "You were wonderful."

"Thanks, Bob. I'm so happy, too," and her eyes spoke more eloquently than her tongue.

"Wait for me, Bob," she continued, as he moved away to allow others to congratulate her; "you must go home with us."

"All right—I'll be delighted." And Ware joined the Wilsons as they talked with a group of friends.

It was very late before Bob found an opportunity of suggesting his departure. A supper had been laid for their return, and Uncle Will was like a boy in his delight at the outcome of the evening. He wanted to go over and over again the triumph of his little girl, and he was voluble about her future success. But Ware finally tore himself from the table, and seized his hat, declaring that if he did not start soon the sun would rise up to meet him.

Ruth went with him into the tiny reception hall leading from the apartment. When alone, a feeling of awkwardness seized both, and for a moment silence reigned. Then Bob took both her hands in his. "Little girl," he said, "I have known you all your life, and you have grown to be very dear to me. Your presence used to be as necessary to my well-being as my eyes or my hands. And it was like cutting off one of those when I saw you leave home to come here. But the sacrifice was worth it, for you are a great artist. A voice like yours belongs to the people, and I wish you the same

measure of joy in your new sphere of usefulness that I know will be your success.

He forced a smile. Her hands were still held within his grasp, and if she, too, had not been so tense and self-restrained, the pressure would have forced her to cry out in pain. But she did not notice it now.

"Bob, I too have made a sacrifice, but I am not strong enough to make a further one. I have stuck through my course of training in spite of the hungriest longings a human heart can experience. I did it not because I wanted to be a great artist, for the applause of the world, but I wanted to feel that I, too, could be a success, as you are a success. If God has given me a voice, as he has given you talent, I will use it in the field to which I am accustomed. I am going back to Maysville to stay."

"What—are you going home?" gasped Ware, his eyes shining with a new light. "But how about the Metropolitan offer? Surely you could not refuse to appear in grand opera, after all your work."

"Bob, listen. It has taken me many long months to learn that the only work worth doing is that which is guided by the heart. Professional singing before critical people is merely commercial—it is not guided by love. My voice in the choir loft of our little church, or in the homes of our friends will sound as sweet as it would from the stage of the theatre, and they need it more."

"And you're going home," repeated Bob in a dazed voice.

"Yes, dear, home to you." Her arms stole up around his neck, and she lifted her lips to his.



Jake

By H. C. Clinton

HE WAS thick-set, medium height, wide of shoulder, slouching in his movements, with rat-like green gray eyes, alert and quick, set too closely together; wide face, small mouth, pasty white complexion, thick black stiff hair that grew too far down on forehead and temples; a nose bent awry at the bridge from many cuffs and knocks, with nostrils impudently open like two holes into which to store the unsavory smells of the neighborhood. His slouch was like that of a lazy, powerful animal. On occasion his muscles, tautened, fully under control, lifted his body full 2 inches higher and revealed amazing latent strength. His ears, delicately formed, were placed close to his skull on either side of his wide, round head.

Coming with silent, hesitating tread over the rough pavement, his wide, low, hair-encroached forehead puckered in difficult thought. The street was narrow, tortuous, with high tenement, irregular buildings on either side. The hour, two on a damp spring morning. Dim lights glowed behind grimy basement windows. Street lamps were far apart and the fine mist added to the obscurity. Narrow alleys a few feet wide bisected the street at intervals. Into one of these he disappeared at the first sound of a footfall farther up the street. The swish of a woman's mackintosh as it passed his alley disturbed his self-absorption for a few minutes. He speculated as he followed on the unusual briskness and assurance of her walk. Past the saloon on the corner he did not go, but watched her cross the intersecting street and wait for a street car. A small dark worsted cap concealed her hair, but a street lamp, flaming up,

gave him a glimpse of steadfast gray eyes set in a clear-cut, happy looking youthful face. The strong chin was slightly elevated as she listened for the street car bell, her glance down the street cool and unafraid.

Gloom again settled down upon him as he retraced his steps. He leant his back against the damp wall, pushed his soft black hat over his eyes, and clasped his hands behind his head. The street woke to life as the inevitable dawn showed in the East. Jake climbed the rickety stairs at the side of the building, entered through an open door into an empty narrow hallway, up two flights of steps to a low garret room. On a pile of old quilts lay the wasted figure of a sleeping child of about eleven. A rickety washstand with broken bowl and pitcher, an oil stove on a wooden box, another pile of quilts, a small table and one chair comprised the furniture. He stretched out on his bedding. His entrance, quiet though it had been, waked the girl. Her great brown eyes regarded him. He would not look at her, his baby. Did she not know, wise in cruel poverty, that if he had food he would have rushed with it to her? His great strong body was one among many that winter to be ignored by the users of labor. For weeks he had had no work. He had that night tried begging, and barely escaped the policeman's stick by his marvelous, unexpected agility. Nothing remained but to go back to his old trade of house-breaking. This he superstitiously deferred. It was while serving time for this in an English prison that his child had received the injury to her back. His wife had deserted them both, not knowing, he thought bitterly, that part of the gold

he had hidden, and would, on his release, have this money to start life again. He had found Olga, his child, named for his Russian mother, with great difficulty, and brought her to New York. With little education, no skilled training, jobs had been infrequent and short. Dull, hopeless suffering, gripped him. His great brain power, checked and confined by inadequate ability to express itself in conscious thought, seethed and groaned through his emotional nature.

"I'll do it!" he ejaculated aloud. The battle had been too much for him. The glittering relief a few dollars would bring completely mastered him.

He rose, soothed the child, bathed her, gave her a drink of water, promised to return in a few minutes, and went out. He walked several blocks to a better neighborhood. Skillfully pocketing a bottle of milk from a door step, he walked close to a grocery store. The young clerk was taking in the morning supplies. On pretense of helping him he managed to transfer three eggs and some rolls to his pockets. Rapidly he made his way back to Olga. They had a hilarious breakfast. Olga's nature was like that of her mother, gay, bright, saucy, except for sudden reflections of her father's serious moods. All the love of his intense nature enwrapped his daughter.

Olga slept a refreshing sleep after her breakfast, and then announced her intention of getting up. She could walk a little, and when they were in funds it was she who got the meals. Good times followed. Fish from a fish-stall, fruit and vegetables, milk and bread from door-steps, and once in the wholesale district he had stumbled purposely over a crate of chickens, liberating them. The owner had flung him a dime for helping to collect them, not noting his bulging chest, where a quickly choked pullet lay. The dime had replenished their cooking oil. It was so easy to live by stealing, so hard to find work. More valuable articles provided rent—there were many pawnshops in his street, where no questions were asked.

It was down on the wharf that he got into trouble. In picking up a gentleman's suit case he found it unexpectedly heavy. His casual swing bumped the suit case into a row of empty milk bottles, a policeman's billy came crashing down on his head, and the clock made several complete revolutions before his befuddled mind realized the familiar walls of his cell.

He was free. The gentleman refused to prosecute. Dazed and stiff, he made his way back to his room. Olga was not there. He knew she did not venture far by herself. They had made no friends. The building they were in was occupied by a shifting conglomeration, chiefly men who slept most of the day. From door to door he sullenly enquired. No one knew anything. He went back to the room. He sat huddled on the chair. He threw himself on the quilts. He got up to hopefully question the dirty children in the street. He came back to stand helplessly by her bedding, regarding the empty depression where her little body had lain with such intensity of longing that he was exhausted. Like a great rudderless scow at the mercy of a storm tossed sea, the directing power of his mind was thwarted in its efforts to steer his reason into the harbor of probabilities. Without the anchor of her quick, understanding, sympathetic dependence on him, his concealed, vehement savagery awoke. Repossessed him. His wide, muscular hands opened and shut in a characteristic gesture. His palms were moist with his nervous sweating. The prison discipline only was strong enough to keep him from breaking everything in his path. He suffered quietly, stealthily. He wandered in and out of the neighborhood, ever returning to stare at the empty bed.

"Hi, there, you," said an excited man in his shirt-sleeves waving a spade at him. "Take this and dig for your life. There's been a cave-in and five men are buried." The quick glance of Jake's small eyes up and down the street before he mechanically took the spade and commenced to dig, revealed

a long line of excavation, broken where he was by the collapse of the center of the street. He dug furiously. Orders flew from the excited foreman of the laborers, to be obeyed instantly by the impressed workers. Jake's prodigious strength gained for him the first body. His spade missed the man's head by an inch. He threw down the spade, and burrowing around the man's head and shoulders, lifted him quickly out of the trench to willing hands above. The excitement of rewarded effort spurred him on. Soon the second man's hand came up with the spadeful of earth. He sprang to relieve him. He was like a giant machine. The men were stunned by the fall of sandy earth, but only bruised, not hurt seriously, and their rescue had been prompt enough to prevent their being smothered. When the last man was out, the foreman touched Jake's shoulder.

"Will you stay and take the place of one of those men? The pay is two dollars."

He nodded mechanically. Meanwhile the by-standers had passed the hat in the crowd for the volunteer rescuers. Jake's share was eight dollars. He took it awkwardly, speechless. He managed to pull off the black hat, and thus revealed the magnificent head, with its mean, sullen features and resentful glower. With natural revulsion the crowd turned their attention to the other workers. During the pause before the foreman got his men back into regular work, Jake stood apart, dejectedly recalling his misery.

All day he worked, promising to return next day. A regular laborer! Now that there was no use for it! Olga, Olga, where are your baby fingers? Where your light, quiet laugh, the droll, coquettish petting that tamed the difficult, brutish nature into slavish love?

Days passed. Night found him wandering the alleys and streets in discontented search. His great body was too healthy to crave alcohol, but his loneliness led him into the saloon at times. His glum silence, his pre-

occupation, his recognized strength, won him no acquaintances. He listened to the men.

They were talking one night about the advent of a settlement house in the neighborhood. One of the men complained bitterly of the manner in which a worker talked to his wife.

"Said we were dirty and lazy. Stood there and made my wife wash her own windows. As if my wife didn't know when to clean her own windows. Said the babies didn't have good food—they have as good as we do, and me working steady; jumped all over my wife for giving my baby a sip of beer. Took the littlest one off to the hospital to feed her up, she said. Yes, sir, my wife followed her to the street crying frightful, but the lady would not listen."

"I'd like to know by what right they come in our homes and upset things just because we ain't got money to live like they do?" said another.

"An' you'd orter seed the way one of them dames flashed 'round on a gang o' toughs what followed her. They backed water and faded. I was too far away to hear what she said," laughed another.

"They're cleaning up the neighborhood. Go into every house and room, even in the attics. Sometimes they leave the sick for the family to take care of, and sometimes they cart them off to the devil knows where."

Jake jumped, galvanized into taut, vivid nerve force, his breath coming and going like a bellows, his small, brilliant eyes fixed in fascination on the last speaker, as a great idea settled into his consciousness. Feeling the eyes of the men on him he threw down his money, and bolted through the door. Up and down the street, through the following nights, he slouched, peering so ferociously at every female form that they instinctively shrank from him. None were nurses. Only cases too desperately ill to be moved called the settlement nurses out at night. Jake's working hours were long. During the time he had sneaked with his stolen wares through the streets in day-

light he had been too self-absorbed to notice the busy, hurrying nurses who were only then invading the district. He remembered the assured, business-like young woman he had seen the night he had given up his hard won honesty. In his crude imagination she took the form of an avenging goddess. He convinced himself that she had stolen Olga out of a spirit of retaliation for his fall from grace. He planned all sorts of reprisals in revenge as he haunted the midnight streets. At last he saw her. Soft-footed he followed. Under a flickering street light he suddenly clutched her violently by the arm and swung her around facing the light.

"My baby, my baby, where's her?" his throaty, seldom used voice had a hard, harsh sound. The young woman stared open mouthed at the gleaming eyes so close to hers. She was startled out of all self-possession. A saloon door near them opened, and several men came out, laughing loudly. Instantly her training came to her rescue. Accustomed to dominating emotional, half-crazed patients under all conditions, she drew herself up haughtily.

"Let go my arm," she commanded, with contemptuous dignity. Her fearlessness had its effect. He let go, but stood threateningly over her. Three bar room toughs gathered around them, frankly curious. Her assurance was reinforced. Experience told her that men never sink so low that they fail to protect women of mercy, and she knew that the slightest violent move toward her on the part of this wild looking man would precipitate a battle with the three others.

"Tell me, what baby do you mean?" she said in a smoother voice. His dumbness was pitiful. His lips worked but no sound came. His hands opened and shut, his body quivered, his eyes glared at her.

"Speak up, bo, tell the lady your troubles," said one of the men. A guttural gibber came from Jake's lips, which resolved itself into "My baby, my Olga!"

Miss Jennings saw that she could get nothing from him except by skilful questioning. She drew forth from her dress a pad and pencil and in a very business like manner got his name and address and all the particulars she could. If in their regular rounds the nurses and doctors had found a half-starved, helpless child alone in an attic, she knew they certainly would have taken it to an institution.

Very kindly she told him that she would make inquiries. She directed him to the settlement where she told him all information they collected would be available to him. The four men followed her to the street car at a respectful distance. The men tried to speak lightly to him of his trouble, but soon an echo of his heavy misery penetrated their minds and they left him.

Jake became a nightly visitor at the settlement house. At first he glowered in a corner of the waiting room. Soon the nurses had him help them in various ways. It was "Jake do this," "Jake do that," "Jake, lend me your muscle." His physical agility was such a contrast to his slow mentality. His silent and patient misery forced their careful consideration of his "case." They redoubled their efforts to find his child. They explained to him that when the work first started in this neighborhood some of the things had not been correctly recorded; that it took time to break people into all the details of new work. He listened, half stunned by habitual, apathetic hope.

"There's a fellow," said a young doctor, carelessly indicating Jake with a motion of his hand, "who could be made an awful villain by his environment, or he could be fashioned into a strong force for good. What a brain gone to waste! The childhood that formed those features must have been frightful. I hope we find his child for him. If we do not, he's apt to lose his balance some fine day and run amuck amongst us."

They did find her. Miss Jaynes, the matron, was sure. Miss Jennings had

formed a strong liking for the morose man, and was for telling him at once. But Miss Jaynes hesitated. There was a possibility of mistake, but so far everything tallied. Olga, or the child in question, had been taken along with several others to the Orthopedic Hospital. There she had been put into a plaster cast, and when she was well enough had been sent to a farm for convalescent charity children with numbers of other waifs. Olga knew her name, but not her correct address. This had been mislaid. When she was ready to return from the country they had tried to find her father, but were indefinite about even the section of New York from which she had been taken.

Good food, proper treatment, and out-door exercise, had restored her to perfect, rosy health. She was a lively, growing girl, still making herself good-naturedly useful on the baby farm. She constantly asked for her father, and the matron had told her that when she was well enough she could return to him. The matron was sorely puzzled when, on inquiry, she discovered that the hospital authorities had lost the address of Olga's father. Being a kind soul she wrote to the settlements and district nurses in all likely neighborhoods about her, knowing that if the child's father could not be found she would have to send her to an orphan asylum.

Miss Jaynes, whose interest in Jake had been repeatedly stimulated by his willingness to give his muscular strength to her direction at any time

and under any circumstances, had arranged to have Olga visit her for a few days. Miss Jennings was mildly excited and dressed the child tastefully.

Jake slouched into the entrance room and slid into a chair with his faded hat in his hands. He humped his shoulders, drew down his low black brows, and gazed shiftily and craftily at the doctor, the matron and two other women who were advancing toward him.

"Why, pa; why, pa! Is that you?" and a lively, pretty, bright-eyed, rosy cheeked girl ran briskly up to him and threw her arms around his neck.

The assembled people watched the great, shaggy form shudder, saw the fierce love awake, and his gaze devour her every feature; saw a horrified doubt distort his features, as he held her trembling from him for an instant, then the surprised wonder as his seeking eyes reassured him of the truth.

Every one came up to congratulate him. Olga chatted to him of her experience in the country. A dull, servile gratitude possessed him, and he sought some method of showing it. Slowly he rose with one arm around the clinging girl. He extended his wide hand toward Miss Jayne, and with great difficulty addressed her.

"You take her. You made her well; she's yours, she"—But his great sacrifice was too much for him. His precious, laughing, sun-child, his baby—

Wildly he looked around, saw the door, seized the child to his breast, and rushed into the night.



The Moreno Earrings

By Gerard Van Etten

WHAT a beautiful pair of earrings," I said, leaning over the case and pointing to a heavy, gold pair.

"Beautiful?" said the old curio dealer. "Eh? You may well say so." He brought out the tray containing the pair I had indicated and laid it on the case before me.

I picked up one of the earrings. It was very large and very heavy, but also very beautiful. No stones were used. But the gold was twisted and stranded and interlaced into a gorgeous design which melted into a crest. As I held it in my palm I thought how it would weigh down the shell-like ear that wore it.

"This is a genuine antique, is it not?" I asked the curio dealer. "Mexican, I suppose?"

He smiled patronizingly, as if ashamed of my ignorance, and yet expected it. "An heirloom, and, as you say, an antique. I do not know exactly how old it is, but it is very old. Quite old enough to have a history. It is of old Spanish design and the workmanship shows Spanish influence, but it was undoubtedly done by a Mexican artist. Yes, oh, yes, there is a difference," he explained in answer to my glance of inquiry, "the Mexican artist is not to be surpassed for his ability to handle the most airy designs and delicate filigree. You will notice how fine are the strands of gold here where the earring joins the ear, and then how they gradually draw together into this ornate heavy portion, and again simplify themselves into the Moreno crest."

"How did you come into possession of such an heirloom? Is it another

case of the family once wealthy now reduced to poverty?"

"Yes, in a way. The family is all but died out. There lives now but an old uncle and his niece, Conception Moreno. She is of the direct line. They came out of Mexico lately. Fearing this trouble in northern Mexico would sweep down to Agauscalientes in time—and I think they were right in so thinking—and so they came here to San Antonio. He, the old uncle, is a sly old dog, a Diaz man. Sly, did I say? Yes, and very hard. It was he, I dare say, who forced the little Conception to sell these earrings. She would have gone hungry first, I believe, but the uncle thinks more of his stomach than of sentiment. Conception cried very much when she parted with them. But though I was touched, there was nothing for me to do but to buy them. I cannot live on sentiment either. And these days I can buy jewels very cheap. I would give a thousand dollars in charity to be able to go into Mexico myself and pick and choose and buy to my heart's content."

Not interested in his purchasing desires, I veered him back to the earrings of Conception Moreno. By the dint of slow haggling and many a compliment, I persuaded the old man to part with them for, to me, a nominal sum. At that I knew he was making a tremendous profit.

That night I sat on the hotel gallery and smoked and watched the passers-by. Many a distinguished Mexican was amongst them. I tried to imagine the more elderly of them into the character of the hard old uncle of Conception Moreno. Several would have fitted

the position very well. When at last I went up to my room I took the earrings out of their case and looked at them for a long time. I am not overly sentimental, but a vision came to me of those earrings hanging where they belonged—where they had once hung—in the ears of many fair señoritas of the Moreno line, and lastly in the ears of Concepcion, who had parted with them that the stomach of her uncle might be filled.

I imagined them hanging in her small, shell-like ears and glistening in the moonlight as she leaned from her window gazing out into the plaza. Behind her was the dim night-light of her room, which silhouetted her form against the wrought-iron work which barred her window against the outside world. She held a jeweled fan which she moved with a languid grace. Her face was veiled in shadow.

Below her window a would-be lover was plucking at his guitar, engaged happily in the old game of *bexar*, which goes on for months—sometimes even for a year or more—until at last the parents of the adored one have found out all there is to be found concerning the lover's history and finances and he is admitted to the house to pay his court at slightly closer range. As I watched the scene I felt that this lover had little hope from the girl, at least.

The very curves of her pretty figure against the lighted square of her window betrayed her boredom. Clearly she was not sitting by the window for his benefit, but merely for the air. If the lover felt bound to pluck a guitar beneath her window she must suffer it, seemed her attitude. Certainly she was not thrilled by the amateur plucking or the persistency of him who plucked. I could not help being amused at the scene.

Then suddenly I felt very young and reckless, and a wild desire to make love myself to this señorita surged over me. Not to knock at the gates of her heart by the interminable methods of *bexar*, but to carry her heart by storm the way all young Americans carry

away the hearts of foreign princesses and ladies of rank.

With the desire came action. In a moment I had advanced upon the guitar, and before he could utter a "*Caramba!*" or "*Sangue du Christ!*" I had him by the throat. His instrument went flying. He was strong and lithe but I was the heavier, and in a brief struggle bested him. I was encouraged, too, by little exclamations of fright and approval and admiration from above. Even as I still struggled with the worsted lover, I thought that that was very probably the way the lady cried out and enjoyed herself at a bullfight.

I trussed my adversary up like a game bird and stuck my handkerchief in his mouth. Then I glanced up at the window. For an instant I had a glimpse of a soft, lovely face lit by a pair of magnificent black eyes. From the dusk of her hair glittered the gold of long, heavy earrings. Then a slender hand pulled a lace mantilla over her face, and I could see no more. She drew away from the window, and from between the closing shutters a red rose fell and landed at my feet. I picked it up and pressed it to my lips. I heard, or thought I heard, a softly whispered "*Buenos noches, señor.*" Then the shutters clicked together.

I left my trussed up friend lying in the shadow of the house, and made my way back to the American Club through deserted streets. I was too intoxicated with the thrill of adventure to speculate on any untoward outcome or trouble. I felt sure that the guitar player would not continue his love-making under that same window. He had been worsted in plain sight of his adored one. The shame would stick in his crop. I knew, of course, that he was swearing revenge on his assailant, but I knew also that he had not had a good look at me. I felt extremely safe and extremely elated.

The next night I was before her window again, the window of Concepcion Moreno, and this time I had come prepared. Again I saw her exquisite silhouette against the dim night-light.

I came close under the window and pulled her red rose from under my coat and held it up for her to see, and then pressed it to my lips. Replacing it in my coat I prepared to climb up to the window. It was not hard. There were many jags in the old wall, and in a moment I was able to grasp the window bars and pull myself up.

The lips of Concepcion Moreno were within an inch or so of mine. She drew back, wide-eyed at my boldness, but smiling and expectant. Her hands clasped themselves over her heart and she let her fan fall to the floor. I pulled out a file and began sawing away at the bars. They were old and rusty, not half as portentous as they appeared from below. It was not long before I had sawed through enough to squeeze myself through into the room.

Concepcion had retreated to the further side of the room. I saw her start for the door and thought for an instant that she had regretted her rashness in accepting my advances, my onslaught, and was going to summon help. But no. I saw her make certain that the bolt was securely in its place. Then she turned to me, smiled and held out her arms.

At that time I had acquired only the merest smattering of Mexican. But we said many things to each other, nevertheless, as I held her close in my arms. There is certainly a language of passion that needs no words. She was wonderful, this little Concepcion! I can hardly describe her. She was gowned, I believe, in some soft, white satin, very rich and embroidered cunningly. The slippers on her tiny feet were of the same material with wonderfully high heels and buckles of brilliants where her silk clad insteps rose. Her waist was small and lithe. The low neck of her gown fell softly from a creamy throat, and only half concealed the sweet roundness of her breasts that pulsed with life and desire. Her lips were full and red like ripe pomgranites, and her eyes were very dark and very deep fringed by long, curved lashes. Her hair was

soft and almost blue-black. Yes, and in her ears hung the earrings of the Morenos, gold strands and twistings and crests. They weighed the coral lobes of her ears and glistened in the dim light. I pressed her closer and she lifted her hungering lips and placed them against my own.

The coldness of the dawn struck me as I climbed down the house wall again, and I slipped and fell with a fearful clatter. I heard Concepcion above me utter a frightened little cry, and then the click of the shutters. Unhurt, though jarred up considerably, I made off quickly into the shadows.

I found myself sitting still with the earrings in my hand. I rubbed my eyes. Silly ass! I must have been dreaming. Sentimental fool! I shut the baubles in their case and went to bed. I am ashamed to say that I again dreamed of the Senorita Concepcion Moreno. The woman was obsessing me. And I had never seen her, and in all probability never would.

Some days later I went to the shop of the curio dealer to make a few more purchases. As I entered the shop I noticed a dainty black figure talking earnestly to the proprietor. I hung about further cases waiting until he was free. But I was attracted to the little black figure, and my eyes strayed continually in her direction. She was one of the most beautiful Mexicans I have ever seen. Her clothes were eminently simple in cut, but evidently expensive and thoroughly American. Her face was all but hidden by her black veil. The widow of a Mexican patriot, if there are such things, I imagined.

She prepared to leave, and as she did so I heard her say: "Ah, so they are sold. It is of a sadness. Now I have the money and would buy them again. It is very hard. To be poor and have to sell the jewels that we love, and be rich again and yet not be able to buy back what we have sold. If you should hear of them again, you will see, will you not, if I cannot possibly obtain them once more? I will pay well, oh, very well,

to have them again. To lose them forever would be terrible. And a stranger could not appreciate the Moreno earrings. Eh, any others would be as good to a stranger, is it not so?"

She left the shop, drawing down her veil. She passed quite close to me and for an instant I met her eyes. I started. She too seemed to pause and a look of half-recognition came into her eyes, though of course she had never seen me. Then she passed out.

So this was Conception Moreno, the girl I had dreamed so absurdly about. And my dream had reconstructed her to the finest detail. I would have known her amongst a thousand, I believe. In her ears had hung the earrings of the Morenos and now would hang there no more unless——

I went up to the proprietor. "Was not that the Senorita Moreno whom you told me about? The one who sold the earrings that I bought?"

"Yes, of a truth. If I had noticed you in the store I would have called you up and spoken to you about reselling them. She would give much to have them again. She has money again now. The old uncle kindly died within the week, it seems, and being soft at heart, left her money that she had never heard of. A peculiar old man. To force her to sell the trinkets she loved and yet on his death bed to leave her much money. The fear of God must have come to him, eh? Anyway, it is good for Conception Moreno."

"Yes," I answered, "and will she be in again to see you?"

"Tomorrow perhaps. Yes, I think surely she will be back tomorrow. I told her I would try to buy the earrings back for her. You will sell them back, eh?"

"No."

"Ah, you have, perhaps, a lady to whom you desire much to give them?"

"Yes. I am not selling them. But you will do me a favor nevertheless. Will you not?"

"Of a certainty. You have but to name it."

"I shall come also tomorrow at this

time, and if the Senorita comes you will introduce me—and say nothing about the earrings. Tell her merely that I am interested in Mexico—or something of the sort. See?"

He agreed to this and I left him until the next day.

The following afternoon found me on hand at the curio shop in good season. I need not have been so early as I had to wait some time for the Senorita's arrival. But she finally came in when my hopes of seeing her had ebbed almost to their lowest level. In due course we were introduced. The proprietor pushed out chairs for us near the back of the store, that we might talk quietly, and shuffled off to attend to other customers.

"The Senor Marsten is very kind to desire to meet me. But for what, I cannot imagine," she began, seating herself with the daintiest grace. "You are interested in Mexico, yes?"

"Si," I answered.

"Oh, you talk Mexican?"

"Not at all, Senorita. But like all tourists, I like to throw in a simple word here and there to make a pretense of knowledge."

She laughed. "Oh, you Americans, you are like that. You are very fond of the bluff and the loud words, but the deeds—— Ah, that is another matter, eh?"

"Sometimes, though, we get what we are after, do we not? Carry things by storm."

"What, for instance?"

"Well, in love making. We carry hearts by storm and very quickly. We do not play at bexar as do your Mexican gallants."

"That is true. I have heard. But it does not prove that your love is the stronger. We, too, we love very much, with the great passions. Because we cannot answer them quickly is because it is not the custom. But, Senor, surely you did not beg for yourself this introduction merely to talk about the playing of bexar, eh?"

I stopped for words, trying to formulate my thoughts. "It is rather a difficult thing to put into words," I said

finally, "but I have happened to hear about you and—the earrings of the Morenos." She started. "You know," indicating the proprietor, "his tongue is rather loose. He loves to talk. I was very much interested, of course. The story had the flavor of romance. And this meeting with you is, I assure you, a privilege and a pelasure."

"I thank you."

"It must have hurt you fearfully to part with them."

"Ah, yes, Senor. I loved them very much. Every day did I wear them since my mother died. She wore them before me, and her mother before her, and so on for many years back. Now my ears they are empty. I could wear other earrings, but—what would they be but nothing and less than nothing?"

"Do you entertain any hopes of recovering them?"

"Ah, I do not know. I have hopes, and yet—yet I have not hopes. I am—what you say?—perplexed." She squinted her delicate brows delightfully. I would have rejoiced to take her in my arms at that very moment and tell her that I could put the earrings back in her ears. Instead, I merely said: "You never can tell. Strange things happen sometimes. Do you know, the sight of certain heirlooms here the other day set me to dreaming until everything about them seemed absolutely real to me. Oh, I assure you I dreamed like a sentimental boy smitten with calf love."

She leaned forward, puzzled. "What is that love, Senor, the love of the calf?"

I laughed. "Not love of the calf, Senorita. I merely mean the love with which very young boys are smitten. The kind that makes them forget everything else—that makes them silly."

"Oh, but is any love—silly? I should think that would be a very nice kind of love—that calf love that makes one forget everything else."

"Well, I suppose it is, in a way. But it isn't usually very lasting. I understand."

"Did you not ever have it, Senor?"

"Not calf love, Senorita." I answered, and looked into her face intently. Perhaps I betrayed my feelings, for she averted her gaze and asked: "Of what did you dream? You were saying that you dreamed?"

"Yes. I had the wildest and happiest dream. All about an adventure with a lovely Senorita in Mexico—Agausalientes, I think—"

"Agausalientes? That was my home?"

"Yes?" I questioned, innocently.

"Si. It is from there I came with my uncle who is now dead and in heaven."

I was tempted to say "lucky dog," but restrained myself on remembering that he had repented and left his niece much money. "Well, wherever it was, I was standing at night beneath a barred window where this senorita was sitting. A lover was plucking his guitar for her benefit—but she seemed bored. I grew jealous. I fought him and she threw me a red rose. The next night I climbed up to her window, made my way in—"

"And made your American love to her, eh? Carried her heart by storm?"

"I rather think I did. She wore white, I remember, and wonderful gold earrings with crests."

"With crests? My earrings, the earrings of the Morenos have our crest on them. They, too, are all of gold. But what a dream, Senor."

"Yes. Then, of course, I had to wake up. I wish I could make the dream a reality."

"That would be foolish, for let me tell you, Senor, in real life you would have been caught and thrown in the jail and the senorita would have been put in a convent. It is better you should only dream."

"I could dispense with the fight and the breaking in part, but I would like to find the senorita. She is the main part of the dream, you know, she and the earrings."

"And you think you will never find her, eh?"

"I am not certain—perhaps as cer-

tain, shall I say, as you are of finding again your earrings."

"That is not at all certain."

"But if I should find her, do you think she would recognize me?"

"That is quite possible."

"You really think so?"

"Of a certainty. Why not? If you are thinking so much of her she must be thinking of you, too. That is often the way of dreams. As an old wise woman once told me, a dream gives birth to a dream."

I looked into her face and her eyes were shining and alight. I touched her hand. "Senorita, I will dream on, then, and may my dream give birth to a dream."

"May it give birth to a dream," she echoed. I felt already, watching her, that it had.

After a few more words about nothing in particular, we left together, I having asked permission to accompany her. She would not let me see her to her home, saying it was unnecessary. When I left her she put out her little gloved hand, smiling, and answered my pressure with a gentle return.

The acquaintance prospered. It was mostly pursued during visits at the curio shop where she came regularly to obtain word of the earrings. It was odd that no word came. But I had bribed the dealer well to keep silence. I think it very true now, "that a dream gives birth to a dream," for within a short while we were engaged, and then married. She was alone in the world now, and we had no need to wait for relatives to become used to the idea.

When the ceremony was over and we

were alone in our room, I drew her to me and held her close. Again she was gowned in white satin, and the tiny slippers on her feet were of the same material, with wonderfully high heels and buckles of brilliants where her silk-clad ankles rose. Her waist was small and lithe. The low neck of her gown fell softly from a creamy throat, and only half concealed the sweet roundness of her breasts that pulsed with life and desire. Her lips were full and red like ripe pomegranates, and her eyes were very dark and deep fringed by long, dusky lashes. Her hair was soft and almost blue-black. Yes, and in her ears——

"Conception, dearest, will you reach in the top drawer of the chiffonier, and hand me the little box wrapped in tissue paper?"

She did so, wonderingly. I took the little box and unwrapped it slowly and very solemnly. "My wedding present," I said, "to the Senorita Conception upon her marriage to Channing Marsten." I handed her the beautiful Moreno earrings.

She took them with a glad, surprised cry and pressed them to her heart. "My earrings! My earrings which I sold and thought never to see again. And you—oh, my Channing, you——" A look of understanding swept over her face. "You it was who bought them and you knew all the time and it was about me you dreamed, and——"

"A dream gave birth to a dream."

Then, while she uttered many happy little unintelligible exclamations, I fastened the earrings of the Morenos in the coral ears of Mrs. Channing Marsten.



A Dark Surprise

By Alice I. Whitson

OLD Bill" Swartz sent a cloud of black, evil-smelling smoke to the ceiling, then took his pipe from his mouth and looked at the others thoughtfully. It was a heterogenous gathering in a little Arizona school house. The rays of the single lantern showed half a dozen men and boys and two young women, who had gathered for rehearsal of a community play. While waiting for some missing members, the young teacher had asked "Bill" Swartz if cowboys had changed in modern years. A short silence followed before his answer, then he spat reflectively on the floor by the teacher's desk.

"Cowboys back in '85, they was *real* cowboys," he began. "The first year I rode for the Circle B ranch, I was twenty years old, and I'd been ridin' after cattle for ten years then. Yes, sir, when I was ten years old my daddy thrashed me because I forgot to shut the horses up in the corral. I left home that night, an' I ain't been back yet. I was strong as a young bull, and twenty-four hours in the saddle didn't mean nothin' to me then. Forty dollars a month sure looked good, too. We'd save up wages for a few months, then a bunch of us'd lope off to Tombstone, blow it all in the night we got there, and borrow a saddle to get home on next mornin'. Arizona wasn't dry them times.

"One evenin' a crowd of Circle B fellers had just got back from Tombstone. We'd brought some of the real stuff with us, and the ranch was just naturally too tame for us. The first thing we saw when we got into the cook shanty was a new cook, black as the ace o' spades. Now, niggers in that section was a good deal of a curi-

osity, and the boys was pretty free with remarks. They kept it up all durin' supper, but that nigger just moved around like he was oiled, and grinned the same grin, sort o' superior like, and the boys couldn't get no more rise out of him than that floor there.

"Slim Cantwell was ridin' at the Circle B that year, and he was a Texan anyhow, and from the time he saw him, that nigger was his meat. I heard him grumblin' that night after we'd rolled up in our blankets. I thought it was just that cook's supper, and bein' plenty sleepy, I didn't worry over him much.

"Next mornin' at daybreak the boys saddled up to take a bunch of steers over to Tombstone. The boss was already over there and he had left Slim in charge. We was all lined up in front of the cook-house waitin' for Slim before we went to the corral. He come out and got on his horse, and then yelled for the cook. We all wondered what in nation he wanted with the cook, so we all shut up and listened. When the cook got to the door—he weighed two hundred pounds and he wasn't exceedin' any speed limits—Slim let him stand there a minute and grin. Then he yelled:

"Say, cook, we'll want fresh horses in the mornin', and we won't be back till late. Wish you'd go out to the west corral and bring in that bunch out there. You can use this road horse out there in the cow-corral."

"Tha' cook never stopped grinnin', just nodded his head and said, 'Yessah, boss, all right, sah.'

"The boys set still on their horses till Slim started off and yelled, 'Come on, boys.' He never looked right or left, and we all followed sorter slow.

We was equal to most things, but we didn't want to be no accessory to murder. That roan horse had crippled three of the best broncho-busters in the country, killed two men, and then never had a saddle on his back. All day long Slim chuckled to himself, and he managed to work it so we got started home sorter early. The boss was with us, and I heard him ask Slim if the new cook had come.

"'Yes. he was there when I left,' says Slim. Naturally, the men was talkin' some, too, and the air felt some like it does before a thunderstorm. We was all expectin' to find that some-thin' had happened. Just as we got to the ranch, everybody stopped talkin'. As we rode up to the cow-coral we all saw the bunch of horses, and there was old Roan, too, lookin' much as usual.

"'It's good you thought to get these horses this mornin', Slim,' says the boss. 'It'll give us an early start in the mornin'.

"Slim never said a word, but walked toward the cook-house. Just as he got to the door that fat, black cook opened it, grinnin' that same grin, and began to beat the gong for supper. We all set down, and I reckon that was the quietest meal ever et around that table. Slim couldn't keep his eyes off that nigger, and didn't do much eatin'. When he was about through the cook goes up to Slim and says:

"' 'Scuse me, boss, but would yo' be so kind as to gib me the loan of yo' spurs?'

"Slim was too dazed to say anything

—and he just stuck out his feet while that nigger took off his spurs and put 'em on his own feet. Then he straightened up with a grunt and said:

"'Thank ye, boss, thank ye. I'll return them in a short space, sah. I didn't hab no spurs this mornin', sah, an' I jus' thought dat roan horse needed 'em.'

"With that he starts for the door, and every man there after him. Well, sir, that nigger waddled out to the coral, picked up a rope and lassooed that roan horse and pulled him out of the corral. Then he put a bridle on him and tied his apron over his head while he got on. Then he took it off, and that roan horse bucked just once. By that time that nigger had put it to him so strong that he was runnin' for dear life. Before we had time to wake up, the roan was back, ridin' as good as any horse in the bunch, and that nigger jes' settin' back there grinnin'. Slim looked like he was faintin', an' he purty near stepped on the boss as he came out.

"'What's up, boys?' he says. But Slim just pointed, an' sorter whispered, 'Who is that feller?'

"'That? Why, that's Bill Smart. He's just passin' through to Bar X, and said he'd cook till the new cook came. You told me the new cook was here, too.'

"Boys, you could 'a' knocked down the whole bunch of us with one feather. That feller—that fat black cook—was the champion broncho-buster in Arizona, Texas and New Mexico."



The Woman's Part

By Zena B Wales

IT WAS OUT in the land of gold, where the shimmer and sheen of the precious metal is reflected in the sunsets and the poppies, and, in another sense, in the hearts of the people. Not many miles from where the molten ball of fire sinks each night into the blue waters of the Pacific, three people pitched their tents just at the season when the lavender pink of the prickly phlox was making gorgeous blotches of color on the otherwise blended greens of the hillsides. The camp was made under three big live oaks, and through their branches, gently stirring in the breeze, the sunlight sifted onto the tents and ground in twinkling patches of dazzling light. The hill seemed to have been shelved out on purpose for a pleasure camp, affording, as it did, an outlook over the tops of the several ranges of mountains toward the sea, the rolling surf of which was plainly visible in the early mornings before the purple haze had settled down for the day and in the evenings after it was dissipated into the nowhere.

The trio of tenters consisted of John and Martha Marlin, and Martha's younger sister, Beatrice. Martha, like the Martha of Biblical lore, was full of good works and forever taking thought of her household and her husband's comfort, while Beatrice, buried in a book of poems or gazing away into the mists as she dreamed of her betrothed, was quite likely to forget there was such a thing as food until vigorously reminded that her dinner was getting cold.

The three were one, however, in a genuine fondness for the outdoors, and particularly for the outdoors of their own beloved California. Every day,

when in camp, they went for long tramps, first into one canyon and then into another, over one range and then over another; the lure of wanting to see what was just around the next point was always upon them, and, as there was always another point, the fascination never waned.

But there was one tramp they took over and over again, the tramp to the deserted ranch they called it. Only a burro trail led up through the narrow windings of the canyon, and in its cool depths, overhung by gnarled and knotted sycamores, trickled a little stream. Not one of those streams that hibernate during the "dry season," but one that had its fountain head where the snows are never quite melted. After a mile of this narrow trail through the sage, and greasewood and manzanita, the walls of the canyon on either side were thrown back exactly as if some mighty hand had put them on hinges, and then flung them wide open to disclose one of those surprising level tablelands of fertile soil found nestling in the western mountains.

Here had evidently long ago been the cherished home of some mountaineer that in its time must have been a jewel of sparkling, blooming beauty made all the more so by its rugged setting, but in its present state of desertion and decay it held for Beatrice all the wonder and romance of the unknown.

There was an old, half-dead orchard of apple and pear and cherry trees and a vineyard climbing up on the hillsides—for the grape seems to love especially the rolling hills. The place had had no care for so long that trees and vines and house had taken on a monotone coloring for all the world

like scraggly, neglected children, and aroused in Beatrice the same tenderness that the neglected child arouses. And when she looked inside the cabin, now doorless and windowless, she felt she was lifting the lid of some forgotten treasure chest and gazing upon the faded rose and bundle of old love letters of some unknown woman's unknown past. And that *was* just what she was doing. She only opened the lid and peeked, however, for she felt a strange hesitation about touching the rusted and broken portions of the antiquated sewing machine, nor did she ever have the courage to take the cork out of the half-empty ounce vial—although curious to know what the dark liquid might be—or to pick up the old spoon or the magazine lying on the dilapidated table, and nothing would have induced her to disturb the embers of the last fire in the fireplace that, with its flanks of big, natural stones, took up one entire end of the room. In the remnants of the lean-to was one bent and battered frying pan and a rusty old coffee pot, but Beatrice did not see their ugliness—she scented the delicious odor of bacon and coffee on a frosty morning.

Martha and John often teased her about "mooning about that old house." but one afternoon Beatrice laughed shortly, and said: "Some day I think the deserted canyon and its deserted ranch are going to tell me the story of their past, and, who knows? They may invite me to spend my honeymoon here!"

Then, just as the shadows were beginning to lengthen, they started down the trail. It was that calm hour following the strong sea breeze of mid-day, the hour when the bluejay is less noisy, and when the little brown lizard lies in wait for the venturesome fly.

Beatrice, as usual, led the way. She liked having no one in front to obstruct her view, but they had not gone far when all three stopped stock still, their brains almost refuting their vision of a woman laboriously climbing the trail along the short switchback a few feet

below. They could not see her face, but the body was old and bent, and seemed to cry out with weariness at every step; indeed, without the stout stick used as a staff it was plain the steep climb could not have been accomplished at all.

They watched until she made a sharp turn in the trail, and then moved on, soon passing her. As they did so, they heard the labored breathing that showed how near to exhaustion she was.

As soon as they had passed out of hearing Beatrice faced about and announced her determination to follow the woman. "When she gets to the deserted ranch there is no place else for her to go, there is nothing beyond—nothing except sheer mountain sides! I'm going back—did you hear how hard she breathed? The old lady might be overcome entirely," and with a hasty promise to join them in camp before dark, she retraced her steps.

When she entered the wide open gates she could see the woman sitting on an old box just inside the cabin, her elbows on her knees and her head in her hands. The attitude bespoke extreme weariness, but at the sound of footsteps she raised a wanly smiling face.

"I came back," announced Beatrice, gently, "thinking you may have lost your way. No one lives up this canyon, now, you know."

"Lose my way! Why, child, I know every inch of it by heart; I know every tree and stone by its first name, as it were, and these fruit trees and grape vines—now so unhappy from want of care—are almost part of me. I helped plant every one of them."

"Oh, tell me about the deserted ranch. I think it is the most beautiful spot in California; I knew I should some day find out who lived here. It was you, wasn't it?"

"Yes," wearily answered the woman. "I came here as a bride and in a tent under that mountain down near the stream I spent the summer of my honeymoon," and she pointed to a cool, shaded nook.

"Oh, how lovely," enthused Beatrice. "I'm going to be married to *my* Prince Charming this fall; he's a doctor, and I think a honeymoon in the mountains would be wonderful!"

"Yes, it is if two people want to get away from the transient things of life and abide for a time with the permanence of the hills. We, my husband and I, wanted to remain with them, so by fall this adobe house was finished, the adobe bricks to construct it having come five miles by burro, but it was comfortable and we were happy, and when the winter rains came all these trees and grapes were put in, and I had a garden and cooked for the two hired men, and was as busy and as care free as the birds that came every morning and evening for my crumbs.

"My father had given his life in the war with Mexico that this beautiful California might be ours—yours and mine. I can distinctly remember how, as a very little girl, I threw myself down on my face and wept after he had gone away, my child mind seeming somehow to sense that I was giving up my father for some great need, and that I must keep the tears back till he was gone.

"But you want to know about my life up here, don't you? Well, I always thought—and I still think—this spot is a little remnant God had left over when he made Heaven! Just see the varied coloring of those mountains, the gold, the purple, and rose, and gray, and how they raise their rugged heights up to the clouds, and the blending of greens down that canyon. I never grew tired of watching it all. I used to sit by that window in the afternoons at my sewing machine, the very first one in all this part of California, making the little dresses and hoping and praying my baby would love the mountains as I did. I even begrudged the few months that it was necessary for me to go to the city, but there was no other way. William, the best of husbands and tenderest of lovers, always, stayed with me till the baby came, then he returned to the ranch and came for us in a few months, and when we

brought our little girl up that trail she was well launched in the world.

"It was all too good to be true—for long, anyway. You don't know it yet, Little Lady, but women are given things in this world so they can give them up again, at least so it seems, and I gave up my husband to fight in the Civil War. At first I said he *should not* go, but little by little I realized I was sacrificing his honor in the fires of my own selfishness. I was not doing the woman's part. The cause was vital to him, and the honor of being one of the few to go from California was great, and a woman must not absorb the life of another—even of her own husband.

"He had been dead a month before we knew how he had fallen in a brave fight in one of the crucial battles of the war against slavery."

The woman did not seem sad, only gazed wistfully into the distance, and Beatrice, for the first time in her young life, got a little inkling of the mellowing and softening influence of time. She took the woman's thin hand in her own and said: "You were very brave."

The observation was unheeded.

"After that," continued the soft voice, "my brother came here to live with us. By that time the ranch was beginning to produce abundantly, for the virgin soil was very generous, and its fruits, all carried down by burro train, sold at fabulous prices. Those were the wonderful days when all California was rolling in gold. It was a thrilling thing to be part of this country in the romantic days of its making, and I often feel regret that there is no longer new country for the new generations to develop.

"Our lives went on happily, and I taught my little girl myself till she was eight, and after that she and I used to leave the ranch each year from September till June, always 'coming in' for Christmas with my brother. She went to school and I took my modest place in the social whirl.

"At nineteen my daughter married. At twenty she died, leaving a twelve

day old son, and as I gathered that beautiful little man child to my breast I said: 'God has taken away, but God has given.' I brought him here, and how he thrived! Brown as a berry and sturdy as an oak! I was older now, so it came about that my grandson William, named for his grandfather, became my one happiness, my one joy, my one ambition. You will find it is so as you grow older, the realm of our affections narrows down.

"In due time the boy and I began to go away for the school months. He had always played at soldiering, and it was plain from the beginning that the spirit of his grandfather and his great-grandfather was big within him—and so it proved. As he grew older I used to watch him, so big and strong and alert and handsome in his uniform! Oh, I was proud! You are too young, my dear, to realize how proud I was or the kind of pride, I—was so—proud—proud——" and the voice trailed off into silence.

Beatrice looked up into her companion's face and was startled to see how white it was, but after a long pause the older woman resumed her story:

"And so I have gone from pillar to post, or rather from post to post, to be with my boy. He did not marry, and I have always stayed with him. My brother died, times and conditions changed, and you see how the ranch has been neglected and desecrated, and now I am staying at the Harris Ranch, three miles below. I have slipped away and come up to see if the old house can be restored that I may come home to my beloved mountains to live for a time, for my boy—my boy—is—somewhere—in France. It is my last sacrifice, I think; I make it gladly, it is the woman's part, you know. But I do want to come here to this happy haven of rest and wait until my boy comes home or until—until——"

The frail form leaned forward, more, and then more, finally crumpling into a heap. Beatrice laid the woman down

gently and ran to the stream to wet her handkerchief and fill her canvas cup with water, but when she returned and knelt beside the limp form she saw at once that her offices were needed for the dead and not for the living. Very tenderly she covered the face with a fresh, dry 'kerchief, and then, raising her eyes in a little unspoken prayer, saw that night was already settling down in the bottom of the canyon, and that the last rays of sunshine would soon be gone from the highest mountain peaks. Absolute silence reigned, save for the good-night chirpings of the birds; it was that hour when, if ever, the small and petty and selfish thoughts are swept away and big resolves assert themselves.

The girl rose to her feet and stood for a moment in an attitude of determined decision—then turned and ran hastily down the trail.

* * * *

The next morning, after the long, black wagon bearing all that remained of a brave woman had disappeared down the winding road and the workmen who had come to help had mounted their horses and gone back to their harvesting, Beatrice, alone in her tent, wrote slowly, carefully, but without hesitation:

"My Beloved: I realize I must have been very weak and selfish, but now I want to do my part, and you must believe me when I say I release you from your promise to me not to give your services to our country; in fact, it will make me very happy to have you accept the post offered you in the hospital corps at the front.

"We are returning to town on Tuesday, when I will tell you of all the wonderful things that have happened on our trip, and we can arrange our plans.

"I can hardly wait till Tuesday to see you!

"Your affectionate

"BEATRICE."

Trials and Adventures of a Gold Hunter in Honduras

By J. N. Ditmars

WHILE at New Orleans in 1911 I learned that an American company was operating some Huntington gold mines in Central Nicaragua, making good money, by crushing a conglomerate deposit of vast size that carried free gold.

Having a commission from a mining syndicate to find them something of that sort, I went by steamer to Kara, a port at the mouth of the Grand River, which empties into the Caribbean Sea on the east coast of Nicaragua.

I learned that the camp was up the river eighty miles, and that the only way to reach it was by canoe, there being no road or trail. I hired a native as guide and interpreter, bought a canoe and enough grub to last two men sixty days, plenty of mosquito netting and gloves, and set out.

The stream was shallow, and there were many bayos and false channels, which made progress slow and tiresome. After ten days' travel we had to abandon the boat, as the river had spread out over a vast flat and there was not water enough to float it.

Finding the place where the miners had left their boats for the same reason, and taking such supplies as we could carry on our backs, we discovered a dim trail on which they had gone in and dragged their machinery by hand, and made the mine in two days.

An old California miner by the name of A. T. Harris was in charge. He showed us every possible courtesy, in explaining his operations. He was running six No. 2 Huntington crushers by water power, ten hours per day,

from which he averaged \$500 per day, while his expenses were \$100, including the blasting and hauling of the ore to the mills.

The deposit was a cemented conglomerate mass of quartz, lime and porphery, laying flat on the surface, and from six to twenty feet thick, as shown by some twenty test pits they had sunk over an area of one hundred and sixty acres, exposing ore enough to run twenty such mills for many years.

On examining the deposit above their claims I found that it extended up the stream about two miles, and that there was plenty of water to run fifty more such mills.

My guide, being willing to accompany me, I decided to follow up the Grand River to its head, in the Tutecalpa Mountains, and go down the Paduca River to the Caribbean Sea, and try to get a boat from there to some port in the United States.

Depending mainly on the wild products of the country for food, we stowed as much bacon, coffee and salt as we could pack in two ore sacks, and struck out through the thick forest.

We made the summit in six days, at a point near the line between Nicaragua and Honduras, and found the altitude 6,587 feet, aneroid readings, and got a splendid view of the surrounding country. To the north we could see a long, low depression stretching away as far as our glass would carry, which I decided was the Paduca River basin. We followed down what at first was a mere gulch that led in that direction. For the first two days the ground was

rocky and comparatively open, during which time we crossed and examined more than twenty quartz veins, ranging from two to over three hundred feet thick, all showing mineral of different kinds, and six of them showed free gold in paying quantities.

By this time the gulch had become a deep canyon carrying a small stream of fine water. A few miles further down it joined another larger stream. After going down that several miles, the brush got so thick we had to cut our way through, and it tore off our nets, and the mosquitoes nearly ate us up.

Finding the stream was deep enough to float a canoe, we found a hollow gum log near the bank, cut away one side with our belt axes, stopped the ends with clay and leaves, bound a pole on each side to keep it from rolling, got two poles for oars, and were off down stream.

We found it much faster and pleasanter than fighting brush and mosquitoes on the bank. After four days' travel the stream got wider and sluggish, and the heat was all a man could bear, making progress slow and laborious.

Coming to a good spot, I decided to lay off a few days and rest. The jungle was so thick we could not see a hundred feet, and there was no breeze except on the river. Although we had no glass, I am sure one would have shown 130 deg.

Next day I wandered away from camp in search of ripe bananas, and found a place where the bed rock was exposed, and to my surprise showed a quartz vein two feet wide, four inches of which looked like it was half gold.

We dug at it for ten days, and got enough specimens to nearly fill both of our ore sacks. Our tools, which consisted of a small pick and a belt axe, being worn out, I decided to come to New Orleans, sell my specimens, and procure a permit from the Honduras government to mine, get tools and supplies and return and test out my find.

But in this I was doomed to disap-

pointment. We spent the afternoon covering our diggings, obliterating all traces of quartz where we had washed the ore, and I marked the place so I knew I could find it again, paid my guide what I owed him, and told him that we would drop down to the sea, which we thought was not far away, and I would try to get a vessel that would take us to our respective homes. I went to bed with a violent headache and pain in the stomach, and waked up four weeks later in a hut. An old man and woman were attending me, and told me a stranger had brought me there three weeks before, and after staying a week had gone away without telling them anything about it.

They were giving me tea made from a native herb, and would let me have no solid food, saying I had black water fever, and that two swallows of solid food would kill me in an hour. After ten days they allowed me to eat a little, and I was able to take stock of my surroundings. I found all my belongings there, money, watch, specimens and all other things in perfect order.

They told me the boat was in the river a few yards away. They said the river got "married to another one a mile further down, and they both married the big sea ten miles further on," and that there was a big lake across the river two miles to the west, by which I knew for the first time that I was on the Paduca River and that Beaty's Bay was near by.

When I recovered strength enough, I went daily to the bay, on the lookout for a vessel to take me home, and finally discovered a small schooner snugly tucked away in a little cove, painted green to harmonize with the foliage on shore.

From the way some natives were cautiously stealing aboard of her, carrying bundles on their heads, I knew she was in the contraband trade, and must be approached with caution, as one of those fellows will not hesitate to shoot a person they think is spying on them. At length I got to talk with the skipper, and convinced him I was not a revenue officer, and

he agreed to land me in New Orleans.

When we neared the mouth of the Mississippi, he sent me aboard an inward bound steamer, and stood on up the gulf to some other port. I landed in New Orleans, where I sailed from four months before, hale and strong, now a physical wreck. I took my specimens to the U. S. Mint, where they gave me \$1,010, or nearly one dollar per pound for them. I then reported to the mining company what I had found on the Grand River in Nicaragua. They offered me an enticing salary to further investigate it for them, which the state of my health forced me to refuse, and I spent over a year and a lot of money at hot springs, and with doctors, trying to get rid of the effects of that fever, from which few ever live to get out of the country it infests.

Second Adventure.

In 1913, not being able to pursue my regular occupation of mining, I went to the Mugalon Mountains in Arizona, trapping and hunting for health, and fell in with a man by the name of A. J. Pearce, a prospector. After being with him for some time and finding him a nice, agreeable man, told him of my experience in Honduras, laying all the stress I could on the danger of the fever.

He was so much impressed with the matter that he offered to furnish the money to outfit us if I would go along and show the way. After due consideration I decided to give it one more try.

We went to New Orleans, bought a 12 h. p. steel launch and a 12 ft. steel canoe, three months' provisions for three men, and the necessary mining tools and supplies. We then found a half-breed Frenchman who had lived in Honduras three years and spoke Spanish, and three or four other dialects, and said he always slept with one eye open and could not be caught by surprise. We hired him for two dollars per day and grub, named him Shut-Eye, a sobriquet he liked. We

then shipped our outfit and selves by steamer to Truxillo, a port on the north coast of Honduras, about a hundred miles from our destination on Beaty's Bay.

On our arrival at Truxillo we were told that we need not take out a license to mine until we got something on a paying basis, and that there were no steamers plying down the coast that would call at our destination, which forced us to try the run in our own boat.

We stowed all the stuff in her, and towed the canoe containing an extra barrel of gasoline. We had fine weather and made the run in less than two days.

Missing the entrance to the bay, we put into an inlet where two streams came in close together. On going up one of them a few miles, they came together, and a little further up we found the hut that had been my hospital.

The old people were still there, and were overjoyed to see me, and begged us to stay a week. When told that we must press on up stream, they tried to dissuade us, predicting all kinds of calamities for us should we attempt it.

About twenty miles up we came to a falls that we had to portage. At them lived an old Frenchman who assisted in getting the launch above the falls. He said he had lived there thirty years and we were the first men that had ever taken a boat above them. He also begged us not to proceed, saying the land of "Torris-Inferno (Hot Hell) was up there, and all that had gone in there had never returned. I asked him if there were any natives living in there. He said no, that all had died of fever or been killed by wild beasts and great serpents, and that the river bank was lined with human skeletons, most of which I knew to be imagination, as on my previous trip I had seen no skeletons, or any wild beasts larger than the armadillo, and but few small alligators. I asked him if he had seen a boat come down about two years before. He said no.

by which I judged that we had made the falls in the night.

We questioned our Mr. Shut-Eye about the danger of going on. He said there was none, except from the fever, —as to the others he would look out for them personally, as he was death on snakes and "vampires," his name for the large leaches that infest that region.

We left our canoe and extra gasoline there, and proceeded. On the second evening we camped where a tributary came in from the right hand side. There appeared to be some higher ground about a hundred yards back to the right, and while the others made camp I went to examine it, and found it to be one of a number of small hills that extended back toward the northwest. I did not go, but, a short distance up the first one, when I found a quartz vein about two feet thick. It was decomposed, and lying on the surface was a lot of gold nuggets. I gathered up a handful of the largest and broke for camp and started "a gold excitement." Pearce grabbed a pick, Shut-Eye a camp kettle, while I followed with a shovel, and away we went pell-mell.

In our mad rush and the coming darkness we missed the place, hunted for it till dark, and started back to camp, but owing to the thick brush we could not see the fire, left burning there, and were more than an hour locating it.

The next day we took \$1,000 out of a hole four feet square and four feet deep, besides an ore sack full of very rich quartz, and the vein had become so hard that the ore must be crushed to free the gold. While Shut-Eye and I mortared and washed the sack of hard stuff from which we obtained \$200, Pearce prospected the vein further up, and found two more pockets, more extensive than the first one. After twelve days more work, we weighed our gold on a 16 oz. spring balance, and had 225 pounds, which we estimated at \$220 to the pound, making \$49,500.

We then prospected the vein for a

thousand feet on the surface; it showed to be rich all the way. Considering that good enough, we decided not to go up the river in search of my previous find, but to come home and get the necessary machinery and supplies to further develop the find, and to stop at Truxillo and get a government license to mine. We covered up our diggings, obliterated all trails, cached the tools and extra supplies, and aimed to make the falls the next day. But my evil genius here showed his ugly head again. About dark, Pearce was attacked by a violent headache, and pain in the bowels, and despite all we could do for him he grew worse, and by midnight was dead. "Black water fever again!"

We buried him that forenoon, marking his grave by cutting his name in a piece of hard cocobola wood set in a stone monument, and I took charge of his personal effects, which consisted of a watch, an automatic pistol, \$575 gold coin in a belt, and a check book of the First National Bank of New Orleans showing him a balance of \$1,565 there. I found no papers or letters showing where any of his relatives or friends could be found, nor had he ever told me of any.

We again made ready to be off the next morning. I, having a "hunch" of some further trouble, took a good look around the camp, but found nothing of a suspicious nature. I concluded that I was simply in a blue funk, caused by the tragic events of the day, and laid down with all my clothes on except my shoes, first placing Pearce's effects in the gold sacks, giving his pistol to Shut-Eye with strict orders to fire it only in the case of direst need, placed my own pistol under my pillow and the gold sacks near by, instead of hiding them, as I should have done.

Some time after midnight I fell asleep, and was awakened by a pistol shot in camp. Opening my eyes, I saw I was surrounded by men. By the light of a torch one of them had apparently just lighted, they looked like Indians. Before raising up, I reached for my pistol. It was gone.

I heard a groan, and there was a noisy hand-to-hand fight going on in the vicinity of Shut-Eye's bed about thirty feet away. Springing to my feet, thinking to go to his assistance with my sheath knife, which I yet had, I got a blow on the back of the head with a club or gun that put me out of the fight.

When I came to my senses the sun was shining, and I was in a boat going up a small stream. One ugly-looking villain was rowing, another one was guarding me with an ugly-looking knife in his hand; my hands were tied and I had on no clothes, save a light suit of underwear. About us were several canoes, two of them towing our launch; in one was Shut-Eye, in the same situation as myself, but he was bruised about the face, showing that he had put up a stiff fight before they overpowered him. He said to me in French: "I got one. How many did you get?"

I don't know what my answer was; my head was jumping with pain and I lost consciousness. When I regained my senses the sun was high, and they were dragging me from the boat at a village that was of two different eras—the older was built of stone, and no one seemed to live in it; the other, in which the present inhabitants lived, was made of poles and palm leaves. There seemed to be about two hundred of them, including many children, all nearly naked, and a dirty, savage-looking lot they were.

After about two hours' torture from mosquitoes and flies, I was taken before the Alcaldi (or magistrate.) I asked him for my clothes. He told me I would soon be shot for stealing gold and would not need any clothes, adding that he would attend to the shooting in person, showing me my own pistol with the remark that it looked like a good one, and, with the facetious remark that he never missed, started to leave the hut.

It was now my turn on the stage. I had heard that these natives stood in fear of insane persons, believing they were possessed by a devil, and if they

harmd one in that state that particular devil would torment them throughout all eternity.

To test the matter, I at once took a violent fit, yelling and kicking in the most approved style of mental depravity I could, in which I was greatly assisted by the pain in my head and the torment of the insects that swarmed on and tortured me.

It worked. They fell away from me and looked on with murmurings and fear. The alcalde ordered me put in jail and well guarded, saying: "Manana La Gringo le mort," meaning the American dies to-morrow. They put me in one of the old stone huts covered with stone slabs; it had no windows, but one heavy stone door with a hole in it about eight inches square. It contained all the filth of its former occupant, and was as hot as an oven. I kept up the bluff of insanity the best I could, at the same time looking for a defect in the walls, which I discovered in the rear one.

When they brought my supper, which they pushed through the hole in the door fearing to come in where I was, with it was my hunting knife, which they left with me, hoping, I overheard the guards say, that I would use it on myself before morning, obviating the necessity of my execution, which they did not favor while there was a question of my sanity, and which helped me in the execution of my plans.

They made their mosquito fire some distance in front of the jail, and soon went asleep. I made a hole large enough to get through, waited until all was quiet in the village, but the barking of their dogs, of which there seemed to be hundreds. I then crawled out, reeking with sweat and dirt, but free.

My first care, to look for Shut-Eye, failing to find him, I next looked for our boat, which I found on the bank with the propeller smashed. Being afraid to risk getting away down the river in one of their clumsy affairs, only the jungle remained to me as a means of escape. Without shoes, that

was impossible. So I went on a still hunt for footwear of some kind. I soon discovered my evil genius, the Alcaldi, laying in front of a hut, sound asleep; on his feet was my own good shoes, while tucked in his belt was my pistol.

Those shoes I must have. He was too husky for me to attempt to throttle; I dare not try to work the pistol-snatching stunt, lest he cry out and alarm the camp, so I hunted up a heavy stone, and with it I smashed him on the head, in no gentle manner. He went out without a groan.

I took the shoes and pistol, but would not take his pants and shirt, for fear of vermin, but looked in his pockets for money. I found my watch but nothing else. I then looked in the cabin for sacks of gold, but did not find them.

Without pants, shirt or hat, I quietly crossed the stream and slipped into the jungle, making to the north. Owing to the darkness and thick brush, my progress was slow. When daylight came I was yet close enough to hear the hue and cry they set up on discovering my escape. I concealed myself so securely that only by the use of dogs could they have found me. They passed within a few yards of me in their search, and I was glad to see with them my man of the big rock, as I had not wished to kill him.

After they abandoned the search, I lost no time in getting as far away as possible before hunger and sleep should overcome me. In the evening I found a banana patch, and filled up on the fruit, and slept until next morn-

ing, when I was off again. After ten days' travel without road or trail, with my slight clothing torn to shreds and almost eaten up by insects, I came to the sea at a little bay, on which rode three small steamers, loading with tropical fruits and rubber, apparently coming in from the opposite side of the bay from which I had come.

I traded my pistol to one of the captains for a passage to Galveston, Tex., and the sailors gave me a shirt and a pair of overalls that was six inches too large around and as much too short. I could not get a hat and coat.

In this rig I landed in Galveston at daylight in the morning, and went ashore in search of breakfast and a job. The first man I met was a policeman, to whom I told my troubles, and that I was without money. He pointed out a restaurant, saying that I could perhaps work it for breakfast—and that if he again caught me on his beat looking as I then did, I would get a job on a rock pile.

My luck had turned; the restaurant keeper told me to sit in and have a square meal, and he would help me find work, which was plentiful at that time. While eating, a man came to my table and asked me where he could get a man to herd a gang of Mexicans. I told him if he would get me enough cheap clothes, so that the police would allow me to go along the streets, I was his man.

This he readily did, and I staid with him until I had a little money. I then cleaned up, resolving, while doing so, to stay away from Central America until it, too, gets cleaned up a little.



Crickets Versus Umatillers

By Louis Roller

I LEFT Spokane with the picture of a combined harvester in my suitcase; also a book of order blanks.

The salesmanship part was merely a *nom-de-plume*. The essential part was the order blanks. The ranchers down there wanted combined harvesters and the firm had them—was turning them out by the carload in Spokane, and incidentally one of them was a carload. It took forty head of horses to pull one.

Just imagine the contents of the Hall of Machinery at the State Fair all assembled into one gigantic machine, with a couple of oil well derricks and the Brooklyn bridge thrown in for good measurement, and you begin to get a faint idea of a "combine." As for the noise one of the reptiles made, Fourth of July celebrations, giant crackers and whistling willies would be only an imitation of that machine when she was standing still. When she got under headway, you could hear her twenty miles away. For size and noise that outfit skins anything ever invented. Anywhere else but the Big Bend she would have been declared a public nuisance and sentenced to be destroyed. She was built for service, and Webster's definition of service is vague as compared with that she-devil. She could walk right through a hurricane—cut and thresh it—sack it up—sew the sacks and dump them overboard in carload lots, and I have often wondered why some genius hasn't attached a Duluth elevator and a Minneapolis flour mill to one of them. I believe it could be done. I am positive of one thing—it will be a long time before Uncle Sam permits one of them to be shipped by parcel post.

But all of this mattered not to the

ranchers of the Big Ben. That country is overly abundant in space, so the combines fitted into the background very nicely and still left margin enough for a caterpillar plowing outfit to turn around in.

Railroads are still few and far between down in the Big Bend. True, there are three trans-continental lines traversing this territory, but they have not as yet tapped the great interior of that country with feeders, but rather have neglected the great wheat producing area for the heavy tonnage and long hauls of the mines and timbered regions.

I stepped off the Olympian at Scrabrock, a raw little wheat town that had been assembled and thrown together so quickly that they had forgotten to include paint in the original order to the Chicago mail order house, and to partly hide the nakedness of things in general had resorted to "tar paper." Deny the West of its tar paper, and you have robbed it of one of its greatest traditions. Heedless of the ever-alluring signs, "Lots a dollar down and a dollar forever," I hastened to the O. K. barn. Here I met a character who proved to be a blessing in disguise. The proprietor introduced him to me as Skippy. I am convinced I would have bunched my job the first day if it hadn't been for Skippy.

He was my sole counselor and legal adviser on that expedition. Without Skippy, Scrabrock would have faded from my memory long ago as only a passing incident. Skippy was an old-timer here, though he didn't consider that an asset, but an accident. He was going West in a prairie schooner, and smashed a wheel crossing a creek, he said, and had only camped here tem-

porarily. That was fifteen years ago. He was on his way to Puget Sound, but, unable to pursue his journey, had squatted upon a quarter section, and gone in for wheat raising. Poor Skippy, the lure of the "lonesome land" had held him captive ever since. Here among the sage brush, coyotes and great tumbling weeds, he was destined to spend the rest of his days.

Skippy proved to be interesting from the start. We drove up a long coulee, at the bottom of which ran a creek—that is, using "ran" in the past tense—just now it was too dry and parched to do anything more than lie there in the hot sun and console itself with the thought that once every three or four years it bore a faint resemblance to a creek.

"Tain't a very attractive country around here," began Skippy, "but I've seen times here when it was sort of interesting, even exciting"—here he expectorated thoughtfully into the hot sand—"and I've seen more hard luck around here than any man ever saw before—unless it was here."

Then he mused thoughtfully for a while and resumed:

"About two miles from here is the place I squatted on. Outside of the years of drought, prairie fires and bitter, long winters, I have seen some fairly good times and made a little money. Then I quit ranchin' just when things turned for the better. What I went through with turned my hair gray—so I concluded to give it up, and the last year I farmed I made a 'stake.' I had been worrying along fighting the drought, which took my crop the first year—the next year the frost took it; and then another year, just when the wheat was ripe enough to harvest, what happened but a prairie fire, which cleaned me out in one night. And the final year, what do you reckon I had to contend with? Crickets! Nothing but gol-blasted measly crickets! which ate the whole country up with but few exceptions. I thought then it was time to quit. What will happen next, I wondered. God only knows—I don't. So I gave it up, but ever since then

they have been having bumper crops.

"I had my whole place in wheat that year. There had been plenty of snow and rain, and the ground was full of moisture; no drought to fight, I thought—nothing but some unforeseen circumstance can prevent me from having a good crop this year—and it was always the unforeseen that happened with me. If it hadn't been for my wagon breaking down in the first place I would have been in the Puget Sound country now. But I've no kick comin', I guess. I did pretty well at that. I got my wheat all sowed, and it came up fine. Prospects were good, better than I had ever seen before since I landed here, and what few settlers there were in here then was all figuring on a good harvest.

"Now, I thought to myself, if I do pull through this one summer and get a decent yield, I will get out of here so quick it will make your head swim. I talked with the settlers; went around and looked at their wheat—everything was fine, and we were all in good spirits. But you can never tell. What Sherman said about war was nothing. In war you meet your fate quickly, but here it was strung out over a period of years, promising for a while, and then something would swoop down, and it was all off, and you suffered in bitter disappointment until the next year. Then fate held out inducements again, only to disappoint in the ending as before. The agony of it was worse than war, a hundred times worse. I was fully convinced of that much, but I hung on, like the man hanging on to the bear's tail I could not let loose. If I do happen to hit it lucky, I thought, it will be a regular pay streak.

"My wheat kept growing and growing. All danger from a spring freeze was over, and I feared nothing now but fire. Still, it was a long time yet until harvest time, and the wheat was only about four inches high. Well, one day a neighbor came along (he had been off to the south, down somewhere near the Snake), and he said the crickets was taking everything—just literally stripping whole sections at a time, and

not a blade of anything green was left in their wake. Of all the curses on earth, I thought. Crickets! What in heavens next! The following day, myself and some more of the settlers set off for the cricket-infected region. I did not imagine until I saw it what a terrible foe we had to combat. It was simply awful. There they were, a solid army of them, miles in extent, and simply devouring everything and marching like a bunch of regulars from Walla-Walla. We tried to stop them. First we tried plowing the ground and digging trenches. That checked them some, but very little, and then we tried fire, which proved more successful, but as everything was green we could not do much with fire. Had it been a little later in the season, we certainly could have fixed them that way. But it was no use: we were doomed—and by those gol-blasted crickets!

"There was Gabe Hankins, who had a quarter section joinin' mine. Gabe was a little quicker to meet emergencies than I was. The crickets was still ten or twelve miles from us, and Gabe suddenly hit on the idea of a cricket trap. Some sort of a contraption he had in mind with wings leadin' off that would guide them into the trap, and we would build it abuttin' on to our places—string it along on the fence posts, he explained—wire netting or something like that, and then when the main part of the trap was filled we would destroy them. This would save our crops, argued Gabe, although it would not stop them from advancin' on to the neighbors' wheat.

"Well, we had no time to lose. The varmints were comin', and were leavin' a desolate stretch in their rear. Gabe hitched up his spring wagon and drove whoppety-kyote to the forks, where old man Hendryx had a general store. In the meantime I was moved to despair and little cared whether we stopped the crickets or not. I lost all interest in ranchin', and if it wasn't crickets it was something else, so I just concluded it was impossible to raise a crop here. In a very short time Gabe returned, and if it had not been any other time but

then I would have laughed outright, for that man had a wagon load of everything imaginable. He had screen netting, tar-paper, heavy canvas, muslin and calico by the bolt, and kerosene to burn the critters with, powder and dynamite to blow them across the Columbia river—rat poison and everything on down to sticky fly paper.

"Gabe had a victorious smile on his face. He says: 'Skippy, if we can't stop them they can't be stopped.' I says: 'Gabe, you are dead right; if what you've got on the wagon won't stop them, we had just as well quit right here.' Some of the settlers had got next to Gabe's plan, and they set out pellmell for the forks. They came back empty-handed, for Gabe had cleaned out old man Hendryx completely. So they set about to digging trenches and piling sage brush to set on fire and hauling water to drown them. Says I to myself, them dad-burned infernal crickets is goin' to meet with some reception around here.

"Gabe and I got busy with the tar-paper, stringing it along the fence, and when we had used all of the tar-paper we commenced on the muslin and calico. Undoubtedly we would have a pretty stiff bill to face at old man Hendryx' for all of this stuff, but nevertheless, if it did the work, it meant a ten thousand dollar wheat crop for us. Anyhow we kept right at it. Gabe laughing to himself occasionally, just as though he took it all for a regular lark. He never could be right serious even in moments like these. Still, I was a little dubious. What if Gabe's idea failed to stop them? My previous experiences had taught me a bitter lesson. Somehow, I felt it in my bones that our efforts would be a failure. Finally we got the job all completed, and the crickets were still a mile away.

"'Let them come,' laughed Gabe; 'I'll bet my Siwash cayuse against a maverick that they don't hurt a hair on our heads, and if my trap proves a success, I am goin' up to Spokane and have it patented—and dumbled if he didn't,' added Skippy—'he had the

durned thing patented, and even manufactured some, but there's been no need of the things since, so I don't reckon he sold many. But while we were waiting for them pizen pests and gazin' in their general direction, a queer looking black cloud seemed to rise right up out of the sage brush, and came swirlin' directly toward to us. I never seen anything like that before. I didn't know whether it was a monsoon or a bolt of greased thunder. Gabe and I stood and watched it. First it was sort of shaped like an egg, and then it strung out like a flock of wild geese, and again kind of wiggled around like a locoed rattler. 'Shades of Pocatello,' gasped Gabe, 'them blood-thirsty crickets has sprouted wings and are flying overland to attack us. It's all off now,' he continued; 'our wheat is just as good as gone.'

"Believe me. I was some sick man, right then. After all of our efforts to stop the measly brutes and then they turn in and fly at us. I knew half of the hair on my head turned gray right then. This was the climax to all of my years of misfortune.

"'Gabe,' I says, 'I knew it—I felt something was goin' to happen, but I never dreamed of anything like that. I expected to see your trap go haywire.' 'Not on your life,' answers Gabe; 'that trap will stop any kind of a thing that slides or creeps or walks on its hands and knees, but when they go and sprout wings! Dumb their black hides,' he exclaimed, as he run for the black powder and dynamite, 'I'll touch this off under them when they pass over us, and mebbey they will take a notion to keep a-flyin' and not light until they have gone a mile or so by us.'

"'There won't be anything left to light,' I thought to myself, from the looks of the boxes of explosives he had. Gabe was certainly a handy man to have around in cases of emergencies. That black cloud kept a comin'. It was approachin' with the swiftness of the wind. I says: 'Gabe, it's no use,' as I begin to see the magnitude of that swirlin' mass. "There's enough var-

mints there to pack the whole Big Bend off on its back.'

"But Gabe was game. He stood ready with his dynamite and black powder like Napoleon at the surrender of Yorktown, and he says: 'Dad gum it, I am goin' to give them a run for their money just the same.'

"By that time the black cloud was upon us, and a strange turn in affairs took place then and there. Gabe forgot all about the black power instantly and started on the run, and I followed suit in short order, for about that time things started to go up in the air in general, and there was a hissing, roaring noise as if it was a cyclone. But it wasn't, not by a durn sight. It was worse than any cyclone that ever hit Kansas or any other ranch. It was a umatiller and a ring-tail ripper she sure was, and she was tossing things about in a handsome way. About this time Gabe stumbled and I fell over him, and we both stuck right where we lay, for we fell into his confounded sticky fly-paper. You bet we lay flat and hugged the earth, and I guess if it hadn't been for the fly-paper we would have blown away, and that umatiller just picked up Gabe's old spring wagon, the black powder and dynamite, the rest of the fly-paper, and just histed it right over our heads, and while I was trying to pull some of the sticky stuff loose from my forehead the cursed powder exploded almost directly over us. Great Guns! It felt to me like it had driven me ten feet into the sand and then pulled the sand out from under me, and then let me drop with a thud.

"Honestly, I'll bet that explosion was heard clean over on Puget Sound. It shook the earth like a double-headed clap of thunder. I think it knocked the tar out of that umatiller, for she pined away like a sick kitten. But still she had enough zip in her to keep a travelin', and wasn't disabled completely. I think all of this rookus must have lasted for about thirty seconds. It seemed that many hours, and I know the rest of my hair turned gray during that time.

"After it was over I sat up and

looked around me. Gabe followed suit and the first thing we noticed was the absence of his cricket trap. 'Of all the rip-roarin' things I ever heard of,' gasped Gabe. 'Can you beat it? All the blood-thirsty varmints in hell let loose at the same time! First I thought it was the crickets which had sprouted wings and then it turns out to be a umatiller.

"'Honest,' he says, 'Pandory must have opened her blasted box of hard luck somewhere in this durned country. I can't think of anything else that could happen to us unless the devil comes trottin' along and pokes us with a red hot darnin' needle.' I says, 'Now where is your cricket trap.' 'In British Columbia by this time, I suppose,' he says. And I says, 'I suppose the crickets won't do a thing to us now. 'I wish that durned rookus had took me along with it,' says Gabe, 'and I would be spared the scene of what is to happen.'

"We waited and waited, but no crickets. 'They ought to be here by this

time,' I says. 'It's time for something to come along,' says Gabe; 'it wouldn't surprise me none to see a snake storm come along and rain rattle-snakes for four days.'

"'Gabe, have you tumbled to it?' I says. 'Tumbled to what,' answers Gabe, half listenin' to what I said. 'Why, that umatiller must have fixed the crickets. I reckon it took them right along with your spring wagon and the rest of your trappings.' 'You're right,' shouts Gabe; 'you're right. Hooray! We'll have a crop of wheat yet.'

"And we did. There was only a few of us that had wheat left, but we made up for the years of drought and fire and frost."

Here Skippy looked pointedly over the hills to the right. "See that raise over there with the zig-zag road over it?" I nodded in the affirmative.

"That's the place," he says; "Gabe lives there yet. Just mention crickets to him and I'll bet you a new hat he buys a combined harvester."

QUICKENING

Forever here the toiling wheels of Fate
 Around the slothful earth drag heavily;
 Each day a loitering dawdler, long I wait
 And vainly fortune's hastening feet to me.
 The light that glints swift promise from afar
 Time loses on her laggard way to earth,
 And Thought's quick concept, mounting like a star.
 Speech strangles in slow agonies of birth.
 Then if into my pathway there should spring
 With suddenness to stop my sluggish breath,
 Unheralded, that silent, mystic thing
 Which men, in fear and ignorance, call "Death."
 Pray count it not calamity, but know
 Good fortune, sure, unhalting once to me
 Ran eager her rich treasures to bestow
 And crowned me with a swift felicity!

LANNIE HAYNES MARTIN.

Ysabella

A Romance of Spanish California

(Continued From Last Month)

By Clarice Garland

Author of "Spanish California Mission," etc.

CHAPTER III.

*Captain Fitch and Don Virmond Visit
the Prison with Friends. The
Attempted Escape of
American Prisoners.*

IN the Presidio some guards were playing cards in the open on a plank.

Comandante Arguello descended a ladder placed against the Presidio wall, where he was scanning the horizon with a field glass.

A sentry paced to and fro before the high gate.

"Whither away?" called one of the guards to the sentry. "No Indian wretches will dare molest this fort now. Come and take a hand at cards, Manuel."

"Not I," returned the guard, querulously. "To be caught napping would be to lose my post, but small loss thereby. Shall we ever be paid a salary again?"

"I know not," answered Manuel, dubiously.

"Here comes the Governor," admonished the sentry. "Bestir yourselves and pocket those cards, or he will have you put in the prison for a misdemeanor."

"The prison is full of Americanos," muttered another soldier. "The Governor needs us outside the prison for the present."

Governor Echandia strode moodily along and paused before the soldiers, who saluted him. "Go to the prison. Sergeant, and send the elder Ameri-

cano, the leader of the band, and his son to my office at once," commanded the Governor, turning on his heel.

Slowly the sergeant rose to his feet, winked at his comrades and whispered knowingly to them. "Will the Americanos lose an ear, think you, for their trespassing? I would not care to be in their places," saying which he passed on to the small prison building.

In the prison Sylvester Pattie the elder reclined on a bench in his cell chewing the cud of bitter reflection. His son James, in an adjoining cell, impatiently paced the narrow space, wondering what would happen next.

Suddenly a key turned in the rusty lock and the sergeant entered the prison. "Stir yourselves!" he exclaimed roughly to Sylvester Pattie. "The governor has sent for you to come to his house at once." He unlocked the iron-grated door of the cell and the hunter walked out feebly and joined his son, who had been liberated also. Following the sergeant they entered the house and presence of the governor.

The chief magistrate motioned the prisoners to be seated. The elder man was glad to comply, having become weakened by his exposure during a long and hazardous journey from the pueblo of Santa Fe.

Captain Bradshaw, master of the American brig Franklin, sat against a wall of the room, filled with silent wrath. He was detained for trial regarding supposed evasion of customs duties on his cargo from Boston.

Secretary Zamorano sat at a table supplied with writing materials.

"We are ready to hear your explanation of your unwarranted intrusion into Mexican territory," announced the governor sternly to the prisoners.

Sylvester Pattie rose to his feet to reply. "We left Santa Fe months ago in search of skins; but game was scarce and food also. We buried our traps and skins and floated down the Colorado River in search of a settlement to procure food. We——"

"Stop!" interrupted the governor. "I do not understand your Americano tongue, and have no interpreter," he added impatiently.

James Pattie spoke eagerly. "I can speak Spanish, your honor!"

"Very well," replied the governor, in a relieved tone. "Tell us what your father said."

James, a young man of twenty years, promptly translated his father's words.

"Proceed," commanded the governor to the elder man.

"We floated to tide-water in the Gulf of California, and not finding relief, we started across the desert, hoping, despairing and nearly exhausted. You know the rest. You arrested us as spies in Lower California and put us in prison here."

"How do I know that you were not spies?" questioned the magistrate. "The Americanos are not the only ones who are seeking to invade our Province. You must make your appearance here more clear to me."

"If this is Spanish hospitality, I shall wish myself well out of the country in spite of hard beans and worse meat," muttered James indignantly. This tirade was not understood by the governor, fortunately for the young man.

"Allow me," interrupted Captain Bradshaw, who was an interested listener, "to speak for my countrymen."

The governor motioned him to go on.

"I am sure Captain Pattie spoke the truth, and I will vouch for his honesty. With your permission I will report him to Washington, and they will communicate with you."

"I accept your amenties," replied the governor, somewhat stiffly. "Show me your passports," he commanded the prisoners. James handed the passports to the magistrate.

"They are forged," declared the governor, who examined and tore up the papers, then scattered the fragments on the floor. "Back to prison you go until further notice." He waved the father and son from the room led by the sergeant, who stood attention at the entrance.

"Much satisfaction do you get reporting our fortifications to your government. A prison life and prison fare for all spies," growled the sergeant, as he locked the iron-grated doors on the sad-hearted hunters.

"Oh, that I had my trusty rifle and one shot at this Spanish tyrant! I would be willing to give my life for my father's liberty," muttered James, savagely.

This tirade from the irascible James was overheard by Jesse Ferguson, Isaac Slover, William Pope, Richard Laughlin and Nathaniel Pryor, members of the hunting party. Each one was locked in a cell with the door filled with iron gratings.

"Aye! That we would do, had we our good muskets which the Spanish soldiers took away from us," echoed William Pope.

"And right soon!" added Richard Laughlin.

"I am tired of this hard bench for a bed, and would be glad of a few soft branches in the forest," muttered Nathaniel Pryor. "And venison steak," he muttered, smacking his lips, "would be an improvement on this stale cow's meat."

"Have patience!" exhorted Sylvester Pattie, weakly. "Captain Bradshaw from Boston is in the port. He spoke for us and will report to Washington."

"Good news, Captain! Good news! One good American is worth a dozen chattering Spaniards," added Nathaniel Pryor.

"Sh!" warned Pattie. "Tell it not in Gath. Speak it not in the walls of

San Diego, or we may lose some of our features."

Again the key of the prison turned in its lock and the door swung open, admitting the graceful forms of Estefana Pico, Ysabella and Dolores Carrillo, followed by Don Andres Pico, Captain Pacheco and Don Virmond, with Captain Fitch.

"Gracias, Sergeant," spoke Don Andres. "It is all right. We have the governor's permission to enter the prison. My sister thinks she must play Sister of Charity."

"They told me these Americanos were ill. And prison fare never was favored by sick men," explained Estefana, with a pretty assumption of authority.

"Of a truth, I would not revive on it, if I were ill," quoth Pacheco lightly.

"Ah!" murmured Estefana, advancing to Sylvester Pattie's cell and peering inside. "Here is a poor man quite ill. Andres, please give him this cup of lamb broth," begged the girl, uncovering the basket, and passing a filled cup to him.

"At your service, Little Busybody," responded her brother indifferently.

The old man drank the warm broth with evident relish. Then Estefana refilled the cup for the other prisoners. Next some slices of cold mutton were passed through the gratings by Pico and Pacheco, and received gratefully by the half-famished men. Little did the soldiers who brought the prison food care whether the troublesome Americans were fed or not.

Captain Fitch followed the group and looked anxiously into the dark little cell where Sylvester Pattie reclined. "Are you very ill, sir?" asked Fitch, in English.

"Oh, sir, it is good to hear my native tongue again," exclaimed Pattie in surprise. "Yes, I am very weak. If I could get some fresh air I should feel stronger."

"I hope you will feel better soon," replied Fitch, placing his hand in Pattie's, saying, "Good-by." Being the last one in the line of visitors, his hand lingered an instant in Pattie's

grasp. And when he passed along the corridor a little, dark object reposed in the palm of the sick man's hand. Pattie examined it curiously, then a smile broke over his pallid features. "A file," he murmured. "It is good to have one's countrymen pay me a visit!"

"Is it not sad to be locked up in a cell and have one's freedom taken away?" asked Ysabella, turning to Fitch.

"Yes," meditated the captain. "To go beyond the protection of one's home government is a great risk, I think." In his thoughts he placed himself in the prisoner's cell, and wondered how long he would keep out of prison in California.

"I must warn you," suggested Ysabella, "that Governor Echandia watches your every movement, and has directed by uncle, Lieutenant Carrillo, to do the same."

"Thanks," replied Fitch, while a spasm of anxiety contracted his brow as he thought of his gift to the prisoner.

"You are my friend at any rate, are you not?" asked the young man, as he assisted his companion down the prison steps. Ysabella smiled; her lips were dumb, but her expressive eyes spoke volumes in answer to the captain's question.

Gaily down Presidio Hill tripped the senoritas with their escorts. "Would the Americano senoritas treat you as kindly if you were locked up in a prison in Boston City?" asked Dolores curiously of Estefana Pico.

"Dios forbid that my sister be locked up in a cell in any city!" exclaimed Don Andres Pico, apparently deeply shocked.

"Oh, no, of course not; I did not mean just that," corrected Dolores. "I meant—would the Americanos be kind-hearted like Estefana? They might be less thoughtful of the comforts of others. Is it not so, Captain Pacheco?"

"Senorita Estefana is an angel of mercy. I could not answer for the senoritas of Boston City, however. It

is enough for me to know that the sweetest girl in the world is by my side," answered Pacheco gallantly.

"Come," called Don Andres Pico. "It is time for dinner, and my madre will reprove me if I do not bring you promptly when the roast is ready to serve. Ha!" he ejaculated. "Straws show which way the wind blows," quoth he, oracularly.

"What do you mean, brother?" questioned Estefana, looking around for the straws.

"Nothing, my sister, merely nothing. "'A little nonsense now and then is relished by the wisest men.'" he laughed, as he entered his home on Juan street with his guests.

CHAPTER IV.

The Ball at Casa de Bandini in Honor of the Bridal Couples.

The spacious villa of Don Juan Bandini resounded to music and laughing voices, and from its many windows adjoining the plaza, soft candle lights gleamed. The long sala was thronged with guests.

Don Juan Bandini was a young man of Italian extraction and relative of a princely Italian family in Italy. Born in Lima and educated in the colleges of Mexico City, he came to San Diego in his father's trading ship. He married Senorita Dolores, daughter of Don Jose Estudillo, and became a resident of the pueblo. He was a gentleman of distinguished politeness and hospitality, an accomplished writer and a versatile speaker. His home was the center of social gayety, where the people flocked to his entertainments. He was a born political leader and a representative of the diputacion to Mexico. His dark Italian eyes, overhung by straight, level brows expressed volumes, and his high, domed brow was a penthouse of thought and ambition. His strong Roman nose expressed leadership, domination, and the lines of his mouth expressed affability. Dignified and suave, he was an offshoot of Italian nobility and Spanish culture.

He was arrayed in black velvet and silver galloons, with dancing pumps; he stood at the entrance receiving his guests.

On the long sofa at one end of the sala sat Dona Dolores Bandini like a queen receiving the homage of her subjects. Beside her on the throne of honor sat the mothers of the brides. Around them were grouped the senoras of the pueblo, with Dona Feliciano Virmond, Mrs. Barry and Donas Yorba and Dominguez; the two latter ladies, with their lordly husbands, were distinguished guests from the great haciendas. The senoras' abundant locks of black hair were fastened in place by high and elaborately carved tortoise shell combs, brought from Lima and other foreign ports, and their handsome faces glowed with perfect health and happiness; their plump forms draped in rich silks with the finest and whitest of lawn and lace fichus.

Governor Echandia stood talking with Comandante Arguello, his gaunt form resplendent in a scarlet velvet cassique, with gold tassels and galloons, and white satin small clothes with the ever present officer's sword, the brilliant costume of military Spain. At the request of Don Juan Bandini, he opened the ball, advancing with courtly formality to Senorita Ysabella Carrillo, who submitted gracefully, but with apparent indifference to the attentions of her ceremonious partner in the dance, and quite oblivious of the fact that she was the most honored senorita at the ball. Dona Ignacia Carrillo scarcely concealed her satisfaction at her eldest daughter's social prominence.

Captain Pacheco waltzed lightly around the sala with his bride. "I have not had a word with you, carisima! Shall we ever be left to ourselves?" he asked.

"All our lives, I hope, after we reach Monterey," replied Dolores softly.

Don Juan Bandini held up his hand and the musicians paused. The host as floor manager arranged partners for a contra danza. This dance was specially participated in by the dons and

donas who moved through the intricate figures combined with the waltz in a stately and graceful manner much admired by their sons and daughters.

Light wine and candied figs were then passed to the guests by Indian servants. This wine seemed to produce the effect of buoyancy without intoxication, and was like unfermented grape juice.

Anita Estudillo stood in the center of the sala with a glass of water balanced on her head. This she succeeded in retaining while she circled around the sala to a musical accompaniment. This accomplishment was acknowledged by a clapping of hands.

Estefana Pico took her place in the center of the sala with her blue satin slippers wrapped in a black silk handkerchief. She performed the difficult feat of circling the sala without tripping, and was rewarded by another burst of applause. If either of the girls had not succeeded in their efforts, others stood ready to challenge admiration of their skill.

Ysabella Carrillo bounded lightly into the center of the sala and began dancing El Jarabe Tapatio. Her costume was white, embroidered China crepe confined around her waist by a fringed zerape of pink silk worn under a tiny black velvet bolero. Her small and shapely feet were dressed in pink silk stockings and low white satin shoes with silver buckles. Her glossy, black hair hung in braids down her shoulders fastened back of her left ear by a single pink Castilian rose. Dreamily Ysabella swung her lithe form in rhythmic motion to the music, then she danced fast and furious in a sort of dramatic progression. She was urged on by the clapping of hands of the audience with bursts of voices in approval of her grace in this fascinating dance. Every eye watched, every face kindled, every lip trembled during this national dance. It appealed as a ritual to the whole Spanish race. This national dance, with its ecstatic fury, manifested temperament of very special force, character and originality. No non-elastic brain, nor stolid tempera-

ment could have accomplished this dance of the Spanish nation with rhythmic motion and exquisite grace in response to the thrilling appeal of the violin and the minor staccato accents of the guitar.

Captain Fitch gazed in fascination at the grace and beauty of the dancer. Never in all his life had he dreamed of the perfection of dancing as exhibited in this Spanish temperament. He wore a dark blue evening coat without ornamentation that showed a ruffled expanse of fine linen above a blue velvet waistcoat below a white stock of Quaker stiffness. His New England costume seemed puritanical and sombre in comparison with the brilliant colors of the Spanish dons and officers.

The American sea captain gazed with eagle blue eyes from under dark, arching brows that emphasized his keenness of vision and indicated appreciation of the beautiful in art and nature. His high brow denoted intelligence and power of thought. Beneath the eyes rose the classic outline of his nose, and below it was a mouth that expressed tenderness and strength of purpose. The square jaws were prepared to carry out the designs evolved by the active brain. On the round chin Dan Cupid had set his mark in the deep dimple displayed therein, where the little god played its hide-and-seek. His face was framed in thick, waving locks of light brown hair, and down each cheek extended a fringe of light side-whiskers. Those piercing blue eyes challenged you and summed you up at a glance, worthy or unworthy, interesting or uninteresting; Capt. Fitch balanced the books of individuality and solved the problems in a trice. He secured a waltz with Ysabella and they whirled lightly around the sala, blissfully happy.

Ysabella's fair complexion was flushed with health and her cheeks vied with the rose in her blue-black hair. Her liquid, hazel eyes indicated a power of love to her unknown and undeveloped. The depths of her soul never had been sounded; but she felt

a strange, unaccountable happiness in the society of the American sea-captain.

The senoras and señoritas brought cascarrons, or egg-shells filled with perfume, or tiny bits of bright-colored paper. The end where the insertion was made was sealed with wax. Taking a cascarron in the palm of her hand, Ysabella motioned to Captain Fitch with her finger on her lip; she glided behind Virmond and skillfully broke it on the high head of the don and laughingly hid behind the captain.

Virmond turned quickly around, while bits of paper powdered his light hair. The don's head towered above all others in the sala, and he looked very distinguished in his suit of black velvet and gold galloons with gold buttons. His ruddy face and keen blue eyes shone with the enjoyment of the evening. He searched for the author of the mischief among the dueñas; they laughed heartily but looked innocent, and Ysabella escaped with Captain Fitch, who led her out for a waltz.

Across the dark countenance of Governor Echandia flitted a shade of annoyance as Ysabella and her partner whirled past him. "I must send that American foreigner out of San Diego. He is paying altogether too much attention to *Señorita Ysabella*," he thought.

The cascarrons fell fast and furious; one of them struck the Governor's head and the contents flew over his dignified features. Estefana Pico glided quickly out of his vicinity, and waltzed away with Joaquín Carrillo, Junior. And his Excellency looked in vain to return the compliment.

"No one but that mischievous Estefana would have dared to hit the august Governor," thought Don Pío Pico, who had watched the maneuver.

Suddenly a cascarron hit Captain Fitch's blonde head and broke amid the laughter of the onlookers. This was a new game for him. By the glances of the dueñas, he discovered that Dona Feliciano was the skillful thrower. He begged a cascarron from Ysabella, and returned the compliment.

"Ah!" he declared, "I never could have made correct aim, if I had not practiced many a game of quoits on the deck of my father's ship when a boy."

It seemed that every lady had provided herself with cascarrons. A large basket filled with them was brought into the sala by order of Dona Dolores Bandini, who had prepared them for this occasion. Little fountains of cologne sprayed over the laughing guests, also showers of rainbow-hued paper.

Don Pío Pico hit *Señorita Ignacia Alvarado* fairly on her left ear; she turned quickly and detected him. "Let us waltz around the fountain," he challenged gaily.

"Nothing better," responded *Señorita Ignacia* agreeably.

Another cascarron hit Captain Fitch's classic nose. He inhaled the perfume with every appearance of satisfaction, meanwhile casting a keen glance around him.

Señorita Ysabella Carrillo stood demurely near him.

"Were the perfumed fountains of Granada brought to San Diego?" inquired Fitch.

"Are they not nearly as good as those of Boston City?" parried Ysabella.

"They may water the Rose of Castile," returned Fitch meaningly. "I always shall associate you in my thoughts with that beautiful flower."

Ysabella caught a baleful glance from the Governor, directed toward her companion, and she quickly turned and joined her mother. "The Governor will order the Viking to his far northern country, or I mistake his glance," murmured the girl, inwardly shivering. Why she shivered she knew not. The night was warm and the exercise exhilarating, yet the thought caused a dart of pain from brain to heart, contracting that muscle like a breath from winter's ice king.

Why did the magnetic glances of the beautiful *Señorita Ysabella* from beneath level, black, imperious brows commanding surrender, hold Fitch's gaze? He looked again at the straight

Grecian nose and small, firm lips above the madonna-like chin. Those magnificent dark eyes under wide black brows, compelled his gaze. "This never will do for me," he thought. "She is a foreigner to me and I am a foreigner to her. Doubtless these Spanish Caballeros are more to her fancy." He permitted himself another glance. His Excellency was leading the lady of his thoughts, and he noted the look of admiration on the Governor's countenance.

"Discretion is the better part of valor," thought Captain Fitch. "To interfere with the plans of his Excellency would be to invite disaster on the devoted head of the meddler. I must remind myself that I came to San Diego to get hides. I came not to obtain the smiles of a handsome senorita with a jealous lover who might imprison me for some fancied offense. I will talk to men only." With this reflection the captain turned on his heel and sought his friend Virmond.

Lieutenant Domingo Carrillo waltzed Captain Fitch with his wife, Dona Conception; he was alferéz or special aide to the Governor. He noted the foreigner's attention to his niece, Ysabella, and the evident annoyance of his chief. "I will take note of the young American shipmaster's movements," thought the lieutenant. "He must brew no mischief in this pueblo. We

have had enough of foreign impudence."

Altogether it seemed that Captain Fitch stood a very small chance of securing the confidence of the inhabitants of San Diego on account of Bradshaw's delinquencies and his own handsome features. Excepting for the timely intervention of Don Virmond, his enterprise seemed doomed to disappointment.

In the sala fifty feet long by twenty feet wide the game of cascarons waxed fast and furious until every perfume fountain was exhausted. At three o'clock in the morning Don Juan Bandiní arranged partners for el sol, participated by all the dons and donas, in which a remarkable dignity and grace were shown in every movement. This dance was the signal for closing the ball.

Merrily the company dispersed to their homes. Don Tomas Yorba and Don Antonio Dominguez, with their wives, remained as guests of the Bandinís. Don Joaquin Carrillo took his son-in-law with him, and Comandante Arguello also took his son-in-law to his home. Thus the merry-makers dispersed to indulge in a few hours of sleep. And the fiesta would be renewed on the morrow. A marriage was the signal for a week of dances, rodeos, barbecues and prize games.

(To be Continued.)

TO A ROBIN

Sweet songster at break o' day,
 Thy blithesome roundelay,
 Full of the dewy morn, is wafted on my way:
 I hear thy Spring song swell
 With life's joy—its notes tell
 Of my wild woods and trail, a brook and flower dell,
 And now full well I know
 That in the forests blow
 The early buds, and on the hill green things grow;
 They are awaiting me,
 And in thy notes of glee
 I grasp a feeling of thy spirit, wildly free!

ALICE PHILLIPS.

Nature Studies in Canada

By Rufus Allen Burriss

Beavers—Nature's Engineers.

AT THE LITTLE village of Hy-mers, 29 miles from Port Arthur on the Duluth branch of the Canadian Northern Railway there is a little creek emptying into the White Fish River. This creek is within five minutes' walk of the post office, station and stores. A pair of beavers came here, and apparently without fear, constructed a dam and made permanent arrangements for a home. No one molested them; in fact, all of the people of the village were proud of the fact that the beavers had confidence in their protection. The township agricultural fair was held here, and hundreds of visitors saw the home the beavers had constructed. On many occasions, they could be seen at work. They would swim to and fro and were as gentle as could be.

What a grand thing it would be if all animals of the nature of the beaver could be protected in the manner which New or Northern Ontario has used toward its noted beaver! Beavers are vegetarians, and in this country they live chiefly on the bark of the poplar tree. They are not like the otter, a flesh eating animal. The beaver does not molest the fish in the stream or in any way interfere with poultry.

Beavers demonstrate great wisdom in the construction of their homes. Their houses are constructed in the water and look like small hay stacks. When they start out to establish a home, the first thing they do is to draw up plans like engineers. They must work with great system, otherwise their houses would be destroyed by the water. It is wonderful to watch them construct a dam; this is done with

mathematical precision. They cut trees down with their teeth, cut them up into the proper lengths, and by hard work the timbers are delivered at the dam and placed in position. Their houses are constructed in the water; they are round and stick up considerably above the water. They obtain access to their homes below the surface of the water. This large round house is constructed of sticks, hay and mud, and in the construction of these the beavers use their tails as trowels. Inside of these houses—just above the surface of the water—is constructed a nice warm nest. This nest is not joined to the wall all around but exits are left in several places, and these openings enable the builder to plunge from the nest into the water; also food can be carried in from beneath the water.

These little engineers have so built their dam that when the ice forms on the pond which the dam has formed, they can lower the water, leaving a clear space for swimming between the ice and the water. In this very cold country this space between the ice and water affords protection from the cold and the animals' natural enemies.

In the fall, beavers provide their winter's supply of food, consisting of poplar sticks of various sizes and lengths, which are carried to the water, floated to their nests, and then sunk to the bottom of the pond. So far as I know, naturalists do not agree as to how these sticks can be made to sink and remain on the bottom until required for food. Close study of the habits of these wise little animals has solved the puzzle. It is no longer a mystery. After the stick of timber is located where it is wanted to rest on the bottom of the pond near the house,

the wise animal sucks the newly cut ends, extracting the air and letting the air spaces fill with water. In this way provisions for the winter will not float away, but will sink to the bottom and remain stationary until wanted.

When meal time arrives, the beaver dives from the nest, up-ends one of these sticks and pulls it to the nest. When the bark has been gnawed off and the stick is perfectly clean of all the food, it is pushed off into the water again, and another stick is brought in.

It is believed here that when the poplar of this country is exhausted, the beaver will have to migrate. The poplar is disappearing very rapidly of late years, owing to forest fires, and besides there is also a demand now for poplar lumber, which is exported to the United States.

The writer's friend, who loved to study the habits of animals, took his tent and traveled 20 miles into the wilds. There, on the banks of a stream where there was a large village of beavers, he lived in their midst while they were doing their construction work and providing food for the winter. They learned to respect him, because he proved in various ways that he was their friend.

The Sagacious Wolf.

Not long ago I met an old Canadian trapper, 68 years of age, who has spent his life in the wilds of the United States and Canada. I made several unsuccessful efforts to get him to write an account of his wonderful experiences, but "I can't write" was his invariable reply.

He claims that the wolf is the most sagacious of all wild animals, and the most difficult to trap. They are very wise and suspicious, and will not venture into dangerous places. One of his adventures indicates how quickly they can discern danger.

The old trapper had observed a pack of wolves chasing a deer, which was running on the ice of a small stream, the boughs of the trees on either side hanging well toward the

center of the stream. A bushy tree had fallen across the stream and was resting on the bank on each side, reaching above the ice four or five feet. The snow had drifted in, and the open space under the tree was well filled in. The deer had bounded over the tree, but when the wolves came along they jumped from the ice, all four feet resting for a moment on the top of the tree, the solid footing of which enabled them to make a lengthy leap in advance. The trapper observed that, because of the depth of the snow and other obstructions in the bush, the creek bed afforded a better, in fact a most excellent run for the deer.

He carefully examined the tracks of the wolves. After jumping from the log they all invariably lit in the same spot. He concluded that this identical point would be a good place for his trap. In setting his trap every possible precaution was taken to obscure his tracks and to remove every possible evidence that a human being had been there. He felt absolutely sure that he would capture the first wolf to bound over that tree. A day or two later, when he visited his trap, he found that the wolves had been jumping several feet beyond his trap. They had found out in some way that the trap was hidden in the old jumping place, and they were too wise to be trapped.

The trapper's next move was to cut out very carefully a place in the top of the log, just deep enough to hide the trap. He observed the exact spot on the top of the log where the four feet of the wolves landed each time, fixing his trap there with precision. Every particle of wood and every evidence that the trap was hidden there was removed.

The trapper is thoroughly convinced that wolves can communicate with each other. The evidence of danger at a certain spot is conveyed in some manner to every wolf.

"Every time a wolf came to that tree," he said, "he had given himself an extra bound, clearing by a wide margin the danger spot."

Evidently no wolf brain had ever

conceived the idea, however, that the deadly trap could be concealed on the surface of that log—its new position. The fatal trap was there. The wise wolf leader of his pack, a powerful animal, was captured.

When the trapper arrived and discovered his prize he rejoiced at his success. As he had neglected bringing a gun or an axe, he secured a good club and started to kill the wolf.

I remonstrated with him for his wanton cruelty to animals. "No," he replied, "served him as he should be. I have seen them run a deer down. I have seen the deer with tongues out, surrounded entirely with these voracious wolves. I have heard their low moans like a weeping baby, as they were being dragged down. No, I have no compunction of conscience for clubbing that wolf to death."

He explained how systematically the wolves worked to catch a deer. "I have had a big pack of wolves run right past me in their mad haste after a deer, and apparently never see me. I have known half of the pack to stop,

sit down in the snow and patiently wait for an hour or more. They would sit there so quietly that the snow would be melted through to the ground; then all at once they would all bound away. They knew exactly the habits of the deer they were chasing, for they had singled him out from the flock and they knew he would endeavor to get back. The rested pack would now fall in behind the deer, and when the tired pack would come to this place they would sit around in the snow and rest. By this relay method they would keep the deer going in a wide circuit until he was exhausted. It always resulted in a victory for the wolves."

"Then I have seen the wolves surround a flock of deer on the ice. They would carefully manage to separate one, and by skillful management get him on the north side of the lake, where the snow was drifted, thus securing their victim more easily. No. I have no pity for the wolf. He is hard to trap and it is almost impossible to poison him. He is the wisest of all animals."

SPRING IN CALIFORNIA

I love the freshets of the waking year
 That glisten through the tender tufting grass
 And whisper liquid purlings as they pass.
 I love the first gold buttercups that tier
 The freshn'ing hill. I love Spring's pioneer—
 The meadow-lark, whose subtle notes surpass
 The whistling winds; and oh!—the verdant mass
 A-burst on bud and bough a-far and near!

I love the flutt'ring mood of almond bloom.
 The sifting downward as of pearly wing
 And nestling in the green of blossom-plume;
 But most of all I love that holy thing—
 The sap, the scent, the glow, the life, the loom.
 The unseen essence that's the soul of Spring.

HARRIET BARTNETT.

The Divine Plan of the Ages

Our Lord's Return

Part XI

WHEN once we get a proper focus on the Bible testimony regarding the Coming of the Lord, our vision of the entire subject becomes clarified; and the earnest student of Revelation realizes that no other Bible theme is fraught with such tremendous and vital import as that of the Second Coming of the Savior. In his wonderful revelation, St. John, the beloved disciple, was given a glimpse of future events, and in marvelous vision was borne across this dispensation with the powers of evil still in control. He saw its changing scenes of church and State, and witnessed the final culmination. He saw a great change take place on earth—Satan bound, the forces of evil overthrown, and Christ and the saints reigning in glorious triumph. He saw the world of mankind liberated from the prison-house of death, and returned to their home in Eden—Paradise restored. No wonder that as the beloved St. John beheld this blessed vision of the world's future he cried out of the very depths of his soul: "Even so, come quickly, Lord Jesus!"—Rev. 22:20.

As one of the Twelve who walked with Jesus while on earth, St. John remembered the prayer which our Savior taught His followers. "Thy Kingdom come; Thy will be done on earth as in Heaven." The Apostle well knew that there could be no more sure guarantee of the lifting of the curse from the earth and of the restoration of humanity than in this promise of the Kingdom at the Second Coming of our Lord.

Joy for All in the Morning.

As has been previously pointed out in these pages, the Bible teaches that the great Divine Plan of the Ages was instituted before the foundation of the world, for the purpose of ultimately delivering the race from sin and death; and that our Lord's return marks the fulfillment of that great design. "Weeping may endure for a Night, but joy cometh in the Morning." (Psalm 30:5.) We believe the careful, earnest student of Scripture will more and more realize the truthfulness and the validity of this teaching as he considers the combined testimony of the Bible on this subject.

In this connection let the reader consider a text which is generally ignored, except by Universalists; for, although the writer of this article is not a Universalist, he claims the right to believe and rejoice in every testimony of God's Word. It reads, "We trust in the living God, who is the Savior of ALL MEN, especially of those who believe." (I Tim. 4:10.) God will save all men, but will not especially ("to the uttermost") save any except those who come to Him through Christ. God's salvation of all men is not such as will conflict with their freedom of will or their liberty of choice, to give them life or death against their wills. "I have set before you this day life and death, blessing and cursing; CHOOSE life, that ye may live."—Deut. 30:19, 20.

Simeon contrasted these two salvations, saying, "Mine eyes have seen Thy salvation . . . A LIGHT TO

LIGHTEN THE GENTILES, and THE GLORY OF THY PEOPLE, ISRAEL (ites indeed.) (Luke 2:28-32.) This is in harmony with the Apostle's declaration that Jesus Christ, the Mediator, gave Himself a Ransom for all, to be testified to all in "DUE TIME." (1 Tim. 2:5, 6.) This is that which shall come to all mankind, regardless of faith or will on their part. This good tidings of a Savior shall be to all people (Luke 2:10, 11); but the complete eternal salvation from sin and death will come only to His people (Matt. 1:21)—those who believe into Him; for we read that the wrath of God continues to abide on the unbeliever.—John 3:36.

We see, then, that the general salvation which shall come to every individual consists of light from the True Light, and of an opportunity to choose life; and that since the great majority of the race is in the tomb, it will be necessary to bring them forth from the grave in order to testify to them the good tidings of a Savior. We also see that the special salvation which believers now enjoy in hope (Rom. 8:24) and the reality of which will be revealed in the Millennial Age to those who "believe in that Day," is a full release from the thralldom of sin and the corruption of death, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.—Rom. 8:19-21.

But attainment of all these blessings will depend upon hearty compliance with the Laws of Christ's Kingdom—the rapidity of attainment to perfection indicating the degree of love for the King and His Law of Love. If any who have been enlightened by the Truth, brought to a knowledge of the Love of God, and restored—either actually or reckonedly—to human perfection, become fearful and draw back (Heb. 10:38, 39), they with the unbelievers will be destroyed from amongst the people. (Rev. 21:18; Acts 3:23.) This is the Second Death.

Resurrection of Israel.

St. Peter tells us that this Restitution is "spoken by the mouth of all the

holy Prophets." (Acts 3:19-21.) All the Prophets of Israel teach it. Ezekiel says of the Valley of Dry Bones, "These bones are the whole house of Israel." God says to Israel, "Behold, O My People, I will open your graves and cause you to come up out of your graves, and will bring you into the land of Israel. And ye shall know that I am the Lord when I . . . shall put My Spirit into you and shall place you in your own land; then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it and performed it, saith the Lord."—Exek. 37:11-14.

To this agree the words of St. Paul (Rom. 11:25, 26), "Blindness in part is happened to Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles (the elect company, the Bride of Christ) be come in; and so all Israel shall be saved," or brought back from their cast off condition; for "God hath not cast off His people which He foreknew." (Rom. 11:2.) They were cast off from His favor while the Bride of Christ was being selected, but will be reinstated when that work is accomplished. (Verses 28-33.) The prophecies are full of statements of how God will plant the Israelites again and they shall be no more plucked up. "Thus saith the Lord, the God of Israel . . . I will set Mine eyes upon them for good, and I will bring them again to this land; and I will build them and not pull them down, and I will plant them and not pluck them up. And I will give them a heart to know Me, that I am the Lord: and they shall be My people, and I will be their God; for they shall return unto Me with their whole heart." (Jer. 24:5-7; 31:28; 32-40; 33:6-16.) These promises cannot refer merely to restorations from former captivities in Babylon, Syria, etc.; for the Jews have been plucked up since those experiences.

Individual Responsibility for Sin.

Furthermore, the Lord says, "In those days and at that time they shall no more say, Thy fathers have eaten a sour grape, and the children's teeth are set on edge. But every one (who dies) shall die for his own iniquity."

(Jer. 31:29, 30.) This is not the case now. Each one who dies does not now die for his own sin, but for Adam's sin. "In Adam all die." He ate the sour grape of sin, and our fathers continued to eat it, thus entailing further sickness and misery upon their children, and hastening the penalty—death. The Day in which "every man (who dies) shall die for his own iniquity" only is the Millennial or Restitution Day.

Though many of the prophecies and the promises of the future blessing seem to apply to Israel alone, it must be remembered that they were a typical people; and that hence the promises made to them, while sometimes having a special application to that nation, have also a wider application to the whole world of mankind, the priesthood typified the "little flock," the Head and the Body of The Christ—the "Royal Priesthood"; and the sacrifices, cleansings and real atonement "for the sin of the whole world, of which Israel is a part.

Moreover, God names other nations and promises their restoration. As a forcible illustration, we mention the Sodomites. Surely if we shall find the Restitution of the Sodomites clearly taught in the Scriptures, we may be satisfied of the truth of this glorious doctrine of Restitution for all mankind," spoken by the mouth of all the holy Prophets." And why should the Sodomites not have an opportunity to reach perfection and everlasting life, as well as should Israel or any of us? True, they were not religious; but neither was Israel, nor were we who now hear the Gospel. "There is none righteous, no, not one." aside from the imputed righteousness of Christ, who died for all. Our Lord's own words tell us that although God rained down fire from heaven and destroyed them all because of their wickedness, yet the Sodomites were not so great sinners in His sight as were the Jews, who had more knowledge. (Gen. 19:24; Luke 17:29.) Unto the Jews of Capernaum He said, "If the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done

in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."—Matt. 11:23, 24.

Sodomites to Be Restored.

Thus our Lord teaches that the Sodomites did not have a full opportunity; and He guarantees them such an opportunity when He adds, "But I say unto you that it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the Day of Judgment than for thee." The character of the Judgment Day and its work will be taken up in a succeeding article. Here we merely call attention to the fact that it will be a tolerable time for Capernaum, and yet **MORE TOLERABLE** for Sodom; for though neither people had as yet full knowledge nor all the blessings designed to come to mankind through the SEED of Abraham, yet Capernaum had sinned against more light.

If Capernaum and all Israel are to be remembered and blessed under Israel's New Covenant, sealed by the blood of Jesus; why should not the Sodomites also be blessed amongst "all the families of the earth"? Assuredly they should be! And be it remembered that since God "rained down fire from heaven and destroyed them all," many centuries before Jesus' day, when their restoration is spoken of, it implies their awakening, their coming from the tomb.

Let us now examine carefully Ezekiel 16:48-63. God here speaks of Israel and compares her with their neighbor Samaria and also with the Sodomites, of whom He says, "I took them away as I saw good." Neither our Lord Jesus nor the Prophet offers any explanation of the seeming inequality of God's dealings in destroying Sodom, but permitting others more guilty than Sodom to go unpunished. This will be made clear when in due time His great designs are made manifest. The Prophet simply states that God "saw good" to do so; and our Lord adds that in the Judgment Day it will be more tolerable for them than for others more guilty.

Under the supposition that death ends all probation and that thereafter

none may have opportunity to come to a knowledge of the Truth and to obey it, we may well inquire, Why did God see good to take those people without giving them a chance for salvation through the knowledge of the Only Name whereby they may be saved? The answer is, Their due time had not yet come. In due time they will be awakened from death and brought to a knowledge of the Truth, and thus blessed together with "all the families of the earth." They will then be on trial for life everlasting.

Let us examine the prophecy still further. After comparing Israel with Sodom and Samaria and after pronouncing Israel the most blameworthy, the Lord says: "When I shall bring again their captivity, the captivity of Sodom and her daughters, and the captivity of Samaria and her daughters, then will I bring again the captivity of thy captives in the midst of them." The captivity here referred to can be none other than captivity in death; for those mentioned were then dead. In death all are captives; and Christ comes to open the doors of the grave. (Isa. 61:1; Zech. 9:11.) In Verse 55 this is called a "return to their former estate"—a Restitution.

Some, who are willing enough to accept of God's mercy through Christ in the forgiveness of their own trespasses and weaknesses under greater light and knowledge, cannot conceive of the same favor as applicable to others under the New Covenant, though they seem to admit the Apostle's statement that Jesus Christ tasted death for EVERY MAN. (Heb. 2:9.) Some of these suggest that in this prophecy God must be speaking ironically to the Jews, implying that He would just as willingly bring back the Sodomites as them, but had no intention of restoring either. Verses 60-63 refute this thought; for when a promise is signed by a "THUS SAITH THE LORD GOD," all who have set to their seal that God is true may rejoice in its certainty—especially those who realize that these New Covenant blessings have been confirmed of God in Christ.

"All Israel Shall Be Saved"

To this St. Paul adds his testimony, saying, "And so all Israel (living and dead) shall be saved (recovered from blindness); as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob. For this is My covenant unto them when I shall take away their sins . . . They are beloved for the fathers' sakes; because the gifts and calling of God are without repentance." —Rom. 11:26-29.

We need not wonder that Jews, Sodomites, Samaritans, and all mankind will be ashamed and confounded when in His own due time God shows forth the riches of His grace. Yea, many of those who now are God's children will be amazed when they see how God so loved the world and how far His thoughts and plans were above their own.

Christian people generally believe that God's blessings are only for the selected Church. But now we begin to see that God's Plan is wider than we had supposed; and that although He has given the Church "exceeding great and precious promises," He has also made bountiful provision for the world which He so loved as to redeem. The Jews made a similar mistake in supposing that all of God's promises were for them alone. But when the due time came, and the Gentiles were favored, the remnant of Israel—those whose hearts were large enough to rejoice in this wider evidence of God's grace—shared that increased favor, while the rest were blinded by prejudice and human tradition. Let those of the Church who now see the dawning light of the Millennial Age, with its gracious advantages for all the world, take heed lest they be found in opposition to the advancing light, and so for a time be blinded to its glory and blessings.

God's Plans Contrasted with Creeds.

How different is this glorious Plan of God—the selection of a few now in order to the blessing of the many hereafter—from the distortions of these truths as presented by the opposing

views of Calvinism and Arminianism! The former both denies the Bible doctrine of Free Grace and miserably distorts the glorious doctrine of Election by claiming that God could never have purposed to save any but a few—the Church; and that He elected and fore-ordained these to be eternally saved, but all others to go to eternal torment. Arminianism both denies the doctrine of election and fails to comprehend the blessed fulness of God's Free Grace, in denying that God has the power to bring to pass His loving designs for the blessing of all.

While the doctrines of Election and Free Grace, as taught by Calvinism

and Arminianism, could never be harmonized with reason or with the Bible, yet those two glorious doctrines are perfectly harmonious and beautiful, seen from the viewpoint of the Plan of the Ages.

Seeing, then, that so many of the glorious features of God's Plan for human salvation from sin and death lie in the future, and that the Second Advent of our Lord Jesus is the designed step in the accomplishment of those long promised blessings, shall we not even more earnestly yearn for the time of His Second Advent than the less informed Jew looked for and longed for the First Advent?

DAY'S GRAVE

No further go.
Here the grim dusk a dingier shadow throws.
No pitying star dust shows—
Here dig day's grave.
Here, in the dark, with eyes that will not weep,
Smooth the dim pillow while, with pendulous feet,
Death stalks the unlighted street.

Dear day, it must be so.
Close-shut are we from all the world and cold.
Lo, yonder cornice crowds across the sky,
Letting the sunlight die
And blossoms of bewildering summer lie
In mist and mould.

The stone will smother and the damp will creep
But you shall sleep
Though lips that whimper and the noon's sick cries
Sob to far skies.
And here, some night, with tremulous steps and slow
The little children of the street shall come
And swiftly, softly strow
Wreaths, lately withered, on your sepulchre.
And blindly weep, in passionate grief and dumb.
Who little knew how sweet, how fair you were.

RAYMOND S. BARTLETT.

Experiences in Locating a Home on Public Lands in the West

(As Told in Letters to the Family)

By Anna W. Case

(Continued From Last Month)

(To my brother T—)

Edmonton, Alta., Sept. 21, 1916.

Dear T—

W— took me to see a quarter-section in Pouce Coupe that he sent in an application to cancel, but I couldn't believe he would be at all satisfied to work it. The land was very uneven, with many rocks and scattered brush—a discouraging looking bit of land but the best to be had. We were almost on the point of renting a house near it—buying a pair of oxen, etc., as we couldn't have had the place for sixty days. Then we gave it up and finally left Pouce Coupe with the mail-carrier, after having been there about ten days. The trip to Grande Prairie—for, of course, we wouldn't have gone over that terrible trail to Spirit River again—took three days—two days by mule team that walked all the way—one day by stage that made better time. The first day was through an uneven, partly wooded country—not good for much. At the first log house we came to we had dinner. It was the best built log house I have seen. The owner has made quite a little money trapping in winter—the silver fox skin bringing \$500, I believe, and other skins making up a good balance. Moose is very plentiful in this country and provides an ample meat supply. Rabbits usually abound, but there are none this year, it being the seventh year when

they are always gone. An immense grizzly bear was seen near this stopping place a few days before we were there. I felt disappointed not to see it myself! It was indeed an unusually lonely place for a man to settle with his family. I heard afterwards that the man had intended to reach Pouce Coupe, but he was driving a herd of cattle over the road, and when he got that far and saw the thick wild grass growing there beside Swan Lake, he decided to go no further, especially as winter was coming on. It is really a "swan" lake as in season there are large flocks of them, and they say these birds of twenty-five pounds are as good to eat as geese.

From there we rode on again up and down the hilly land, stopping at night at another log cabin by the side of another lake. We had expected to find accommodations, but a glance around the one room showed us where our bed would be. After a supper of the regulation bacon that never was smoked, and white beans that never were baked, and fried potatoes, the table was pushed back and a feather bed laid on the floor for the children and myself. We have been thankful that our supply of blankets has been ample. Besides our family of five there were four men, one woman and two children, so the stories of quite a number sleeping in the rooms of New York tenements do not seem so odd.

The next day we passed several lakes literally covered with mallard ducks—I couldn't help thinking what a treat it would be to you to be there with a gun and a boat. I think on one lake there must have been thousands. That night we reached Beaver Lodge—one of the oldest settlements in the district—the people coming there over a trail that took them three months. They have some first class land, and they deserve it; but the finest bit of farming country I ever expect to see we reached the following noon. The place is called Lake Saskatoon—in the papers some one refers to it as the Arcadia of the Grande Prairie district—a term it well earns.

It is decidedly aggravating to see this fine country and know you can't have any of it now, although, when we considered everything, it didn't seem worth while to risk settlement near here in the two sections where they send the new-comers—some thirty to forty miles out—for at Grande Prairie City we found conditions anything but conducive to staying there. The crop failure has put a damper on all business, and it seems as if W— heard nothing but pessimistic talk from the men. Sometime this will be a great country, but the first-comers are almost bound to lose.

We got back to Edmonton as soon as possible. Staid at the Immigration Hall ten days, and are now in a little house in the suburbs while W— looks awhile longer in this locality. To say that we are upset and discouraged is of course putting it mildly. Where W—has gone now, towards the north east, is largely settled by the French, To the west, and northwest, the land is wooded; to the south all desirable parts taken. Immigrants are coming here all the time, only to be disappointed. It ought to be better known in the States that good homestead land is gone, though for a moderate amount of money I believe a good farm can be purchased—not profitably, however, from the "C. P. R." as their game is a pretty safe one for them.

Love to all,

H.

(To my sister-in-law, M—)

1 Eighth St., Edmonton, Alta.,

Sept. 21, 1916.

Dear M—

At last I have an address to which you may write. Let me hear from you at once all the news both concerning you folks and what you may know of E—. Have you heard from her anything about the shipment of our goods. Here it is more than five weeks since we left and the things are not here. As four weeks are ample time, W— supposed, of course, they were at one or the other of the three freight yards, so, as he had to hurry, he hired this unfurnished little house in the suburbs, only to find ourselves with almost nothing to put in it. We had to get a stove anyway, but after sleeping on the floor for two nights, we decided we would have to get some second-hand bedding. What we don't wish to keep they will buy back again, so it won't be so bad.

The worst feature of this house is the outside appearance. While it is well painted and in first class repair, it is high-posted and without any piazza to set it off. I think for that reason they have to rent it so cheap—\$5.50 a month, or \$4.00 a month if taken for a year. There are six rooms besides toilet and good shed, where wood can be kept, and clothes dried in stormy weather. We, of course, do not need so much room, nor do I use the electric lights with which it is fitted—candles are cheap—but W— only had a day in which to look up something, and the fact that one was getting so much for his money did not seem to be a serious drawback.

W—has gone on a trip to the northeast on what he says is his last hunt for a homestead, for he says if he cannot get anything he will get a job in this city, and with rents so low and the cost of most food products cheaper than in the East, this is as good a place as anywhere, if not better. We are about ten years too late to get a desirable homestead, and it is too bad so many people keep coming

here for this purpose, only to be disappointed. Every day they are coming—from Washington, Arizona, Kansas, Ontario, Norway, etc. The Immigration Hall where we were staying became crowded for rooms, and as our seven-day allowance was passed, we felt like an immigrant, for at the Immigration Hall we all found ourselves in the same boat, whether American or Norwegian. The common question is "What part of the world are you from?" In this country nobody is native save the Indian and the half-breed.

Love to all,

H.

(To my sister E—)

1 Eighth St., Edmonton, Alta., Sept.
23, 1916.

Dear E—

I am enclosing a picture I noticed in an old paper found in this house. The log cabin is indeed typical of a great many one sees in the country, and is much like two where we spent the night while traveling, except that in the picture the logs are hewn, whereas the ones we were in were made of the rough logs with all the bark left on; the roofs covered with clay or sod instead of what looks to be a sort of thatch. Grass and flowers—even grain—grow very nicely on the tops of some cabins, and one man in Pouce Coupe told us that he had lots of good mushrooms upon his roof every year.

The log cabin, they claim, is warmer in winter than these frame houses, but to see the way many of the latter are built you would think this ought to be a Californian climate. Such lots of little houses! Bungalows, cottages and even sheds about the size of the one we used to keep the horse in—shacks they call them here, with one or two rooms—and all these different kinds of houses mixed up together on the same street. For example, this is a small cottage house, on one side is a very nice larger house, well kept up; on the other side two shacks, one of them vacant—both unpainted.

Hope I shall hear from you very soon.

Love to all,

H.

1 Eighth St., Edmonton, Alta.,
Sept. 27, 1916.

Dear Mother G—

The place where we stayed at Pouce Coupe—a French term that means "cut thumb"—was the home originally of a fur-trader who got on exceptionally well with the Indians, and was so kind in extending credit to any and all that he prospered and was much liked, and his sons to-day own 640 acres of land with all the stock and tools that need to be on such a place. I would have liked to have made a sketch of that farm, for I doubt if many localities near here look so much like Alaska or the Yukon, and its distance from a railroad gave it the real back-woods air. It was not, however, a spot where Indians would be likely to make their home, as they almost invariably seek a lake, since their living comes so largely from white fish and moose. You were always interested in Indians, so I will try to write you concerning them, if we settle around here. Also I shall write you of the wild animals that seem such novelties to Easterners—of the rabbits that are so plentiful except every seventh year that one man fed his hogs through the winter on those which got into his barn every day, and which, after shutting the doors, he was able to catch and kill. So tame do these rabbits get that they will come up and nibble a man's shoes. This, however, is the seventh year, and there are none at all. Almost as numerous are the little gophers—something between a rat and a chipmunk—which inhabit prairie land and get so mad when an automobile goes by that they snap at the tires. I have seen no bears yet, except two tame ones, tied by chains. I was told one of these was safe enough to touch—that it used to be loose—and judging this to be so by its gentle eyes, I attempted to pat him. I changed my

mind when he acted as if inclined to eat me. I am told these black bears are not dangerous, but bother the settlers by stealing food out of their cabins. The grizzlies are another proposition! There are porcupines—W—— has seen one—beaver, all kinds of foxes, wolves and coyotes. I have seen two coyotes—pronounced kiyutes—and heard them bark so much that since we left the north I find myself listening at night for their weird laughter or screaming—either seems to describe their noise better than the word barking.

On the trip W—— took last week he found nothing desirable except, as usual, where the land is all taken up. The land being so wet where the wild hay grows that many settlers cannot cut it and are lacking in food for their stock. He said the roads were so bad the wheels sunk in to the hubs—for up that way the travelers had not been sufficiently industrious to build the "corduroy" roads over the low places which we rode over so frequently in the Peace River country. These "corduroy" roads or bridges are certainly great to ride over, especially if the wagon lacks springs. They are made by placing large logs lengthways, then putting smaller ones close together across them—and they are the only kind of bridges possible in a backwoods country.

The children are quite at home here in this little house, and do not think of such a thing as being frightened when we find ourselves alone, although it certainly seems odd to me when night comes, as this is my first experience in living alone—the children counting more as responsibilities which increase rather than lessen the lonesomeness. In the evenings I burn candles, for I like them and find them cheap. I also burn wood for fuel because I like it, although in this country the native coal, which oftentimes lies nearly on the surface of the ground, is perhaps just as cheap—being only \$3.50 a ton at present. Nor is the native wood and coal the only fuel found here, for instead of getting water when they drill a well

in some localities, they get gas or oil. At present the finding of valuable oil wells north of the Peace River has created quite a rush for speculation up there.

If it hadn't been for the war I suppose the development of this whole northwest would have gone on quite rapidly, but with the failure to finish the proposed railway lines and the knowledge that no new ones are likely to be built for some time, has come a check to expansion. Opinions concerning the agricultural value of these provinces, and their present condition, of course differ a great deal, for even if many of the people are dissatisfied it may be only that these people who have come here were dissatisfied before, and have but brought their discontent with them. Facts, however, should show the real condition, but they are hard to get at. Some one said years ago that these prairies would never be of any value except to the Indians and the buffaloes. To see this large city, fourteen miles long, with its good schools, and public buildings, its level streets and electric lines, its numberless dwelling houses and countless stores, you would say he made a mistake. Edmonton started out to be too large—like a child that has grown too fast—and now it must stand still to adjust itself. One doesn't seem to hear of any crimes, nor to see any regular police on the streets.

Whatever the streets may lack in police they make up in soldiers. They are to be seen everywhere, either singly by day or a large number parading by night. The sound of the bugle is quite familiar. They are still talking of conscription, which will probably come about if the war lasts over winter.

With love to all.

H.

(To my sister E—)

1 Eighth St., Edmonton, Alta.,

Oct. 7, 1916.

Dear E—

On the last trip W—— took, eighty miles to the north, and which he took

with a regular locator who charged him \$10. and found nothing that he would consider for a moment. He has given up going any more, and at present is again talking of the southern part of B. C., as he is so apprehensive of what the winters will be here. Nobody thinks he is in earnest in regard to homesteading, for it seems to be the united opinion of every one that a man is mighty foolish to do so. They say a man should buy improved land, but according to some the land is likely to be no good after it has been worked awhile. At any rate, men seem to stay—if they can afford it—the necessary three years until they get a title, and then leave the country for more southern climates.

The place of which we are thinking in B. C. is a fruit growing district, where the winters are not so severe. We are already having November weather—the windows heavily frosted this morning, and wet clothes hanging in the shed, frozen stiff. It is pleasant now, after quite a stormy spell, when it attempted to snow two different times.

I saw a great display of northern lights last night about nine o'clock. It was not the first I have seen here, but by far the best. The light was intense and high in the sky, and wavered about in the most interesting fashion. I never supposed there were rainbow colors in such displays, but I saw them last night—not bright, of course, though colors nevertheless—the red at the bottom grading indistinctly to the greenish tone at the top. Sometimes spots of bright light, having these colors, would seem to jump about almost anywhere in the north, although the movement seemed to be always from east to west. At other times the curve of light was similar to a rainbow—with streaks of light flaring along the higher parts and going as high sometimes as the north star.

I have not my mail yet from Pouce Coupe—will probably receive it next week. What is the matter with Mrs. F.—that I don't hear from her?

With love.

H.

(To my sister E—)

1 Eighth St., Edmonton, Alta.,

Oct. 10, 1916.

Dear E—

The goods are here. The charges are about \$58, there being 30 articles which I believe is right. We shall not have them brought here, as I do not think we will be here very much longer. The two bundles you sent arrived yesterday—Thanksgiving Day! I am glad to have the things, but it is too long a distance to send very much.

We are now quite decided on what we are to do. W— got some B. C. papers, and by chance almost I noticed an article by an Oregon man on the loganberry juice business. You know the West is largely prohibition, even B. C. going that way only a month ago, and a natural result is a greatly increased demand for fruit juices. This loganberry is somewhat like the blackberry and raspberry, for the growing of which Vancouver Island is ideal. Now it seems that there is a great demand in the South for loganberry juice, which readily sells at 50 cents a quart wholesale. Our plan is to buy a ten or twenty acre tract on Vancouver Island on long-time payment, set out a few acres to this loganberry, and meanwhile grow some strawberries and vegetables until they are in bearing. Then we will either sell to factory or start a small bottling works ourselves. I am writing to the man who gave the lecture on this business to get more particulars. If possible W— will get about ten other men interested in this at the same time, so that they can start a co-operative community before we get through with it, with school, store, church, etc.

My knowledge of berry-growing, added to W—'s knowledge of bottling, packing, etc., gives us both courage in this proposition, and regardless of the co-operative part of it the berry itself would sell either in Victoria or across the line. T— says, do something everybody else isn't doing. I think he would consider this thing a good idea. I think the railroads and

business men around that island would like to see this industry started, as it would give employment and stimulate the community. The lecturer seemed to think 10,000 acres could be set out to this fruit which would yield \$13,000,000 worth of juice.

With love,
H.

(To my sister E—)

1 Eighth St., Edmonton, Alta.,

Oct. 18, 1916.

Dear E—

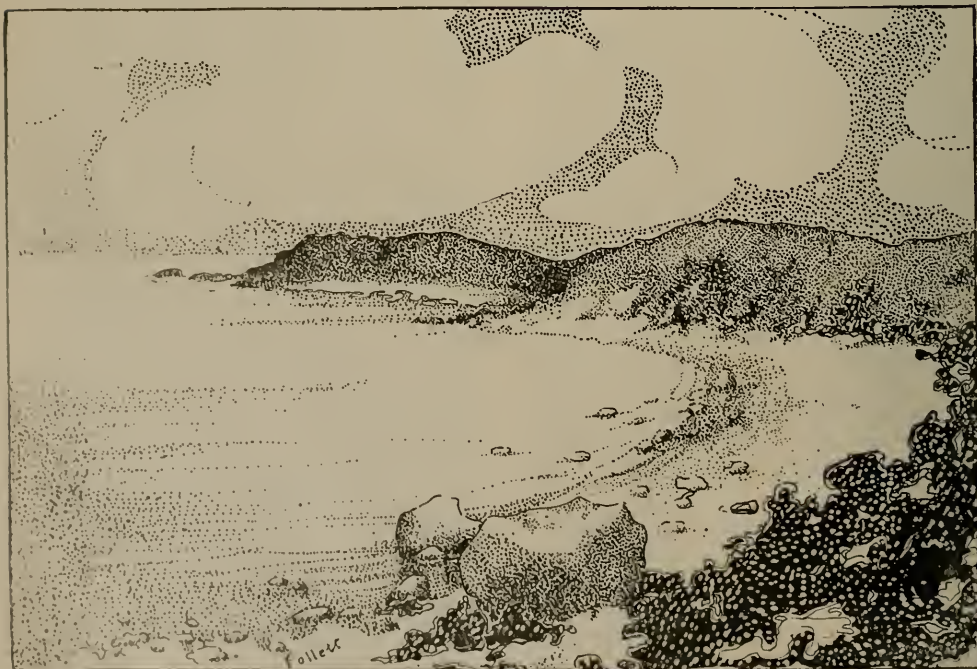
Am writing to let you know that the parcels arrived O. K. this morning, with the diplomas safe and sound. The only reason I wanted them is because in this country one never knows what may happen, and should we find ourselves located near a country school I might find it advisable to take it—if I could get it—although I really do not think seriously of the idea.

We have rented this house for another month, as it will be cheaper to stay here until we are sure where we are going in B. C. If we do not go to Vancouver Island we may locate in

the famous fruit district called Okanagan Valley, which is not quite so far from here. This is a rather dry place, and farmers use irrigation to make perfectly sure of their crops. On Vancouver Island the rainfall is ample and the climate warmer in winter. We have letters to receive within a short while, and upon them will depend our choice. Do not send any more bundles until we are settled, as we will have no way to pack them. Why do you send clippings, etc., concerning Eastern farms? I cannot imagine either W— or myself wishing to return East. If we had \$10,000, I do not think we would go any further east than southern California. If we ever decide to leave Canada it would be to go to Oregon, but as I say, believe we will settle in a fruit district in B. C.—surely any one who has seen and heard as much about homesteading as we will never care to try it, nor have we money enough to buy and equip either a grain or a stock farm.

As ever,
H.

(To be continued.)



The Schoolma'am on the Warpath

By G. V. Alliston

WHENEVER I think of the Kaiser and Woodrow Wilson I am reminded also of Edwin Boomer and Mark Manners, two of my co-workers at Cleaver's Corners' School; and I should not mind wagering my best bonnet—providing wagering were legal, and I were allowed to wear the bonnet afterwards—that the Woodrow Wilson class, i. e., the Allies, will win for the same reason that Mark Manners' class did, although Mark was a far less magnificent character than Boomers.

The two were in charge of separate divisions of the same grammar grade. The reasons why the work of the one achieved such a signal victory over that of the other might have proven an enigma to the uninitiated, for how Boomers did work, to be sure. His mind was packed with information. It was as bulgy as a rag-bag, and just as ready to spill out; probably also as slovenly as that useful receptacle for outworn threads and shreds. He was forever explaining, and demonstrating, and elaborating with voluminous verbosity, and wordy tenuousity, while the boys and girls sat and yawned, and thought up plans for the playground, and schemes for the vacation—and showed the poorest results possible at their examinations. He cherished an air of pompous aloofness, and a big stick; and esteemed himself the best disciplinarian in the school. In fact, he cherished his discipline so carefully that he must have carried it along with him when he took a recess, for the moment he turned his back upon his pupils. Bedlam loosed itself, and the Armenian Atrocities began: mice and spiders in harness went over the top into the girls' trenches, ink

flew, combatants fought entirely regardless of civilization's rules of warfare; intrigues were formulated, love-letters penned, and spies posted; the whole to be quelled only by the reappearance of pomposity and the big stick.

Mark Manners' personality displayed no outward decorations, if one excepts a genial, care-free, leisurely outlook upon classroom affairs. Self-advertisement was not his favorite foible, and the pupils were not made aware of what he either did or did not know. No single straw of information would Mark vouchsafe that they could discover or learn for themselves. He had mastered the art of "how not to do it" to perfection. In truth a somewhat unenlightened Education Board would have dismissed him for not doing his work had not the Principal explained that Mr. Manners had undertaken the hardest scholastic task of any other—that of teaching the children to use the brains that God had given them. As for discipline, in Mark's domain, apparently, was "no sech enemile." He took occasion to remark that beating was all right for carpets; also that the big stick might go for firewood; but a silken cobweb somewhere in Mark's vicinity held the pupils within bonds as effectually as a chain.

He had a canny way of getting them to govern themselves. Elections became the order of that classroom; and presidents, and sheriffs, small in size but great in responsibility, arose from the ranks. Also the pupils were kept busy. When Mark took a recess he would mention that geography was to be finished, and that he would look over it when he came back; wherefor, and because of that lasso of cobweb,

anarchy merely found some such expression as "Hey, watcha cribbin' off me for? Dig up some thinks of yer own, yer left-eyed tarpot!" But this traveled no further than the ears of the president in charge, who "wasn't such a sneak as to tell." In a word, Manners and his class became to be esteemed the greatest success of Cleaver's Corners' School. Manners, among other things, had inaugurated a fine, young, enthusiastic democracy, abundantly capable of self-government—a democracy the individual members of which, later, were to become a power and influence in the township.

And the great reason that the Woodrow Wilson class—and there is some class about it—will win the war is that its individuals also have learned, or are learning the art of self-government.

When the peoples of the Kaiser class have perfected themselves in the same lesson, they, too, will be on the road to victory. May that time be soon, for it will bring the dawn of true peace to their storm-swept horizon!

SCRAPS OF PAPER.

The Declaration of Independence.

Thrice famed Scroll, thou blood-bought Roll, beat of a people's heart
Where writ in flames are deathless names, undying as their Chart!
Thou Clarion of Liberty; thou Star to light the Earth;
Star of a Western day-dawn fair; Herald of Freedom's birth,

The Glory Flag, the Tricolor, the Flag
of Crosses Three,
Now twined fly athwart the sky for
God and Liberty!

The Spirit of thee, honored Scroll, into
Light's pathway flies.
And through an Eagle's mighty throat
pours mighty threnodies
That give the right to just men all to
walk in peace; to fight

For ideals and altar-fires; to live in
Freedom's might.

The Glory Flag, the Tricolor, the Flag
of Crosses Three
Are waving side by side to-day for God
and Liberty.

The Marseillaise.

Diapason of war-worn sound: cry of a
people's wrong!
For "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"
the Song.
Oh, chivalrous, enduring France, thy
martyrdom is o'er;
Thy day will rise, thy enemies will
wreck thy bounds no more,

For three great flags in union wave to
one battle-cry:
"Fraternity, Equality, World Peace,
and Liberty!"

Magna Charta.

A centuries'-old paper-scrap wrung
from a traitor's hand;
A paper-scrap that shall endure while
falls Time's hour-glass sand,
In crystal shrined, in hearts enshrined
holds place in Britain yet,
Though Britain's skies are fire-rent,
and Britain's shores beset.

The Glory Flag, the Tricolor, the Flag
of Crosses Three,
Dear, crimsoned flags, their tale the
same: FOR GOD AND LIBERTY!

What men are these? The Japanese,
the Russian, the Serb;
Italian, and Belgian—brave souls no
wrongs could curb;
Roumanian, and mountaineer; the Por-
tuguese; the Pole
Entwine their pennons with the Three
—a mighty muster-roll.

While heroes passed to The Beyond
join in the battle-cry,
And echo from Supernal Heights:
"FOR GOD AND LIBERTY!"

The Fall of Kerensky

By John O. Coghlan

THE following graphic description of the downfall of Mr. Kerensky and the sacking of the Winter Palace is by the correspondent in Petrograd of The Morning Post. It is under date of November 10th, and appeared in The Morning Post in a recent issue:

On Tuesday morning, the correspondent writes, Mr. Kerensky held on the Palace Square a farewell parade of the Women's Battalion shortly proceeding to the front. They consisted of five companies, something over a thousand total strength, under the command of Captain Loskov, who had trained them. Mr. Kerensky then proceeded to the Council of the Russian Republic (the prae-Parliament) sitting in the Marinsky Palace, and made there a great demagogic speech which roused intense enthusiasm on delivery, but universal criticism after cool consideration, and failed to save a vote adverse to his government. In the course of this speech he announced that he and his government were seriously threatened by the Bolsheviki (Maximalists), and called upon all men to declare at once whether they were for the Russian Republic or against it. The same afternoon the Bolsheviki quietly captured Petrograd, restored traffic over the bridges which the Kerensky government had swung open and guarded, took over everything except the actual building of the Winter Palace, and set up in the Smolny Institute, three-quarters of a mile east of the State Duma and on the Neva, a new government of men mostly with Jew-German names passing under Russian names.

The whole operation of capturing Petrograd was done in the most ad-

mirable military manner; the troops were perfectly sober throughout, under proper discipline, and in possession of definite plain military orders which they carried out with courtesy and firmness. The land approaches to the Winter Palace were taken and strongly picketed without opposition. The cruiser Aurora and three destroyers arrived from Helsingfors, the big ship anchoring in the stream about a mile and a half below the Winter Palace, the three destroyers taking up positions opposite the palace under the fortress of Saints Peter and Paul. naval contingent was got to Petrograd by orders, which turned out to be forged, from the Centrofleet (the Head Center Committee of the United Sailors Committees.) When the orders came to put out of harbor the men had demurred, alleging the bad weather, and it was only the strong order from their own Centrofleet which compelled their obedience.

During Mr. Kerensky's tenure of the Winter Palace, where he kept up with his fraternity a more than royally extravagant state, the premises had been guarded by various bodies of cadets, as being the most trustworthy wearers of military uniform in Petrograd. An exceptionally strong body of cadets from several military schools had been concentrated in the Winter Palace on Tuesday, and the Women's Battalion was ordered to remain there on duty in place of starting for the front. There were also six guns and about a score of Maxims. A company of one of the Death Battalions was also got in at the last minute. But no arrangements had been made either for the comfort or even the victualing of a force which now exceeded 2,000. The



Mr. Kerensky

Death Battalion men had no boots and were only partially armed; they demanded arms and equipment, and in particular clamored for food. Getting nothing they left the palace. The various colonels commanding cadet units began withdrawing their boys for the same reasons.

Captain Loskov of the Women's Battalion, marched away with four companies, leaving only the second company of something under 200 in the palace. The artillerymen took their six guns from the interior courtyard of the palace out upon the Palace Square, apparently intending to return to barracks, but fell into the hands of the opposing forces without reluctance. In this way by repeated defections, due mainly to the entire neglect of any kind of preparations, the forces available for the defense of the Winter Palace fell below 1,000, two-thirds of whom were boys, and a few men. Maxim-gunners and oddments, while

something under 200 were women. The Women's Battalion must be specially mentioned. First, they were women. They had joined to defend their country from the foreign foe, and were entirely opposed to any form of participation in political quarrels.

During the "insurrection" against Kerensky's government last July these women soldiers were specially ordered into Petrograd from their training camp in the country to help to save the Government. They had then hardly more than begun their training, and, indeed, had never yet fired a shot from their rifles. On that occasion their commanding officer successfully pleaded with Mr. Kerensky that it was unwise from the military point of view to attempt to utilize raw, untrained troops, even men, and these were women untrained; moreover, the women soldiers were on the eve of mutiny at being called in to take part in a political quarrel. As the women were not

actually needed in July the plea prevailed. It was not so now; the women were trained and ready for the front; they did not put forward the second plea on this occasion, but their feelings were entirely against taking any part in what was only dubiously for their country's good, and very certainly required them to shoot their own fellow countrymen. Presumably the second company remained to vindicate the honor of the corps, which they fully accomplished as soldiers, only to suffer afterward as women. Captain Loskov with the other four companies appears to have taken train for the front, for nothing is yet known of their whereabouts. The second company came under the command of their honorary colonel-in-chief, who, in another capacity, was present in the palace.

Through all of Tuesday evening, night, and all Wednesday, the Winter Palace building, not even including the Palace Square, was the sole territory out of all the Russias, covering one-sixth of the globe, that the Kerensky government could command. It was defended by boys and women. But an oversight, or the sheer ignorance of the Bolsheviks, lost them, in spite of otherwise admirable military dispositions, all they seemed to have won. From the official residence of the Minister of War, not half a mile from the palace, and already in the hands of the Bolsheviks, runs a direct cable to the field headquarters, which are again directly connected with all parts of Russia. This cable was in charge of a couple of young officers, with a staff of four telegraphists. The operating room is in the attics, which were not searched by the captors, and there is telephonic direct communication from this room to the palace. One of the officers repaired to the palace, and for 48 hours the cable worked unhampered in the interests of the Kerenski government to all ends of Russia.

Within the palace, Tuesday evening and night passed in a state of sheer panic. All the ministers, including

Mr. Kerensky, were there, but one who had ventured out was recognized and made prisoner while attempting to return. Eye-witnesses describe the scene as purely farcical. Every one was giving orders and everybody else issuing counter-orders. Ministers bustled about from room to room talking at random. Even Mr. Kerensky was seen wildly asking all and sundry: "What are we to do now?"—"Can you suggest anything to be done?" down to a despairing, "What shall I do?" An officer newly arrived with dispatches from the front was placed in command of all the forces left in the palace. He proposed to hold the Palace Square, but was not allowed to take a single soldier, boy or girl, outside the seeming safety of the massive palace walls.

In the early hours of Wednesday morning, in the pitch darkness of the night, a motor launch quietly put in to the narrow little waterway known as the Zimnaja Kanavka, between the Winter Palace and the Hermitage, familiar to all lovers of Russian opera as one of the most captivating pieces of scenery in "Life for the Tzar." Into this swift craft, Mr. Kerensky, with his adjutant, disguised in the topcoats and uniform caps of the imperial lackeys, silently lowered himself, having stolen out by a back way from the palace precincts. It was a simple matter to put ashore after a noiseless voyage by the Neva, and one of its canals at a point within easy reach of the railway station, but in all probability the escape was managed first by motor car after the launch had cleared the danger zone in the near neighborhood of the palace. Mr. Kerensky proceeded to Bikhov, some score of miles from field headquarters, and the place of confinement of the victims of his bare act of treachery of a couple of months ago, General Korniloff and a dozen others. He was too late to prevent their escape, but devoted himself with success to the task of pleading the cause of his helpless government against the "usurpation of the sovereign power" by the Bolsheviks.

It was a dramatic escape. But were the "enemy" really hoodwinked, and did it really take place as told? The Bolsheviks were in no haste to seize the prey they held so securely in their toils. They took things leisurely. And Mr. Kerensky got away on this, as on the previous occasion, when the Bolsheviks last July threatened his government with extinction. In September, when Korniloff was falsely said to be marching on Petrograd with the same hostile intentions, it was to the Bolsheviks that Mr. Kerensky had recourse for assistance. The Jews here openly say of him "he is ours!" and Mr. Kerensky on several occasions has proved by his actions that solidarity of the blood which admits of no misconceptions. Mr. Kerensky was the only person in the Winter Palace at the moment of crisis whom the Jews claimed for their own, and he was the only person who got away. All the circumstances point to something more than happy coincidence. It is only when one recalls the amazing careers of such men as Azev or Father Gapon that a certain light seems to be thrown upon much that is extremely curious in the life history of the meteor "Autocrat of the Tongue," Mr. Kerensky.

Throughout Wednesday there was little hindrance to foot traffic about the Winter Palace Square, and adjoining streets, save for the stretch of quay facing the palace. But at 6 o'clock on Wednesday evening, orders came to stop all movement, and the pickets closed up and prepared for action. Shortly after 6 p. m. the Provisional government received a formal summons to surrender. They had spent Wednesday in compiling a number of proclamations to the nation, which they circulated—how widely is still unknown—by means of the direct wire to field headquarters. Konovalov took the lead after the disappearance of Mr. Kerensky, and his signature stands below a proclamation which tells the nation, amongst other things, at a time when the whole Petrograd garrison had 12 hours before declared against the Provisional government, that, "owing

to the want of firmness and indecision of a part of the Petrograd garrison, not all the dispositions of the Provisional government could be carried out." A number of speeches were made in the Palace by various ministers, who informed their hearers that the Bolsheviks were surrounded, that troops were momentarily expected to arrive from the front, and that even if fired upon they must hold out. No reply was sent to the first formal demand, which was followed later in the evening by a definite ultimatum. The Provisional government requested some extension of the time named, which was granted. But about 10 at night it became evident that the Winter Palace must be taken by force.

In a military sense, the situation was foolish and impossible. At point-blank range down the river were the big guns of the cruiser. Opposite the palace stood the fortress with an unknown force of artillery assembled there, and under its wall three destroyers. The Neva opposite the Winter Palace is not 600 yards wide, a trifling range for a modern rifle, to say nothing of naval guns. The land approaches to the Palace were held by an overwhelming force, and from any part of Petrograd any number of guns might have been brought to bear against so large a mark with certainty. The defense was not a score of Maxims and the rifles of a few hundred boys and girls. In such circumstances the Provisional government decided that the boys and girls must support their valiant defiance of the ultimatum. It can only be characterized as a wicked decision. The naval guns alone could have made a heap of ruins of this magnificent palace in 10 minutes if properly served. Apart from the lives of the boys and girls called upon to defend the nominal masters of some 15,000,000 soldiers, the Winter Palace is estimated to contain art treasures and precious objects of every kind of historic and intrinsic value to a total amount of \$250,000,000.

Owing to the royal state maintained for months past by Kerensky and com-

pany in the imperial palace of the Tsars, and the splendid banquets given to fellow-tribesmen and political adherents, the treasures of the Winter Palace, unlike those of the Hermitage, had not been removed except for such smaller articles as disappeared from time to time by the hands of all and sundry who visited the modern exponent of that most vicious form of government, the "autocracy of the tongue." The Bolsheviki were merciful, or, as subsequent events made more likely, they had a just appreciation of the value of the loot contained in the Winter Palace. When all terms and extensions of time had expired, the cruiser fired a salvo of blank from its big guns, the destroyer artillery followed suit, and the fortress guns filled up intervals, while from the land side began a fight between the boys and girls against thousands of soldiers and sailors with rifles, Maxims, armored cars and some field guns. The first naval salvo was fired at about 9:30 p. m. on Wednesday. From that time till 2 o'clock in the morning, the same program was repeated some half-dozen times, the guns of the cruiser and destroyers using nothing but blank ammunition.

So far as the Provisional government were concerned, there was no danger, and they continued obstinate. How far encouraging, though hardly true, messages from the outer world produced this misplaced valor can only be surmised. But the din of big naval artillery, field guns, Maxims and rifle firing continued at intervals for nearly five hours, the heavens being lit up with a rosy glow some thirty times from the big gun flashes of the cruiser. At last the minor artillery began to use shell, but the firing, whether purposely or not, was somewhat erratic. Three shells fell in the town, all more or less in line with the Winter Palace, but the gunners overshot by 600, 1,000 and 3,500 yards, respectively, with these three. The first two failed to explode and caused little damage. The last wrecked two flats in the region known as the Izmailov streets, the regular lines of streets originally forming

the cantonments of the Izmailov Guards regiment. Two corners of the heavy plaster cornice of the Winter Palace have been knocked off by shell fire, but only one shell struck squarely. It pierced the massive walls, and, without exploding, contrived utterly to wreck one of the magnificent historical pictures which adorn the vast walls of the palace. It is that famous picture representing the scene of the last fight and surrender in 1857 of the daring tribal chieftain of the Caucasus, Shamyl, "The Last Stand at Gunib."

The Provisional government surrendered shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning of Thursday, and were marched off in custody to the fortress. With them went some 500 of the cadets. But the valiant women soldiers had a harder fate . . . And the priceless art and other treasures of the Winter Palace—where are they now? The soldiery and their friends spent the night, the next day, and a good deal of Friday in stripping and removing everything they thought good to take, and destroying most of the rest. Like mad, senseless barbarians in the palaces of the Caesars, they slashed criss-cross innumerable great works of art. Portraits of the Tsars were treated with especial ferocity. One singular—or was it intentional?—exception to the general fury strikes the eye and wakens a train of reflection. Amid a number of portraits ripped to shreds hangs untouched that of the German Moltke! Did these barbarians know whom they spared? Or was the work of destruction carried on under direction of the Jew-German double-name Russians who are the Bolsheviki leaders? Such is the fact, whatever be the explanation . . . The Preobrazhensky regiment, the next neighbors of the palace, loaded their whole service trains with loot, put their womenkind atop and set off to their country homes—they had made the haul of their lives and were minded to share it, if at all, with their homefolks in the villages. Motor lorries were busy for a couple of days in getting loot away from the Winter Palace, and the whole neigh-

borhood was like an ant hill disturbed, carrying off its precious freight on their overburdened backs in every direction.

And upon whose head lies the blame? Not the Bolsheviki, not the "democracy" of Russia. They spared the Winter Palace last March; it was never a scratch the worse for all that happened then, neither outside nor inside. It had long ceased to be the residence of the Romanoffs; it was the art museum of a nation. Never spoke so strongly the ineradicable instincts of the Jew as when that semi-Jew, Mr. Kerensky, who with the aid of misguided foreign sympathies created on paper the "democracy" of Russia, elected to take up his residence in the Palace of the Tzars. Mr. Kerensky who eight months ago lived in a mean room, up a mean court, in an obscure part of Petrograd, has savored to the full the luxury of empire,

realized the "autocracy of the tongue," and feasted with his fellow tribesmen and political supporters on the gold and silver plate of bygone emperors and empresses, the gifts of great kings and the work of matchless artists never to be replaced. Mr. Kerensky led the bedlam that, thanks to foreign foolishness, masquerades as "democracy" in Russia, into the Winter Palace.

From prince to peasant, all alike know where lies the blame for a deed unparalleled in modern times. The common folk have murmured long past at Mr. Kerensky's insolent occupation of the imperial palace, and the luxury he lavishly enjoyed there, while they, despite eight months of speechifying, remain precisely where they were, with ever less to eat, and paper money growing daily more to count and less to value. Upon Mr. Kerensky personally, not his government, lies this blame.

The Ignacio Zuloaga Collection of Paintings

By J. Nilsen Laurvik, Director Palace of Fine Arts

THE most important "One-Man Art Exhibition" ever held on the Pacific Coast opened in the Palace of Fine Arts in San Francisco, February 16th—March 15th—when the great collection of paintings by Ignacio Zuloaga, the celebrated contemporary Spanish painter, was thrown open to the public.

This collection has been exhibited in the leading cities of the East, and has created a veritable sensation wherever shown, by reason of its rich, exotic color and extraordinary subject matter. The latter has occasioned no little discussion in New York, Washington, Brooklyn and Boston, where the ironical realism of Zuloaga was not always interpreted according to the Spanish point of view.

The collection was organized and

brought to America under the auspices of Mrs. Philip M. Lydig, and is being shown in San Francisco through the kind offices and guarantee of Mr. Chas. Templeton Crocker. The exhibition is retrospective in character, including early examples of the artist's work, which help to show his development. It comprises forty-two canvases, several of which are so large that they have to be taken off the stretchers and rolled for transportation. Every phase of Zuloaga's artistic activity is represented here—with striking figure-pieces, daring nudes, great groups, as well as portraits and landscapes, all colored with his peculiarly distinctive Spanish point of view, which he has expressed with such a strong personal accent.

This personal equation in art is the



"Women of Sepulveda," by Ignacio Zuloaga. In the Zuloaga Exhibition, Palace of Fine Arts.

very essence of Zuloaga's gospel, as he himself has so clearly expressed it when he said: "I abhor with all my being mere slavish fidelity to fact—the stupid and servile expedient of those who are content simply to copy nature. I hold that the painter is entitled to arrange, compose, magnify and exalt those elements that go to make up a given scene. How it is possible for any one still to believe that we should prostrate ourselves before actuality, especially to-day when we have at our disposal the camera, the cinematograph and color photography. Art must submit to profound and far-reaching changes. And while I cannot bring myself to countenance the vagaries of cubism, futurism and the like, I frankly hold that painting should be more cerebral, more ready to

accept certain definite limitations and sacrifices. Though caring more for the older art, I am by no means an enemy of all that is new. I greatly admire, for instance, the unquestioned sincerity and austere devotion to the absolute exhibited by such a man as Pablo Picasso."

In this collection are to be found some of his most important works, such as: the alluring "Women on the Balcony" overlooking the bull ring; the remarkable portrait of "The Cardinal," with its fantastic landscape background in the Mona Lisa. This is rivaled only by the full length "Portrait of M. Maurice Barres," with the hill town of Segovia in the background; the great melancholy group entitled "The Brotherhood of Christ Crucified," wherein the spirit of Greco and Velas-



"The Cardinal," by Ignacio Zuloaga. In the Zuloaga Exhibition, Palace of Fine Arts.

quez are united to give a modern expression to the mystic soul of Spain, whose deeply religious fanaticism is no less characteristic than her famous bull fights and Carmencitas. Of the latter there are many, each breathing a different allurements—one more tantalizing than the other. Here are the debonair, alert heroes of the bull ring depicted as no one since Goya has been able to do it; nor has the face of Spain itself been more expressively depicted than in these landscapes of castle-covered hill tops such as: "Alquezar," "Sepulveda," and the morose, melancholy portrait of the little, sequestered village of "La Virgen de la Pena."

In all of these strange canvases, whether they be portrait or landscape, bull fighter or belle, whether cardinal or gypsy, whether peasant or poet, one

is conscious of the Spain of yesterday no less than of that of to-day. A reminiscent romanticism pulsates through all these paintings, taking us back to the days of glory when the Spanish galleon ruled the sea, and Spanish art and Spanish courtesy were things to conjure with, as indeed they still are.

Of this collection, John Singer Sargeant, the world renowned American portrait painter, has said: "An exhibition of the works of Ignacio Zuloaga is an event to be proclaimed as one of supreme artistic interest. With Spanish courtesy it is to an American painter that he confides the honor of announcing him to the American public. Little more than a word of welcome to this great artist is needful when one is sure that his genius will receive in this country the recognition that it has con-



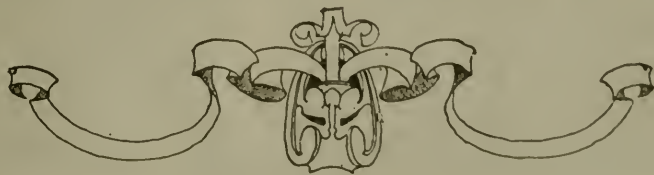
"Portrait of Mme. La Comtesse Mathieu De Noailles," by Ignacio Zuloaga.
In the Zuloaga Exhibition, Palace of Fine Arts.

quered in the old world. The strangeness and power of Senor Zuloaga's evocations might lead one to consider him as a personality quite unique and unrelated to any past tradition; as a creator of types and of a setting for them charged with an intensity of life strained to a pitch not ever reached before.

It is in this very excess of romanticism that his link with one of the two main tendencies of the Spanish school can be recognized. Realism, in which it is always steeped, is of course the dominant note of this school, but it has periodically thrown off into the realms of the imaginative some such surprising offshoot as el Greco, the

mystic, and as the magician Goya. In their hands this persistent, invading realism attacks what is most transcendental or most fantastic, and gives it a dense material existence. Although Zuloaga reverses the process, we may salute in him the apparition of a corresponding power. His material belongs to reality, and is of the earth, earthy; but, as if whirled to another planet, it seems to acknowledge the grip of new laws and to acquire a keener life from new relationships imposed by this great artist's imperious will."

This remarkable collection will be exhibited in the Palace of Fine Arts until March 15th.



When the Flag Comes Back

By

James N. Hatch



You have heard the bugle calling, heard the measured drum-
beats falling,

In the morning, in the evening, all the day,
You have seen where they're encamping, and have heard the
steady tramping

As our gallant boys in khaki march away.
Out of life from every station, out from every life vocation
They are going out to fight for you and me.
On their banner is the token: Tyrant rule must first be broken
E'er the Stars and Stripes come back across the sea.

O! the cry that never ceases from those countries rent in pieces,
Where the children have forgotten how to smile;
There is no time for debating, no time now for useless waiting,
Men and money must keep moving all the while;
Moving, moving to the border, solemn, silent, and in order
With the banner flung to heaven fair and free.
Bearing always the same token: Tyrant rule forever broken
When the Stars and Stripes come back across the sea.

With a grim determination we are moving as a nation
In the home and in the factory and the field;
Busy fingers knitting, sewing, furnace fires forever glowing,
That our gallant boys to want shall never yield.
There's a Sammy you are backing and you'll never leave him
lacking,
For he's fighting that the foe shall never see
This fair land, until invited, when his course of action's righted,
When the Stars and Stripes come back across the sea.

You can hear the bugle calling, hear the measured drumbeats
falling,
There's no turning, there's no stopping by the way,
If you pause, then others perish, whom your efforts now could
nourish,
Give your money, time and effort—don't delay.
Working, working, never ceasing, giving more and still in-
creasing,
Knowing always what the end can only be;
Waiting, watching for the token that the tyrant rule is broken,
When the Stars and Stripes come back across the sea.

Overland Monthly

APRIL, 1918

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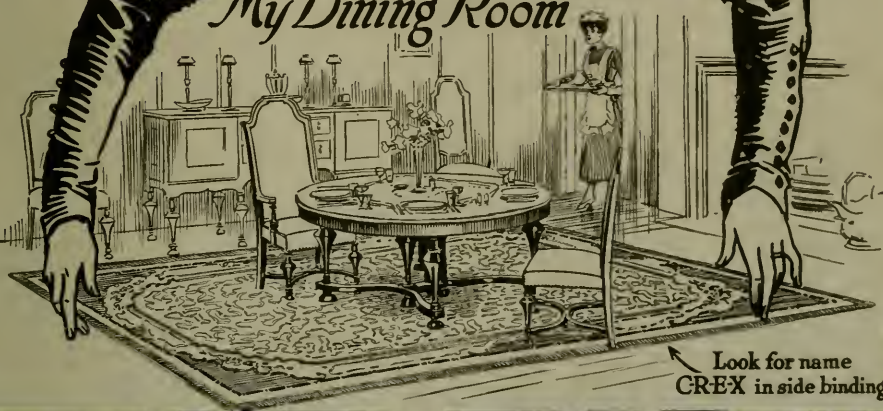
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AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF THE WEST



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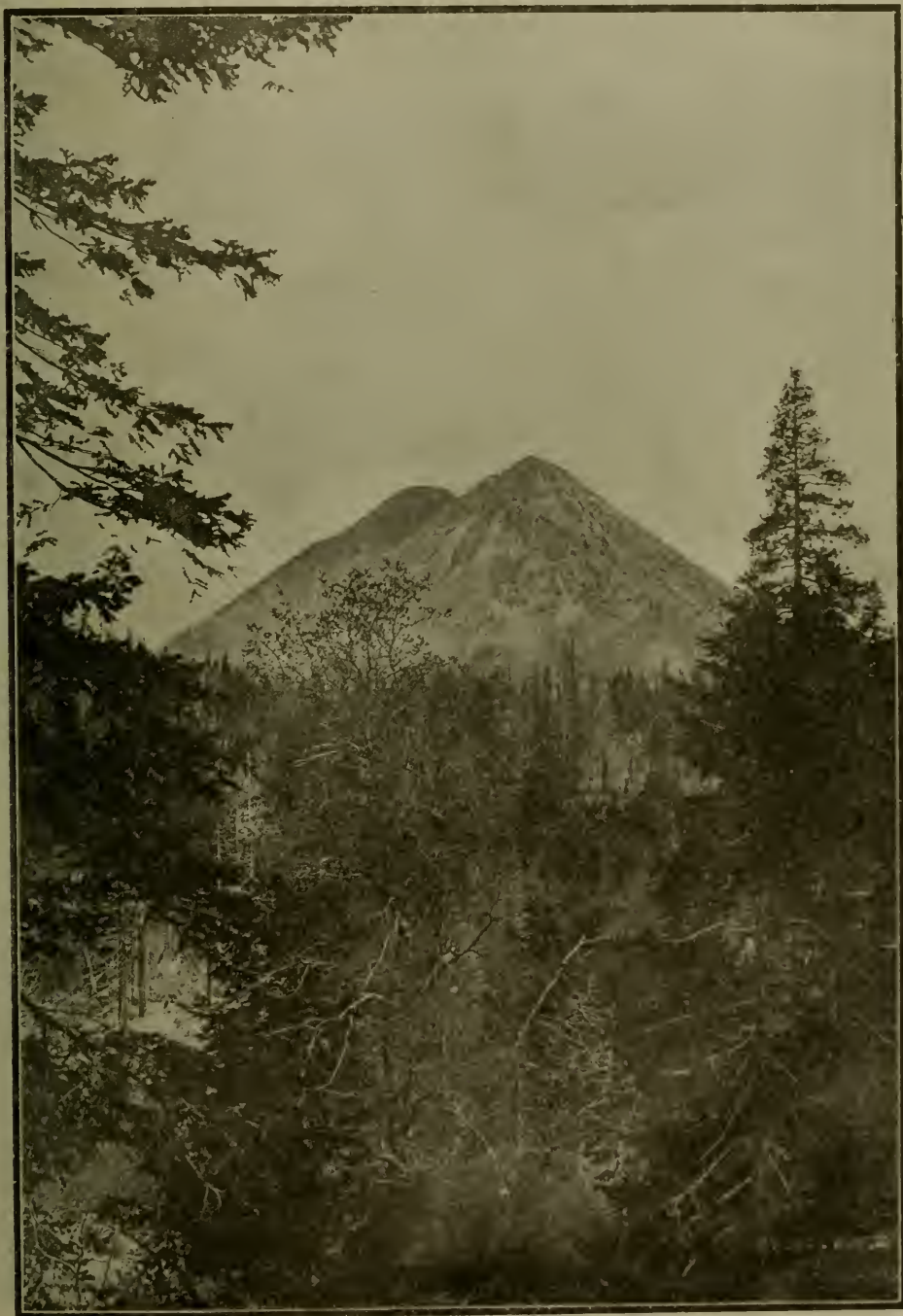
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259 MINNA STREET

American and European Mountain Peaks



22 Mt. Lassen, California, the only periodical volcano in the United States.



Mt. Tacoma, Washington, with a view of Carbon Glacier.



The high sky line of the Alaskan Alps.



Mt. Baker, with Roosevelt Glacier in foreground.



Sherman's Peak, on Mt. Baker.



Mitre Peak, Milford Sound, New Zealand.



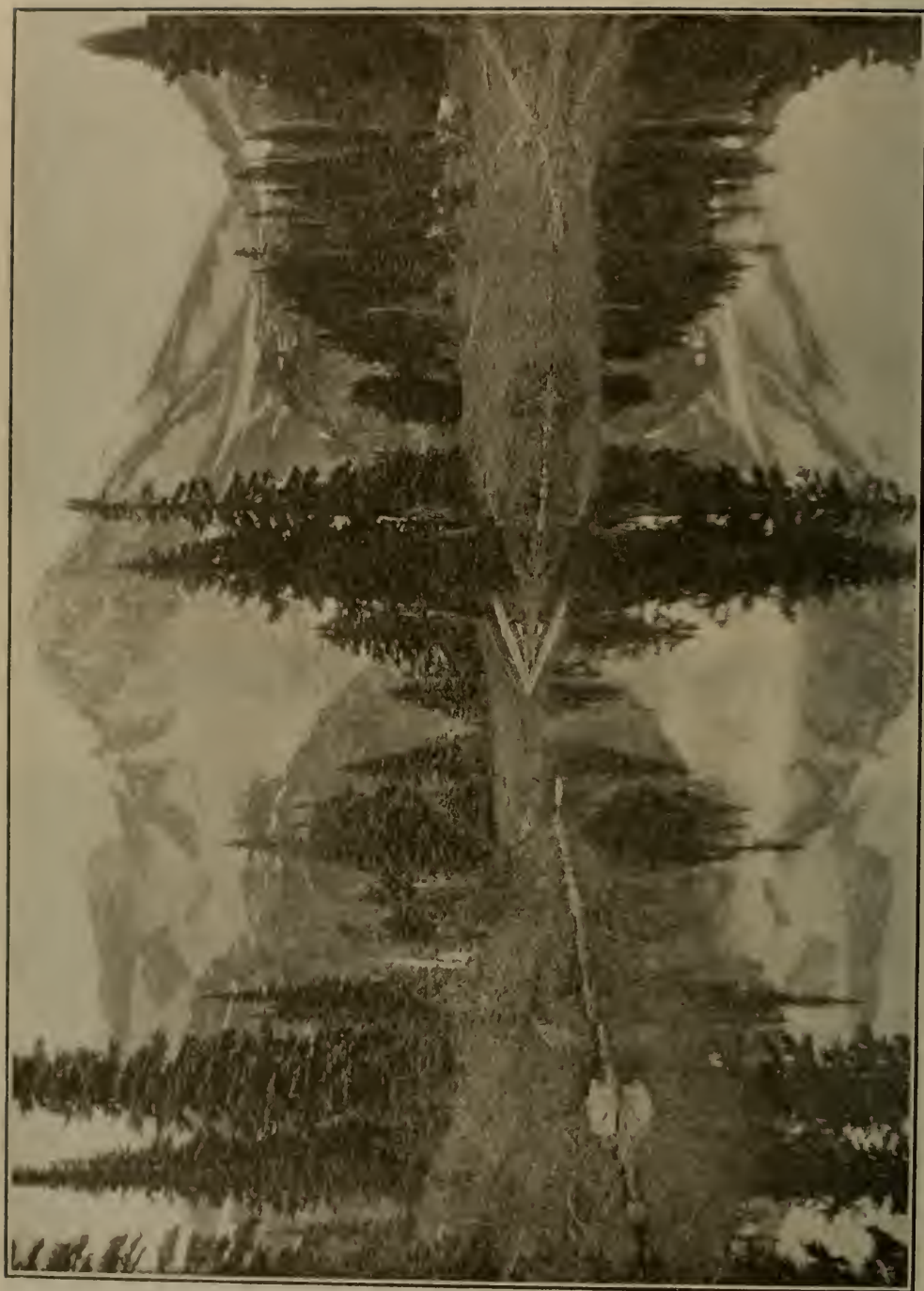
Mt. Cook (12,349 ft.), Hooker River, Southern New Zealand Alps.



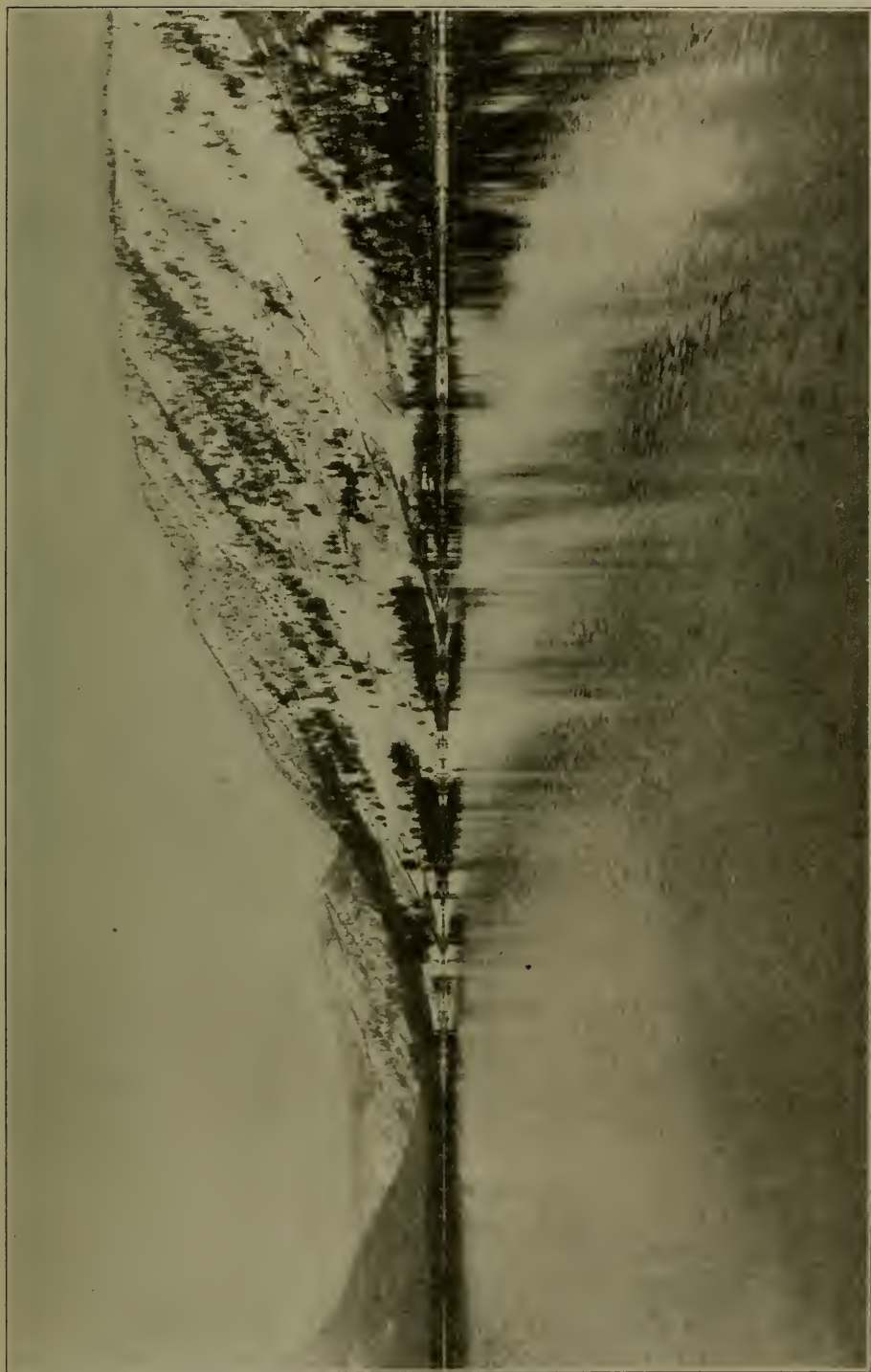
Mt. Blanc and Chamonix, Switzerland.



Mt. Blanc, Switzerland.



Mt. Tacoma, from Mirror Lake.



The Sawtooth Mountains, at the head of Salmon River, Idaho.



Mt. Opunuhu and bay of Papetoai, Island of Moorca.



The "Never-Never" Land of North Australia

The Wildest and Least Known Portion of Australia. Strange Natives with Strange Customs, and a Dying Race. The Great Commercial Possibilities of North Australia

By Thomas J. McMahon

MUCH attention is at the present time being given to the development of the great empty tract of country generally known as the Northern Territory of the Commonwealth of Australia. The largest part of it has the strange and common title of the "Never-Never" land, so entitled on account of its being practically unexplored, its inaccessibility, the wildness of the natives or blacks, and the difficulty there is of any immediate development. Yet what little is known of it there is every reason to suppose that it is rich in minerals, in pastoral country, and that along the rivers, all of which are great in size, there are hundreds of thousands of acres ready for tropical products such as cotton and rice. This "Never-Never" land lies on the Western side of the Gulf of Carpentaria, a stretch of shallow waters that since

the days of Matthew Flinders, 115 years ago, have hardly been visited and certainly not chartered, for the chart compiled by Flinders is the only one extant. At most times of the year rough seas and strong currents forbid any attempts to sail right across its middle waters, and so small steamers and luggers, in getting to the "Never-Never" shores for safety ply their ways, following and hugging the land closely all the time. At the latter part of last year forty ton motor Auxiliary Kotch, the "Goodwill," made a very adventurous trip from 30 miles down the Queensland coast direct across to the Roper River of the "Never-Never," on the way touching Cape Beatrice of Groote Eylandt, a large island that has never been visited by white men, and where the natives are so savage that so far not even missionaries have ventured to get in touch with them. The

Roper River is a magnificent stream, running through what is apparently a desolate land, so mean and stunted is plant life. This river is remarkable for the great floods that periodically wash over it, quite blotting out its outlines and spreading waters for hundreds of miles, one vast, immeasurable sea of muddied, turbulent, onrushing waters. The Roper is right in the heart of the "Never-Never" land, and along its banks and watersheds are roaming unclad, almost animal-like, peoples,

prospectors or pioneering pastoralists who go seeking gold or grass in the "Never-Never" land where both are plentiful. Seventy-five miles up the Roper is an Anglican Mission of recent beginnings, absolutely one of the most remote missions in the wide world, and where supplies only go about once in every year. The Mission is endeavoring to wean the blacks from their useless, wandering lives, and though only eight years in existence, it has now been definitely proven



The author, Thomas J. McMahon and his staff of native carrier boys landing at the Roper River, Never-Never-Land, Northern Australia.

the aboriginals of North Australia. These blacks, very ugly of features, especially the women, who become wrinkled, withered and haggard when little more than twenty years of age from the rough usage they get and the hard work looking for food they are made to find. The men are miserable, lazy beings with ill-formed limbs; they are exceedingly treacherous, and tribal murders are frequent. Murders of white men too often occur, daring

that the "Never-Never" blacks, accounted the lowest on the scale of humanity, are capable of a fair amount of intelligence, and can be taught the use of tools and to attend gardens. A hundred miles up, and near the mountain country, the Roper narrows, and here the most isolated police station in the commonwealth is found. The police of this station may be truly said to be never out of their saddles, for they have thousands of square miles to



Wild natives and their Gunyahs (huts), Never-Never-Land.



Chiefs being dressed and painted for a native war dance.

patrol, and hardly a day passes but they are after native murderers or natives molesting and staying the advance of white men. A few hardy white bushmen have already pushed their herds on to the fine pastures of the Roper Hills, and the blacks are a constant source of trouble, as well as danger, in the numbers they spear, not only for food, but for mere wantonness, and it is only by the police hunting them up and bringing some of them punishment that any check is kept up-

It is among the "Never-Never" natives that weird customs are continued, many of them cruel and horrible. One strange superstition is that cousins must on no account look upon one another. Such a lapse instantly means death perhaps to a whole family. The deep-set superstitions of these blacks are hard to remove, and that is the main reason why they are so difficult to win to ways of civilization. Once get through these, as the Missionaries tell, and then it is possible to



Tamed natives of a cattle station in the Never-Never-Land. Mrs. Warrington-Roger in the background.

on their depredations. The police lead very lonely lives, though very strenuous ones, and it is amazing how the wildest of blacks come to know of them and what their duties mean. It is a question of time when the blacks will be more reasonable, yet it is hardly to be expected that as the white man advances their hunting grounds become limited, and it is natural that they should prey upon the white man's preserves in consequence.

train them to something useful. Cannibalism is with many of the tribes quite common, and it is no unusual thing for a woman to eat her newly-born baby. They have no cultivations, no proper houses, poor weapons, they merely pick up roots to eat, live under hastily made wind screens called "Gunyahs," and carry unwieldy, roughly made spears. There are no marriage customs; when a man fancies a woman for his wife, he simply takes



Semi-wild native boys of the Never-Never-Land, Northern Australia: showing tribal marks on beads denoting manhood and age at which each individual may marry.



In a native camp, Northern Australia.

her; if she declines, he half kills her, and the wooing is over, and she submits to be his constant slave. As a rule, there is some fuss made on the occasion of a death, a "corroberee"—a wailing dance of death is held for three or four days and nights, when the body, or what is left of it, is thrown into a cave called the Black-fellow's cemetery. Inside these caves are to be seen some remarkable drawings representing men, plants and animals, sketched with red earth, the art

good that your would-be anger melts to admiration and amusement. The authorities of the commonwealth are much concerned at the rapid manner of the dying out of the blacks, not only in the "Never-Never" land, but all over North Australia. There are some people who say it is as well, for they will never be of any use, and then there are others who differ from this, for both native men and women when taken young can be made useful on cattle stations, and as horsemen and



The Rope River of the Never-Never-Land of Northern Australia, a fine river course through a desolate district.

being such as to denote whatever qualifications these people may lack they certainly have semi-artistic sense, and as children when educated they generally write in a style so fine and neat that is quite equal to copy headings. These natives, too, are wonderful imitators. At a glance they can take in every peculiarity of speech or gait of a stranger, and right before your very eyes they will begin to give an exhibition, to the huge delight of the onlookers. The imitation is so

horsewomen they are unsurpassed. All the same, their numbers are fast diminishing, and in twenty years there may not be a single black out of the thousands now alive.

The most romantic person in the "Never-Never" land is a woman, the wife of a Pastoralist, who owns a cattle station on the Roper called "Paddy's Lagoon." This lady, Mrs. Warrington-Rogers, is the daughter-in-law of one of the most learned of the State of Victoria's judges. As a young wo-

man some fifteen years ago she settled with her husband on a ranch near the top of the Northern Territory of Australia, but the prospects of a wide extent of country in the unknown "Never-Never" land enticed the pair to settle there, but fortune is coming slowly, owing to the isolation of the district and the time it takes to drive cattle to any markets.

This driving takes from 10 to 11 months every year, leaving Mrs. Warrington-Rogers with her staff of "Lubras" (native women) to manage the station. This means that for months at a time the good lady is out mustering and branding her cattle, building cattle yards, rounding up fats for the markets, and the hundred other jobs that fall under such work the whole time in one of the wildest parts of the "Never-Never." Mrs. Warrington-Rogers, with all her "manliness," is a most womanly woman, a delightful conversationalist, well read, and in spite of being always in the saddle, well costumed in an up-to-date riding tailor-made dress. To meet this lady and her lubras—dressed as they are in brown holland Greenaway dresses faced and braided with wide red ribbon—coming through the lonely bush of this far-off land, is to imagine that the pages of a fairy book had suddenly opened, and a bright cavalcade had issued forth.

The "Never-Never" land is a sportsman's Paradise, the rivers are teeming with wonderful fish, one in particular called the "Manawar," a tiny brown-colored fish with four large black round marks on each side, like gun openings; this fish lives close to the grassy banks, and with unerring accuracy ejects a stream of water on to flies and other small insects as to ensure a constant supply of food. Another fish that clings to the bottom of a boat, making the distinct and

most disturbing clarion call of a cornet ringing out some military call. Many kinds of water fowl are in abundance, while alligators infest every river and creek. The natives take very little notice of these monsters, some of which grow 30 feet long, yet put a dog or a pig in the water for one minute, and within a half hour the spot will be alive with alligators. Only experienced men with keen eyesight can get good sport out of these animals; they are so much the color of the river mud that often one will saunter right on to them, when they will quietly slip into the stream, seldom making an attempt at attack. Buffaloes, introduced to the far North of the territory some 50 years ago, have spread to the western edges of the "Never-Never" land, and they are shot for the excellent hides they give. The advent of great financiers like Vesty Brothers, who have recently built immense meat and preserving works at Port Darwin, the only port of this wide northern territory, are giving great encouragement to men with pastoral experience to take up land and stock it, and it is hoped that once the pastoral industry flourishes and spreads, other kinds of development will quickly follow. The emptiness of the greater part of the extreme north of the continent of Australia, and the distance it is from most other populated parts of the commonwealth, and its nearness to the overcrowded islands on the route to Asia, is giving much thought to commonwealth politicians. Efforts are to be made to induce and encourage settlers of all classes, and once this is accomplished the wonderful possibilities in many much needed commercial products will come out to testify that there are few places in the sun with such prospects as the north of Australia, with its weird "Never-Never" land.



Five Hundred Chinese Refugees

By F. B. Worley

(PHOTOGRAPHS BY KIMPSON V. YU.)

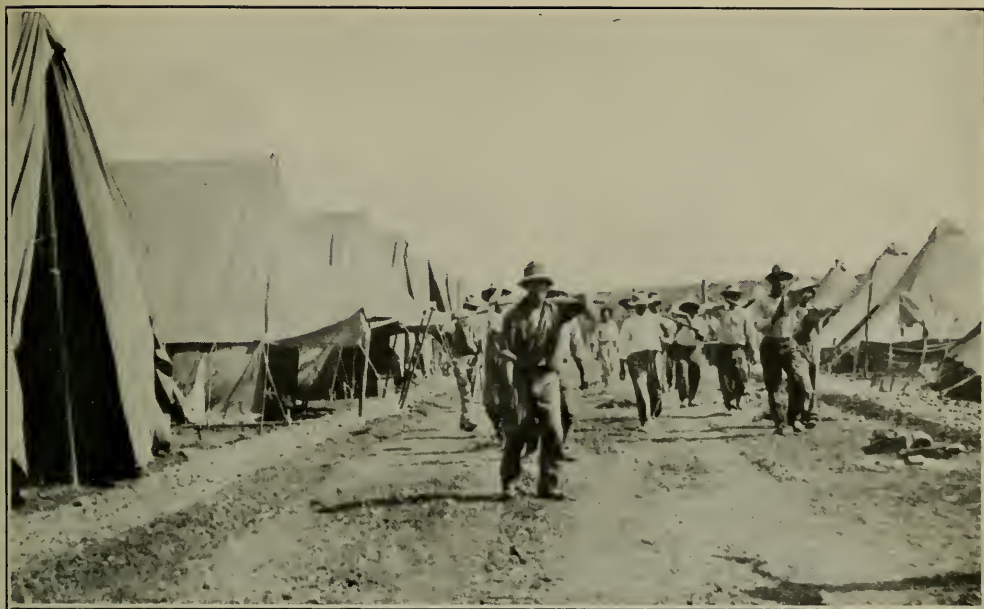
A LITTLE thing, merely the honor of the Punitive Expedition and of the United States, requires that protection be given to these faithful camp followers." So reported Major John W. Parker, of the 24th Infantry, U. S. Army, in respect to the five hundred and odd Chinese refugees encamped near Columbus, New Mexico, and who had come out of Mexico with the American soldiers of the Mexico Punitive Expedition, upon the withdrawals of the army from Mexico, fleeing from the wrath of Villa and from his oft-proclaimed hostility to the Chinese at work and in business in Mexico.

And so, bringing whatever they

could—which in some cases was quite a little, and in other cases practically nothing—these unfortunate victims of misplaced anger cast their lot with the stability and friendship represented by the soldiers of the United States Army, and journeying from various parts of Chihuahua, from Parral to the border settlement at Palomas, they came into the haven of safety—the United States. In return for this protection, they did everything possible to aid the expedition, and were of great service to the officers in command; and this faithfulness incurred the still greater enmity of Villa to them, so that it was absolutely unsafe for them to venture back into Mexico.



From right to left—Consul-General T. K. Fong, Secretary Kimpson V. T. Yu, Fung Ching, "Six Companies" representative



A squad of refugees on the way to dig trenches.

Camp was established in the early days of February for all the refugees—Americans, Mexicans and Chinese; the Chinese Exclusion Laws were a barrier to the releasing of the Chinese, but within a short time all but the Chinese had been located in good positions, or with steady work. To be exact, there were 524 of the Chinese. Some were merchants who had been in business in Mexico; some had been laborers; many of them had been employed by the Army upon its entry into Mexico; all were residents, in whatever capacity engaged, who were compelled to seek safety. Some were well provided for financially, but the majority had now practically nothing, having lost whatever they had through seizure by Villa agents. Major Parker was in general command of all the refugees, and Mr. W. T. Page, representing General Pershing, was in direct charge of the Chinese camp, and became, to the Chinese, one of their best friends.

The Government Immigration officials, by reason of the existing laws, were disposed to send the whole batch to Juarez, Mexico, but the army offi-

cials, who appreciated the existing conditions in Mexico, would not hear of it, for there was anything but satisfactory assurances or guarantees that their property or their lives would be safe anywhere in Mexico. To be sure, many Chinese were already in Juarez, but from what they wrote, it was soon gathered that they had been systematically robbed of at least half of all that they had upon their arrival at Juarez, and by the Mexican officials themselves, who were supposed to watch out for their safety. Here, then, was indeed a puzzling situation. These men had to be taken care of, but who was to pay the bill, and what was eventually to be done with them?

The Chinese minister at Washington, Dr. Koo, was appealed to, and he at once got busy. He instructed Consul-Gen. T. K. Fong, at San Francisco, to hasten to the scene, and he issued an appeal to the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association (familiarily known as the Chinese "Six Companies") at San Francisco to raise funds for the relief of their destitute brethren at Columbus and Juarez. Both requests brought immediate action. Con-



A group of refugees in one of the camp street.

sul Fong and his Consulate Secretary, Kimpson Yu, hurried to the border country and established offices at El Paso, Texas; they were accompanied by representatives of the "Six Companies," and one of these men, Mr. Fung Ching, was sent to Columbus to take charge of the rationing of the camp—the food being purchased, through relief funds, from U. S. Quartermaster, and being then distributed by Fung Ching to the Chinese at the Camp.

The camp itself was run in military style. Guards were furnished and regular routine followed. At first there was a disposition among some of the Chinese in camp to fill their leisure hours with card gambling games, and this threatened to make a decided transfer of what ready money was left among the men to some few very able card players—and then there would have indeed been trouble. Secretary Yu, of the Consulate, took a firm hand on this point and made a novel order. Gathering the men around him he gave permission for any one seeing any gambling going on to immediately seize both the cards and the money.

It was not many hours before some cards and money were presented to him, for some one with a sharp eye had seen the game going on. Secretary Yu commended the man, took the cards, and, while the camp followers looked on in amazement, gave the man the money he had seized. Here, indeed, was "easy money," and a few more tried their hand at such interesting detective work. But alas, it didn't last; gambling stopped at once, for the stakes were decidedly too insecure—the outside onlooker grabbed and won all there was in sight. No further trouble was experienced in this line. In the place of gambling, outdoor amusements became more popular; Chinese games were indulged in, and Chinese music often filled the air. A patch of ground was utilized as a garden; also a trench was dug around the Mexican border side of the camp for use in case of any Mexican invasion—and so the days passed.

Meanwhile, the question still persisted: What was to be done with these Chinese refugees? Firstly, they were wanted for laborers in Mexicali; Governor Cantu of that district, however,



"Setting-up" exercises being taught the refugees by the U. S. Army officer

demanding \$150 per man to allow them in—to allow into Mexican domain the men who had been forced to flee from Mexico, and who had lost their all through Mexican seizure—and no one could see the justice of such a graft, or could figure where the money was to come from even if it was endured. Then some one reported that the refugees could go to work in Sonora, Mexico, but on the day they were about to prepare for the journey, the Governor of Sonora issued a proclamation that no Chinese were to be allowed to enter his district. A number of smaller land and mining propositions were advanced, but they required the self-sustenance of the men until some returns could come in from their work, and the Consul did not regard the proposition as acceptable or practicable.

A number of the men wanted to go to China, and quite a few were given transportation and sailed for their native land; but this was possible only by the generosity of the "Six Companies," and of the railroad and steamship companies allowing charity rates for the men; and in all the movement of these men, from first to last, these

transportation companies have shown a friendship and a willingness to assist that will indeed long be remembered by the Chinese officials in the United States. Some two score of the men having been merchants in Mexico, and being able to arrange to enter mercantile pursuits in the United States and to provide a bond that they would remain merchants, the Department of Labor agreed that these men be allowed formal entry into the country, and in this, as in all matters, Supervising Inspector Berkshire of the Immigration Station at El Paso, and his able assistants, did all that they were permitted to do under the department rules to carry out the plans agreed upon for the disposition of the men.

There were finally 450 men left in the camp, and something had to be done, as the situation could not longer remain, as it involved the feeding of the men at an expense of about \$100 per day, the services of army men who were likely to be needed elsewhere and the inactivity of the men in the camp which would soon lead to undesirable camp conditions. Again the army came to the rescue, and again they

took under their wing their former proteges. Laborers were needed at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, and were not procurable; why not make temporary disposition of the men by putting them to work under the Army Quartermaster at San Antonio? The men could be paid regular wages, the needed work to be done around the fort could be handled, and until conditions in Mexico were more favorable for their return, these Chinese refugees could easily be kept busy.

This plan was taken up with all the necessary government departments, and finally met the approval of all, and of the Chinese officials as well, and then began the hard task of manifesting the men, having their photographs taken, and issuing them special certificates, by which they could be identified, and which allowed them temporary residence in the United States, and only under the charge of the Army Quartermaster at San Antonio, until

such time as the Mexican conditions allowed of their safe return to Mexico. A special train was arranged, and on June 6th the Columbus refugee camp became a memory, and Mr. Fung Ching had his 450 charges safe from Villa raids, as far as temporary asylum in the United States could make them, there to remain in their haven of safety until at least a more peaceful regime in Mexico might prevail.

Five hundred more Chinese, encamped at Juarez, Mexico, and under rations provided by the Chinese Government and Six Companies, would have liked to join them, but the laws of the United States are in the way, and the best Uncle Sam will afford them is safe conduct through the United States to a steamer en route for China; but who wants to go to China when civil war threatens there to engulf that country, and threatens to make every able-bodied Chinese citizen a soldier there?

HEART OF THE NATIONS

I.

THE APPEAL.

Blood-red the sunset of the Eastern skies afar;
 Red as the dawning of the Western Star.
 Brother calls to brother o'er the surge of wreck-strewn seas:
 "Aid our fight for freedom; share our victories,
 Airmen and foemen; warriors by sea and land—
 Men of Old Glory, aid our gallant band!

"Heed ye the children, sleeping 'neath the crimsoned main;
 Mark ye the sacred pyre of heroes slain.
 Cries of martyred maidens wring the chords of memory;
 Captured comrades helpless in their agony.
 Heed ye! oh, speed ye! fling afar Columbia's might!
 Heed ye! oh, speed ye! fight for God and right!"

II.

THE RESPONSE

"Not for the treasure, plenteous as desert sands;
 Not for the measure of the tyrant's lands:
 Not for these our men array in Glory's panoply,
 But to free the nations all from infamy,
 Thunder our cannons; waves our Glory-Flag on high;
 Echoes our Watchword: God and Liberty!"

G. V. A.

Bret Harte and Early California

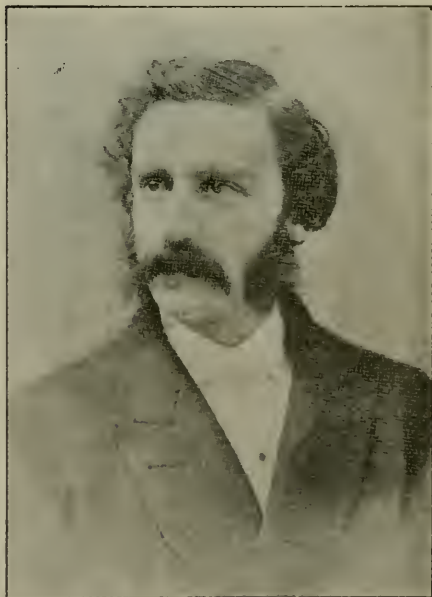
By George R. Batten

COLOMA, a name so musical and peaceful, yet a name linked with the most spectacular struggle for gold that the world has ever known! Seventy years ago this month, a trapper by trade, and a frontiersman by inclination, one James W. Mitchell, was sent by General Sutter to Coloma, on the south fork of the American River, to superintend the erection of a sawmill. There are legendary accounts of how Mitchell found, high in the Sierras, at the sunset hour, a Golden Lake, the radiance from which shown through a dark ravine and beckoned him to its waters, and upon whose sands of gold great masses of ore, like pebbles, were strewn. But the authentic, if less romantic history of the discovery is that, in the construction of the mill, Mitchell had occasion to admit the river water into the tail-race, and in so doing a considerable quantity of mud, sand and gravel was carried along the stream. Noticing the glittering particles, he picked up a nugget—and in that hour dawned a new era, which drew to California the world's adventurers. That the wealth of the properties was not exaggerated is proved by the records of some of the returns, for one nugget weighed nearly 200 pounds and was worth more than \$40,000; other cases testify that a miner, with a rocker, made \$5,000 in a day, for days in succession, while 9 acres of ground, in Coon Hollow, is reported to have given up a million dollars an acre.

So, with the facts of California's wealth clearly established, it is not to be wondered at that marvelous tales soon went forth, and that men eagerly betook themselves to this El Dorado. Here, in the year 1849, there was an

inrush of 100,000 newcomers, and prices at once became fabulous. Managers of pack trains received \$3,000 a month, and other similar labor was paid for on the same scale. Four bushels of Oregon apples cost \$500; potatoes were \$1.50 a pound, flour \$1 a pound, baked beans \$1 a plate, eggs were \$1 apiece. All articles of clothing ranged high in price, heavy boots costing from \$40 to \$50 a pair. The typical boarding house consisted chiefly of a fragilely constructed, canvas covered booth for a dining hall, long logs for seats, and walls hung with tiers of bunks. For board and lodging at a caravansarai of this type, a miner cheerfully paid \$150 a week.

The glories of the climate were heralded far and wide, and one had only to live there a short time in order to



Bret Harte in middle life.



The original of Chaffee, Tennessee's Partner, driving Jenny, as depicted in the story by Bret Harte.

become impressed with the extent to which all shared in its pride.

At a dinner, given in San Francisco, a local orator is reported to have discoursed upon the glories of California. "Look at its forest trees, varying from three hundred to one thousand feet in height, and with their trunks so close together (drawing his knife from his belt and pantomiming) that you cannot stick this bowie-knife between them; and the lordly elk, with antlers from seventeen to twenty feet spread, with their heads and tails up, ambling through these grand forests. It's a sight, gentlemen"—"Stop," said a newcomer, who had not yet been inoculated with the atmosphere. "My friend, if the trees are so close together how does the elk get through the woods with his wide-spreading antlers?" The Californian turned on the stranger, with a look of thorough contempt, and replied, "That's the elk's business." He then continued his unvarnished tale, no more embarrassed than the sun at noonday.

In the early days of '49 and '50, while the quest of the Golden Fleece was doubtless the prime motive, yet the love of adventure for adventure's sake played a most important part. The Argonauts were splendid men, the type who enlist in the early days of a war, young men, far above the average in all ways. Those who were not democratic by nature soon become so, for social distinctions were rubbed out; a man was judged by his bank account, and questions concerning his past were never asked. "What is your partner's last name?" a San Francisco merchant asked of another, in the year 1850. "Really, I don't know," was the reply. "We've only been acquainted three or four weeks." To look at the returned miners of those days, the first impression would be that they were all of a rough cast of men, uneducated, savage. They wore uncut hair, long beards, red flannel shirts, flashy Chinese scarfs round their waists, under which, from a black leather belt, hung the handsome six-shooter and bowie-knife; with



Interior of a miner's log cabin of the early '50's. Figuring on the gold dust panned during the day.

a wide brimmed slouch hat, such a man striding along with an independent air, one might think that here was the chief of an unknown tribe. Get into conversation with him, however, and you would find him a gentleman, educated, and earnestly working for the family, "back home." The story is told of one meeting of old acquaintances. An Argonaut, just arrived, was amazed at recognizing, in the boatman who pulled him ashore, and who charged him the modest sum of \$50 for the performance, a classmate at Oxford. "Were you not," he asked eagerly, "Senior Wrangler in '43?" "Yes," replied the other significantly, "but I also pulled stroke in the boat."

The only government of those days was the universally sanctioned law of the people, the natural law of justice. Some one wrote, in a San Francisco paper in 1851, "The world will never know, and no one could imagine, the heart-rending scenes or the instances of courage and heroic self-sacrifice

which have occurred among the California pioneers during the last three years." There was a true nobility that ruled even lawless men in those camps, and a bond that knitted them together. Any falsity or lack of brother's faith was branded black, as worse than any sin, and a man was always sure to find good friends if he were friendly in his turn. Stealing was absolutely unheard of, and a miner could leave his bags of gold dust in his unlocked cabin, or, for that matter, on the ground of his claim, and go away for days, without any fear of it being molested. A year and a half after the discovery of gold, there came to the camps and cities another element—the convicts from Australia, the looser strains from other countries, the riff-raff from the eastern part of the United States, and the ideal conditions which existed in 1849 and 1850 ceased to prevail. The miner no longer left his treasure unguarded, no longer looked upon each newcomer as his comrade, no longer left his bowie-knife

or revolver in his cabin when he went abroad.

It was of the California of this latter period that Bret Harte wrote, and, though he has been accused, by some, of portraying a condition of people and society which did not exist, nevertheless the diaries, records, letters and narratives, written by the pioneers themselves, and also the San Francisco and other California papers, from '49 to '55, corroborate Bret Harte's assertion that he described only what actually occurred. Chapter and verse could always be given to confirm his account of the life of those days, even of characters as unique as Maruja. He had come, at an early age, to California, by way of the Horn, with his mother and sister; he at first taught in a private family, later acted as clerk and expressman, and there were also soldiering days for him. At about 20 years of age, he spent less than a year in the foothills of the Sierras, among pioneer miners, yet 45 years of literary output did not exhaust his impressions of that period. In 1856 he became express manager on stages in northern California, a dangerous post, truly, as the safe contained treasure carried by Wells, Fargo & Company, who did most of the express business. The safe was chained to the box of the coach; sometimes, when a large amount of gold was carried, armed guards rode inside the stage, and it was nothing unusual to be held up by highwaymen. Therefore the stage-driver was no ordinary individual, for he must know how to drive six, maybe half-broken horses, manage a powerful brake, "trim" the wagon on a dangerous bit of road, ford streams at high flood, and be a target for highwaymen. His type is preserved in the character of Yuba Bill, who possessed a peculiar humor, a silent humor at times, and an air of pugnacious calm, a stepping back to get his distance, for a telling blow. One can find many thrilling accounts of the operations of the highwaymen, or road-agents, as they were called. There was a politeness and unerring sense of humor about them,

too, which makes them quite as interesting as the reckless Captain Hinds and courtly Claude du Vals of other countries and earlier times. Here is Bret Harte's own account of the holding up of a coach by a leader of road-agents, in search of a parcel of greenbacks which had been fraudulently obtained from one of his friends. The expressman's box was searched, but the sought-for package was not found. Then the passengers were made to alight and to stand in a row, covered by the road-agent's gun, while he coolly addressed them:

"Thank you! Gentlemen, one of you has a package of greenbacks; I want that package. I don't want' (turning to one of his victims) 'the gold dust concealed in the hollow of your boot, though it seems to impede your movements. I don't (to another) 'want the coin you have filled up your pistol holster with, though you've sacrificed your pistol for it; I only want the package of greenbacks that' (to others) 'seems to lie between you two men.' Here the packet was handed over, and then he said, in a matter of fact way: 'Thanks, Bill' (to the driver) —'wait here until you hear me whistle. Raise so much as a rein or whip-lash until that signal, and you know what'll happen! Now, gentlemen' (to the passengers). 'you will not be detained here a second longer than I can help. I wish you a good-night and a swift journey.'"

Dancing was a common amusement among the miners, even when there were no women to be had as partners. It was an interesting spectacle to see a party of long-bearded men, in heavy boots and flannel shirts, going through all the steps and figures of the dance, with spirit and often with grace, keen enjoyment depicted upon their roughened, sun-burned faces, and revolvers and bowie-knives glancing in their belts. A crowd of the same rough-looking bystanders stood round, cheering them heartily on to greater efforts, and occasionally dancing a few steps more quietly, on their own account.

From the Southern States, the men

who came across the plains were more typically pioneers, less alert men, really, less refined than the Easterners, but men of greater bravery, industry, independence, many of them deeply religious. From this class, Bret Harte drew such characters as Tennessee's Pardner, Madison Wayne, and the Bell Ringer of Angel's. In the "Argonauts of '49," he writes: "The miners were, above all, faithful to their partners, and loved them with a love passing women. It was dangerous to interfere in partners' quarrels. Once a stranger at a bar, who had not, so far as he knew, given offense to any person present, suddenly found himself upon the floor and a tall Kentuckian standing over him with his revolver out. When the tall gentleman was courteously asked for an explanation, he said: "I ain't anything against the stranger myself, but he said something just now against Quakers, and I want him to understand that my partner is a Quaker and a peaceful man."

Bret Harte is like Dickens in this respect, that he employs his humor never to caricature but to illustrate human life and nature; some of the best of his humorous pieces have been written with a most serious purpose. A blank space in the *Overland*, of which he was the editor, was the occasion of his writing the "Heathen Chinee," which, thanks to the timeliness of it and to *Punch's* almost instantaneous recognition of its genius, made him famous. The Chinamen were invading California in large numbers, were imitating in all respects the Caucasian, and were decidedly, in spite of all opposition, holding their own. Bret Harte foresaw what this might come to, and thought that, by portraying the situation humorously, he might strike a note at the right time. It was written at an hour when the country was being awakened to the Chinese problem, and the poem was remarkably impartial in its portrayal of both sides of the question. It became almost instantly popular, and affected public opinion decidedly, on the burning question of the Chinese Exclusion Bill, being quote on the floor



Panning gold in a stream along the Mother Lode.

of the United States Senate and given world wide reputation.

As editor of the *Overland*, whose opening number contained no distinctive romance of California and with no prospect of any for the second edition, Bret Harte made good the omission with "The Luck of Roaring Camp." Though locally labeled as most singular by the secular press, and as immoral and unchristian by the religious press, the East received it differently. An early mail brought a letter from the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, begging in most flattering terms

that he would write another similar story. It was six months, however, before the author wrote anything else at all, and then there came forth that tale, a veritable classic of a far from classic period, a story which few can read without emotion, "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." Bret Harte had penetration such as few possess, exceptional fancy, and a keen scent for all that is dramatic. He well understood the rough, imperial justice of the miner and the explorer, and unfailingly did he find the best in women. His heroines have been likened to those of Hardy and Tourgenieff, and there is a noble forgetfulness of self ever predominant in them. Sometimes there is an abruptness in his romances, as in "A Jack and Jill of the Sierras," which a writer watchful of climaxes would avoid; but there is never anything that savors of coarseness.

"Tennessee's Partner," like most of his mining tales, at least, was founded on fact; a search in the early records of Tuolumne County will give the original story of pathetic devotion. When told that his characters were but the creations of his imagination Bret Harte would grow indignant, as nearly so as a man of his gentle temperament could ever be. It is said of him that, one day, Mr. Stoddard told him that he had just met a friend who had wept over a certain passage in one of his stories. The reply was: "Well, he had a right to; I wept when I wrote it." And Clara Morris, in her book, "Life on the Stage," says that when, in some of her roles, tears were necessary, all she had to do was to think of poor old Tennessee's Partner, with his honest, grief-burdened heart. In but a few words oftentimes, he gives the reader a full acquaintance with a character. A little touch here, a bit of humor or pathos there, a glimpse in a single sentence of his philosophy, if he may be said to have had one, and you see the talent in his work. When Mr. Jack Hamlin is appealed to by the pitifully human

Heiress of Red Dog, the whole story of his admiration, almost reverence, for her unselfishness is told by the mere act of his wanting to shake hands with her. One knows the character of the blacksmith, who "leaned toward the noble verse of Byron," from just one short paragraph in "The Romance of Madrono Hollow."

Can a reader forget the picture given of the miscellaneous collection in that hat, provided by Stumpy for "the Luck's" maintenance, from the Bible ("Contributor not detected") to a golden spur. And also the camp of miners, rough men they were, Oakhurst, he of the Hamlet countenance, Kentuck, Tipton, Tom Rider and others — out under the trees in the soft summer twilight, while Man-o'-War Jack sang a lusty song of some ninety verses to "the Luck." Perhaps there is nothing finer in all his descriptions than that of Cressy's father, fierce, untamed, conscious of his own deficiencies, yet ambitious for the best and highest for his daughter. And there is a delicacy of touch, almost to be marveled at, in the effort of Tennessee's partner to obtain Tennessee's pardon, not in offering the judge his "pile," but in not realizing that his partner had committed an offense which could not be condoned. Then the pathos of his apology to the court, and the embarrassed remark with regard to the sultriness of the evening, as he withdrew, after Tennessee had gripped his hand in the last farewell, with the words, "Euchred, old man!"

So, not only did Bret Harte preserve the records of that peculiar and picturesque period of California's history, but he also broke the sway of the artificial and conventional in the American literature of that time. In all of his works he sought, not the praise of men, but rather to portray the gold of goodness in humanity, in rude and wild hearts, often hidden under the rubbish of vices, but still active and in its own way mighty.

A Summer Trial

By Mary Jane Thacher

GOOD Heavens! What won't writers do to get in the lime-light?" Robert Mason flung down the paper with such violence that the forked willow stick strung with bacon which he was holding with his other hand before the camp fire to cook, toppled perilously.

"Oh, be careful, please! There!" tragically. "I told you how it would be!" for a strange voice coming with entire unexpectedness startled him into completing the catastrophe, and the bacon slid into the fire. The girl of the voice slipped hastily down from her horse, caught the fork from his paralyzed hand, and rushed to the rescue.

"It's not hurt at all—just nicely broiled," she announced, after awhile, as she brushed the ashes off the last piece and laid it with its fellows on a paper on a huge log that stretched like a long banquet table beside the camp ground.

Mason, meanwhile, had recognized in her horse his own Cussed, and knew the girl must be the cousin for whom Harry Manners had borrowed the cayuse. When he saw her proceed to unwrap the rest of the lunch Hop Lee had provided he took Cussed's saddle and bridle off, and with an affectionate pat sent him down to the timothy meadow where his range mate was tethered.

She arranged the lunch neatly along the top of the log, then gathering sprays of the sweet scented kin-nekin-nic that trailed its pink blossoms and dark, glossy leaves everywhere over the mountain, made the whole charmingly festive, while Mason looked on with delight. She was certainly some cousin, he thought, as he

noted the grace and deftness of her movements, the sunlight gleams of her bright chestnut hair—she had discarded her hat at the start—and the twinkles of sunlight in her eyes, equally golden, which would dart down at times and tiptilt the corners of her mouth, a mouth both tender and merry. And her magical voice! His thoughts lacked words to fit the music of it, the sweetness, and good-comradeship and understandingness of it, that set the chords of old memories a-tingle.

"Luncheon is ready now. Will you please put the chairs in place?" she smiled her request.

He obediently moved the sawed-off sections of a log up to the board.

"Is it a dream? Will you vanish if I speak?" he asked, as they seated themselves.

"Observe your bacon and other things do the vanishing act, and see if you think me a vision." Then after a few minutes of contemplative silence she exclaimed earnestly:

"Oh, isn't this the most beautiful spot in the world! And aren't these the most wonderful mountains! The high places with their big, scattered trees and green grass are like parks, and the cool, deep mystery of the lowland thickets is enchanting. What has made such perfect paths through the thickets and kept the parks clean?"

"Sheep. Years ago there were thousands of them here. The settlements have driven them farther back now."

"And this place, here under the cluster of big pines which are eternally crooning their welcome and sympathy, with the view of the meadow and the timothy waving in the wind like a silver gray sea and the fragrance of the

fir and the flowers and the glorious warm sunshine of June—don't you love it?"

"I certainly do!" impressively earnest.

The significance of his remark failed to impress her, however, for her soul was still in harmony with the loveliness of the surroundings. It came back to earth after a time.

"What were you reading that so nearly caused the destruction of your bacon?" she inquired.

"A sensational write-up of a book advocating trial marriages."

"You don't approve of them?"

"Of course not. Nobody does—not even the author. She's just working to gain notoriety."

"Oh, I don't know. It might not be such a bad idea. Not getting married really, of course, but if every couple had to live in the same house awhile before marriage it might prevent some sorry mistakes."

"Never think it. Propinquity and uncertainty only add to the flame. In marriage more than anything else can one learn only by experience. Naturally," and he smiled whimsically, "like the spinster aunt bringing up children. I know all about it."

She smiled, too, in response, then said:

"I am so glad you invited me to luncheon. Though your prayer for my presence was silent, I feel perfectly sure it was sincere."

"How could it be otherwise than silent when I didn't know to whom to address it?"

"Deceiver! Cussed told you. I saw him, and I saw your look tell him that you understood, too."

"Did my look say anything else?"

"It did. It said, 'some girl, that cousin of Manners,' and a pertinent little laugh tip-tilted her nose."

"Are you a witch?" he asked, with rather a guilty smile.

"Just a Sherlock person. I knew that was what you should have said, and so I said you said it, and I evidently hit on the truth. I am certainly glad you invited me—however

wordlessly, for I was starving. I'm lost, you know."

"Since when?"

"Since early this morning. I was going from The Lake, where I had been teaching school, to Cousin Harry's. I depended on Cussed to take the right turn and he betrayed my trust. I was greatly surprised and very much grieved at him. I had thought Cussed my friend—that he had my interests at heart."

"Perhaps he had. He has also his master's—wise old Cussed—he shall have all the oats he can eat when he gets home. But don't tell me you are a school teacher and expect me to believe it."

"Why?"

"You don't look it."

"Just how should I look?"

"Severe and learned."

"How humiliating! Yet I assure you I am both learned and severe—wait till you know me. There may be something to that, though," reflectively—"It may have been because of my looks—or want of them—that my valuable services were no longer retained."

"Don't quibble. I happen to know that Miss Brown is The Lake teacher this summer."

"And I happen to know that Miss Brown's mother was ill, necessitating her absence—I was at the postoffice with cousin Harry when she received word of it."

"Then I daresay she is better again. Besides, you don't look tired out enough. The poor little school-ma'ams have a tough time out here in this rough country."

"Do they? Why, I had a delightful time. The most fascinating bunch of cowboys came whooping and shooting madly over to The Lake House from the 21 ranch every evening, and went through their Wild West stunts for my edification. They spotted me for a tenderfoot, I reckon, and took an earnest interest in my enlightenment. They even shot the lights out for my benefit one night, but the cruel bar proprietor had them arrested for that

and came near sending them to jail."

"What prevented him?" his eyes lighting curiously.

"Oh, I think he had a change of heart at the last moment, became convinced they wouldn't do it again—he was sadly lacking, though, in Wild Western ethics, was that bar proprietor."

"I heard about that. The boys up my way said there was something rather fishy about that change of heart business."

"And they had a dance every Saturday night," she continued hastily changing the subject. "I thought it was great. Mr. Mason," she said, suddenly serious, "are you wondering what sort of person I am to be talking of dancing and that with my father scarcely three months in his grave—Harry told you, didn't he, why I came West? I want to tell you, though, that my father begged me not to mourn. 'I know you love me, Nora O'Moore,' he said, and he pronounced the O'Moore like the French love, you know, 'and will miss me terribly when I'm gone, but the world is drab enough now, and if I'm not mistaken, I'll be lookin' on (my father was Irish), and I want to see you always happy and smilin', and that's why I am, though sometimes it's hard—not here—and we won't talk about it any more, will we?' And the sunshine of her smile shone bright again—a bit too bright.

He looked his sympathy, and something more, then, understanding, went back to the subject in question.

"But granting that I recognized you through Cussed, how could I expect you to welcome an invitation to luncheon from a stranger?" he asked.

"A stranger!" scornfully. "As if I didn't see you when you stopped out in front of the school house last week, and didn't have every child in the neighborhood—and every man and woman, too—give me the history of your young life from beginning to end."

"Not quite that, I hope, and I really am afraid their version of my beginning would not be entirely authentic."

"Oh, you know what I mean—the

beginning and end of their knowledge of you. And I had your heroic rescue of Jimmie from the bottomless lake detailed with such insistence that I almost had the heartlessness at times to wish that Jimmy had never risen again."

"I say, Miss Moore, I beg! Jimmy never sank, you know. The water wasn't deep enough where he tumbled in. I tried to convince them of the truth of the matter, but Jimmy's version suited them better. It seemed deep to him, I dare say, for he went in head foremost."

"But I forgave you all your perfections when I saw your horse down by the spring. I knew him by his white left foreleg. I was really beginning to be worried and a bit frightened, too, and was keeping an eye out for nice friendly robins in hopes of being covered with leaves when I 'lay down to die.' There don't seem to be any robins, however, only blue jays, and magpies with their raucous screechings."

"Poor Babe in the Woods!" he murmured sympathetically. "The robins come later. They are raising their families now down in the valleys, where cherries abound." Then, a sudden earnestness coming into his voice, "Miss Moore, do you know what you've done to me? You've made me homesick—dead homesick. I hadn't realized how much I missed things until I heard the sound of your voice."

"What things?"

"Oh, all the things that go with it; understandings, reservations, and er—all that, you know."

"'Er—all'—that is rather vague, isn't it? But I fancy I grasp your idea. Perhaps you think you've done nothing in that line, yourself."

He looked up quickly at the note of real sorrow in her voice, and was startled to see her lips trembling.

"I must be going," she said, getting up rather hastily. "but if you knew how I hated going back there, and I haven't another relative in this whole United States that I know of. I promised my father I wouldn't go over into the war region. He was Irish, and my

mother was German, and he didn't want me to take sides against either. It was so lonely back home after he died that I came out here to hunt up a sister of my mother's who came West when she married years ago. I found cousin Harry the only one of the family left. He is a dear, and I would love to be with him, but his wife—what is it, Mr. Mason, about a complacent person that drives one to distraction? Do you remember the woman in Grant Allen's 'Hilda Wade' who was complacent, and how her husband finally killed her and then himself? Cousin Harry's wife is like that. She is so cocksure she is right about everything under the sun, and so smugly serene in compelling her wishes to be carried out. I ought not to say these things, for she's good and capable, and all that."

"I understand," he said. "I know Mrs. Manners pretty well myself. I wondered when Manners told me about your coming how she would strike you."

"Perhaps I am prejudiced. Of course she thinks I am a very light and frivolous person, and I reckon I am. Whatever are you frowning so about, Mr. Mason?"

"I'm not frowning. I'm just racking my brains to think of some one I can ask to spend the summer with me, so you can come over to our place. I know some nice sort of women down in Canyon City who would usually be glad to come up awhile, but they are all going to California this year. You don't happen to know of any one yourself, do you?"

She shook her head. "I'm afraid it wouldn't do if I did," she said. "I wouldn't want to offend Cousin Harry by thinking that I minded staying at his house."

Then his eye chanced to light on the paper he had cast so scornfully down, and an idea was born in his mind that at first seemed utterly preposterous, but rapidly gained reasonableness.

"Sit down a moment, Miss Moore; I have something to say to you."

She dropped back on the stump seat.

wondering at a curious quality in his voice.

"Do you remember what we said about trial marriages? I don't approve of them now or ever, but the thought of them has suggested something to me. You know, and I know, that you would be just as safe and as considerately treated at my house as you would be at your cousin's this summer, but custom has made that impossible—and that is right, too, the laws of conventionality are necessary for the protection of the very young and the weak. But by going over to Black Pine Junction—it is only a half mile through the woods—and letting a Justice of the Peace there say a few words to us (they needn't count to us except as being a means to an end—the propriety of your being my guest for the summer), you could go on over to The Breaks with me without hurting your cousin's feelings, or breaking any social laws, either, and—er—" he floundered and broke off, disconcerted by a steady, penetrating look. He had expected objections, and a possible outbreak of indignation at his proposal, and had braced himself for them, but he wasn't prepared for this intense, piercing quietness. It got under his armor somehow.

"Are you proposing that I marry you—that you and I get married—now—by a Justice of the Peace?" and her voice fitted her look.

"Just go through the form of a ceremony. It won't be at all binding to you. You can go back to your home any time you like and I will have the legal tie quietly annulled. It can't possibly do any one any harm, and I can give you a corking good summer, if you like mountain life. There's a world-famous view from my cabin over on The Breaks. It's on the edge of the timber on a bluff two thousand feet above Canyon River, and you can see the snow-capped Seven Devil hundreds of miles away, and the river at your feet like a tiny, glistening snake. It's great, really!"

"And would it be binding, then, to you, and not to me?"

"I'm a man, you know. The yeas and nays are the woman's prerogative."

"But have you considered the possible costs?" she asked, very earnestly.

"Just what costs?"

"Supposing one of us learned to care, and the other one didn't?"

"I'm willing to chance it, and you couldn't be hurt."

"Why not?"

"Because if you should learn to care for me I'd make a heaven out of this old earth for you—as nearly as I can. I'm not rich, Miss Moore, only moderately successful. I lack some of the elements of a good business man, I reckon," somewhat regretfully, "for there are fine opportunities over there. The range is the best ever, and I have river bottom land and lower hillsides for winter pasture. Most men would have been rolling in wealth by this time. I've been out here eight years."

She smiled enigmatically.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Something one of your Lake admirers said came to my mind."

"Yes?"

"Vanity is not always feminine gender, is it?" she smiled at his questioning look. It was just 'Mason is too much of a gentleman to be an entirely good business man.' But about making me happy, how could you if your heart wasn't in it? I'd be sure to feel your indifference."

"My indifference!" vehemently, then gently, "I'll chance it."

"So will I," she said, with a sudden firmness of decision. "Come on!"

Down the hill to the spring they went, through the meadow to the wood. She stopped at the meadow to put her arms about Cussed's neck, and to whisper in his ear, "You blessed old Cayuse! I'll take good care of you all the days of your life."

When they entered the deep wood Eleanor stopped and drew a long breath.

"Isn't it heavenly!" she said, "with its cool dimness, tall arches and sweet incense? It's like a cathedral. Let us say a little prayer here—Robert. I'll

say mine first: Dear God, if my father doesn't know now, please tell him everything is all right, and with your help I will try to be a good girl. It's your turn now."

Robert took both her hands in his and bowed his head reverently.

"Our Father in Heaven," he said, "do unto me as I do unto this dear child who has today placed her trust in me." Then they went silently on through the sweet scented shadows.

"I admire your modesty," she laughed up at him as they came out again into the sunlight and the atmosphere of solemnity lightened.

"Yes?" inquiringly.

"You are expecting to render to me the best of yourself and your belongings, are you not?"

"Of course."

"Well, it was a bit startling to hear you calmly request the Lord to do likewise by you."

"You are a willful perverter of meanings, Eleanor. I see where I'll have my hands over full."

"Just wait," ominously.

Who can depict joys that that summer brought to these two explorers; explorers not only of the heights of mountain marvels and the depths of brooding canyons, but of the heights and depths of each other's minds with their similarities sufficient for delightful companionship and differences a-plenty to create frictional life and thereby prevent deadly stagnation.

Robert's shadow was not so easily dispelled. It was cast by a veil which Eleanor had drawn over everything that pertained to her past. He knew she was Harry Manners' cousin from somewhere east of the Rockies, and that was all. He cared nothing for her past, but he did care for her distrust of him—and yet it didn't seem to be exactly distrust, either, for she seemed to be constantly putting forth for his undoing all her powers of appeal and allurements. He couldn't understand it, and though he was mightily drawn by the one, he was held back by the other.

She had been frankly delighted with

the simplicity and strength of his log cabin home, its big living room and two bed-rooms, and, a rare mountain luxury, a bathroom between them. "I was puzzled about getting hot water until I hit on a scheme of putting the fire-place on this side between the bedrooms," Robert had explained, "and having a metal back to it with coils of pipe in it. It works fine. The water is piped from a spring up higher on the ridge." There was a bath over at the men's quarters, too, and Robert had insisted on her having exclusive use of the one at the house.

And Duke, the collie—not a stately gold and white Beau Brummel, but a dark, shabby-coated, battle-scarred worker in the collie world—had taken her to his heart at first sight. He had gazed at her adoringly for a moment, then shyly caressed her hand and started off, stopped, looked back, wagged his tail and started on again.

"What does he want?" she asked.

"He wants you to go with him to see his babies. They're only a few days old. His invitation is a great honor, I assure you—he doesn't exhibit his treasures to every one," Robert had said, and she had been enraptured with the dog's confidence and the babies as well—she adored puppies—and with the gentle Duchess, their mother.

The men also capitulated at her first smile. She had insisted on taking her meals in their general mess room as Robert had been doing. He had suggested having Hop Lee (her slave from the start, though for more material reasons than smiles) serve them in the living room. A few times, when they had been going to have breakfast either earlier or later than the others, she had made toast and coffee, cooked bacon and eggs over the coals in the fireplace and served them on the big round reading table. She had, too, such a happy faculty of understanding a fellow, of meeting each one so naturally and matter-of-factly on his own ground, was so earnestly interested in the very things he was most interested in, it was really remarkable.

Thus the summer had sped.

"You were wise to stay at home to-day, Eleanor. It was hot down on the river—that close, stifling sort that takes the tuck out of a fellow," and Robert lighted a cigarette, stretched himself lazily out on the porch hammock-swing.

"It wasn't wisdom that kept me at home, Bobby; it was bread. This was my baking day." She had cognomenized him "Bobby" at the beginning. "The name so suits the long length of you," she had explained, "for one extreme calls for another in the making of a happy medium, you know. It's nature's law, and God's law, too."

"Your baking day! I thought Hop Lee did the cooking."

"I swapped work with him. He does my dresses and I do some of his bread. I can beat him bread-making, too, I have your word for it. The first time you ate any of mine you said: 'By gum! Hop Lee's getting to be a corking bread-maker.'"

"Why didn't you tell me?" aggrievedly. "I missed half its sweetness."

She smiled. "That's very nice of you, Bobby, my dear, but he has me licked to a frazzle at the laundry work."

"I like the way you dress, Eleanor. Your clothes are like you—they are so nice and so—so—sort of simple—and what the dickens is so funny? Oh, you know I didn't mean that—I meant not befrilled or anything." But Eleanor's mirth seemed uncheckable—out of all proportion to the cause.

"Oh, Bobby," she said at last, leaning back against her porch post—Eleanor always occupied the top step and insisted on Robert's taking the hammock swing when they were together on the porch—"you are so funny! It wasn't altogether your delicate allusion to my native simplicity that set me off. I chanced to think of something else. I went to a hospital once with my father to have his appendix removed, and was greatly impressed with the naturalness and simplicity of it all there, at first. Afterwards I learned that what had seemed simpli-

city to me was high art—very high art."

"I suppose that's true," thoughtfully. I knew you were an artist, Eleanor."

"I'm not. I have a friend who does my clothes for me. We exchange commodities."

He made no reply, but lay contentedly at rest, happy in her nearness. The man in him naturally yearned to stretch out long, strong arms and gather her in "to have and to hold" forever, but the gentleman in his nature held the man in abeyance; besides, there was the wall of her silence between them. The big red moon rose and silhouetted her. How soft her hair looked, and there was one little tantalizing ring in the hollow of her neck that seemed to be born just for kissing.

She was silent, too, for a time, watching the moon roll up.

"My, how big he is," she remarked finally. "He's puffed himself out till he's red in the face. What makes the moon so red, Bobby?"

"Smoke—from forest fires. It's what gives the air this delicious tang, too."

"It's what gives bacon its delicious tang, too," dreamily. "Bobby, do you know there's the most fascinating war of winds taking place here about me—between Boreas and—what is the South Wind?—anyhow, it slips up from the canyon with its smell of burnt rock and sun-scorched vegetation, and wraps me about with warm languor and whispers: 'Come with me! Why work and worry? Life is made only for loving!' And just as I am about to become convinced of its truth, down swoops old Boreas with his brusque 'None of that!' which quickly sends the weaker wind winding. 'Don't you know,' he storms, to me, 'that death's in languor? It's very nostrils reek of dead things. Life is action!' And he stings my blood to dancing with his keen, fir-scented breath."

Robert smiled. He enjoyed these fancy flights of Eleanor's; they were so refreshingly surprising, so wholesomely sweet, but he asked matter-of-

factly: "Which counsel will you accept?"

"Neither—and both. I'll sit on the fence and keep a lean, hungry mitt stretched surreptitiously down on either side of it for favors." Her exalted moods never lasted long. "That's policy, you know. The old theory that honesty is the best policy was exploded long since."

He knew, of course, that she jested, but the jest suggested a thought that made him grow serious—almost stern.

"Why, Bobby, I didn't mean it, you know. I didn't mean it." She was quick to feel his moods.

"I know, Eleanor, but I know, too, that you haven't been exactly honest with me this summer—at least, not quite frank and fair, have you?"

"Don't scold, Bobby, please," she begged, contritely. "I plead guilty, but I have a reason. I'll tell you all about it and about me, too, when you get back from Canyon City. Oh, I wish you didn't have to go to that old stockmen's meeting to-morrow. I have a feeling that something awful is going to come of it. It haunts me all of the time. Why can't you take me with you?"

"It's too far for you to ride—it's seventy-five miles—and the heat and dust in the valley would smother you. I'll be gone only three days. I'll get Mrs. Nelson to come over from Black Pine if you are at all nervous, or you could go as far as The Lake and wait there for me."

"I'll stay home and alone, thank you, if I can't go all the way. I'm not afraid for myself. It's you I'm worrying about. Pat and the boys are body-guard enough for me."

"'Home'—does it seem like home to you, Eleanor?" he asked, his voice deep with feeling, as he rose and stood over her.

"Do you want it to seem home to me, Bobby?" reaching her hands up to be lifted beside him.

"That is not a fair question under the circumstances," rather grimly, "but you know the answer."

"Indeed I do not. You can be very

reserved as to feelings, Bobby."

"I think you know the cause of that, too, and the remedy for it."

She hung down her head. "You'll forgive me when you know—perhaps—and perhaps you won't—if I only knew which."

"Well, I must go in now." He tried not to feel hurt at her words, but didn't succeed very well. "I start at four in the morning. Don't think of getting up to see me off. Good-night and good-bye, Eleanor. Be a good girl while I'm gone."

"Good-night, Bobby."

The next morning when he came in from feeding his horse and found his breakfast on the reading table by the cheerfully roaring fire place, and Eleanor drawing his coffee from a steaming percolator, he remembered that she had not said good-bye.

"I chanced on this old alcohol percolator in one of the trunks Cousin Harry sent over, and the little old alcohol stove, too. I did your bacon and eggs on it, and I'll make your toast as you need it. It's better right off the bat," she explained, and then settled into silence, a very unusual proceeding for her. She seemed somewhat nervous, too, which was also unusual. Robert wondered some at it, but was very content merely to sit and watch the firelight play on her hair and bright crimson gown. She had not stopped to dress, except in a warm bedroom wrapper just the color of her lips. He had never seen her so before. It brought her nearer, somehow. The end of the meal came all too soon.

"I will have to go," he said, at last, rising. "Good-bye, little girl. Try not to be lonely," and he held out his hand. But Eleanor, who had also risen, ignoring the outstretched hand, with a crooning little cry made a swift rush straight into his arms. She clasped hers about his neck and put her sweet, tender lips up to his. Then they forsook this prosaic old world for that lovers' elysium, that heaven on earth that comes at one time or another to all mankind. They were brought back by Pat's stentorian announcement

that the horse was without, and with a gentle "Good-bye—my wife!" he was off.

Weak and trembling with emotion, Eleanor slipped down into the chair where he had been sitting. She rested her arms where his had been resting. She lifted his cup and drank the dregs of his coffee that her lips might be where his lips had been. Oh, the sweetness of life! The goodness and beauty and joy just of living! Her heart was a-throb with it, her body a-thrill with it. She rose and went to his room—hers, too, from henceforth. She crept into his bed and put her cheek in the hollow in the pillow his cheek had made there, and gave herself up to beautiful wake-dreams which soon merged into dreams of sweet slumber.

All that day and the next she did nothing but hug tight her heavenly happiness—and incidentally hug Duke's rollicking puppies, to the great satisfaction of the Duchess, their mother.

She was so busy with happy planning and reveries, that time passed unmarked, until after awhile the red moon—not so big as he had been—peered at her from behind a far mountain, and she realized with a start that it must be getting late. She went in to see. It was eleven o'clock. Surely he should have come by this time, she thought. She put fresh fuel on the fire and lighted the percolator and went out again to wait and further watch.

A chill came creeping out of the shadows right into her heart, and she shivered. Supposing something had happened to him! The yap, yap and lost-soul wail of coyotes came up from the canyon and down from the timber. How many there were of them, these ghoulish night beasts of prey. Supposing he were hurt and they—oh, it was unthinkable! She went in and closed the door to shut out the sound of it. She turned the lamp higher and lighted the candles, and sat shuddering with fear. If he did not come by twelve she would rouse Pat and the boys and send them

out in search of him. And then—a step at the back door—it opened and he came in. She rose with a relieved little cry and started for his arms when something stopped her—something forbidding in his grave, reserved look. Her eyes grew wide with wonder.

"I am sorry you sat up for me, Eleanor. I had dinner at the sheep camp." His voice was the courteous, formal voice of a stranger. "I am very tired, so if you will excuse me I will go right to my room. I must tell you, though, that I learned the reason of your silence regarding your past down there in Canyon City, and I cannot make you know how sorry I am that I took advantage of your loneliness as I did. We'll talk about it further in the morning. It will be wiser, I think, for you to go back to your friends as soon as you can possibly arrange it. Good-night," and he went into his room and closed the door after him.

Poor Eleanor! The sudden succession of shocks were unnerving. Hot tears washed the wonder-light out of her eyes. Tears of self-pity at first, then she wept because she knew he was suffering. After a time she grew quiet, and gradually her gameness of spirit returned. He was safe, anyhow, and here—that was the big thing. Then her chin went out and a look of firm resolution came into her eyes. She went to his door and rapped. Silence. She rapped again. Still silence.

She opened the door and went in. He was lying face down on his bed.

"Robert." No answer.

"Bobby boy." Not even a move indicated that he heard her.

"Bobby dear," very tenderly, brought no better results.

Then she knelt down beside the bed, turned back his soft collar and put her warm lips to his neck. She felt a tremor pass through him at that, nothing more. She substituted then tear-wet eyes for the lips.

"What do you want, Eleanor?" his voice was hoarse and muffled.

"A hearing, Bobby. You've condemned me without one, you know."

He rose wearily.

"Arguments are useless against facts, Eleanor, but I will listen to anything you wish to say."

"Come out to the fire," she said, gently propelling him. She drew the two big chairs together, put some pine knots—gathered specially for the occasion, somewhat different from the anticipated one, to be sure—on the fire. She drew a cup of strong coffee and insisted on his drinking it.

"Now, Bobby," she said then, sitting down and slipping her hand under his on the arm of his chair, "begin at the first and tell me every identical thing that took place from the moment you left me until your return."

"From the moment I left you, Eleanor. I was in heaven when I left you, a fool's paradise it proved, but it was perfect while it lasted, and it lasted all the way down. I was simply reeling with the intoxication of it."

"I know, Bobby," she murmured, sympathetically, "I was, too."

"When I went into the hotel lobby I felt as if I could conquer the world for my love, and then—well, I dropped—that is all—from heaven to hell. It gives one a jolt."

"It does, Bobby. I dropped, too," softly.

"The stock men were there in full force, and as soon as I entered they rushed up to me with congratulations, and demands to be treated, and between their jollyings and earnest good wishes, I learned that I had married the only daughter and heiress of multimillionaire Moore, whose death furnished headlines in every newspaper in every country on the globe last spring, and who had come West to study the wild cow-puncher of the native range for purposes of writing a book. It seems that one of your admirers traced you to Canyon City and furnished the interesting data. He tried to organize a mob to come up and lynch me, I believe, and rescue his fair lady who, he was certain, was being kept against her own will, but they only laughed at him, and told him with more point than politeness that mamma's little boy had better run

home, and he ran. He would have gone more happily if he had known the real circumstances of your marriage, I fancy."

"Robert," with deep intensity, "do you honestly think I married you to get literary local color?"

"What other inducement could you have had?"

"Do you think I was working for color the morning you went away, when I—when——?"

"No, and that is the thing that hurts me the most—that you're going to be hurt, too. I should have known better. It's just man's damned selfishness. I know what the magic of the mountains is, and what the novelty and nearness and uncertainty are. They get into your blood and your brain. Somehow, I can't understand, though, why you didn't tell me. I could have protected you, then."

"And yourself, too, couldn't you? And perhaps that is why. Is your case fully presented, Bobby? If so, listen to mine. First—and last and all the time—I am your wife. I said that 'I will' with all the earnestness and intelligence I am capable of, and nothing can make me undo that vow, though, of course, I will go away if you don't want me here."

"You know that I want you, Eleanor, that every nerve in my body is crying out for you, but it would never do. It couldn't. Our lives lie as far apart as it is possible for human lives to be. It would be sweet for awhile, I know, but think of the years of deadly monotony that would follow. It wouldn't matter so much for me. I'm used to it, but you couldn't endure it. Of course you could get away, but you would have to go alone. I am not rich enough to leave my work when I wish, and never will be, and I wouldn't use your money for my pleasure; I think you know that. Of course it is going to be lonely after this summer, but I am glad to have the memory of it, and that—that bit of heaven, anyway."

"But, Bobby. I want to stay here and go into the cattle business myself.

Pat says your range would feed three times as much stock as you have. I want to rent it of you and go into partnership with you. Now, don't let your silly pride go up in arms because I have a trained business mind. It's no fault of mine. My mother died when I was a baby and my father raised me according to the best of his lights. He had a genius for money-making, which is like a genius for anything else—painting or writing—only instead of his far vision being for the beautiful in form or in fancy, it was for opportunity, and his hand and mind were trained to grasp it. It is not so fine a genius, perhaps, as the others, but we cannot choose our temperaments, you know, however we may modify them. I am going to keep my money, too. It is clean money, and I am going to manage it myself, for I know I can do it better than any of the needy to whom I would be likely to give it. The bulk of the income is going to the war sufferers at present. My father told me to spend it—all or in part—just as I pleased; that his pleasure had been in its making.

"I stopped at The Lake school on my way down, and heard a most marvelous fairy tale. It seems they played a wishing game, just before you left—at your suggestion, I believe. Each one was to make five wishes for the things most desired, You were to write these wishes down, and gave a prize to the one whose wishes were wisest. I don't believe they mentioned the prize winner in the excitement of making me understand that every one of their wishes came true—even to twelve year old Anna's white satin wedding dress and slippers to match.

"Wasn't it funny?" she smiled, happy at having his sternness relax. "they all won prizes—each one had one winner. I was glad Anna didn't require diamond fringe on the gown of her dreams—I always did on mine. Only poor little Johnny asked for a mother in place of their old hired woman. Wasn't it pathetic? I couldn't give him that, of course."

"He thinks you did, though. His

father is to marry the present school teacher at the close of the term, and Johnny is rejoicing and gives the entire credit to the fairy god-mother who ruled them with a wand instead of a rod for two blissful weeks. Their only regret is that they can, now, when it is too late, think of far more wonderful things that they might have wished for. They spend a great deal of time devising new wishes. It certainly put some color and action into their dull lives. They keep a constant watch-out for you to appear with your mine and your pumpkin."

"You were the inspiration of that wishing business yourself, Bobby—that day you stopped in front of the school house, it was during the noon recess, you remember, and called Anna to you under pretense of inquiring about Jimmy, but in reality to give her money for the treats which she religiously bought the next day. I was witness through the window of the entire proceedings, and when, as you started to go, you lifted your hat as courteously as you would have done to the finest lady in the land and smiled—I simply held my breath. You may not know it, Bobby, but you have a smile that would draw an angel straight down off her throne if you directed it at her. It drew me right up out of my boots when it was directed at another—the sheer goodness of it, good will, good understanding and good breeding—and the sweetness of it! It reminded me of something my father once said. He was naturally anxious to have me marry the right sort of a man, and gave me many a homely little lecture on the subject. 'You'll find them in every walk of life, Nora, darlin',' (he used his brogue only for me—I loved it) he would say, the good man and the bad man, only you know, don't you, there is no such thing as a good man or a bad man. There's good and there's bad in every one of us—but whiniver you see a man smilin' with love and with understanding, too, at a wee little child, 'tis safe to be clapping your money on the heart of him.' And I clapped mine on the

heart of you that very instant, Bobby, figuratively speaking. But a certain lofty lift to your head and stubborn set to your features warned me that I'd never get close enough to clap it on literally if you saw the money first, and so I kept it out of sight until I was safe in the heart of you myself. You were slow to let me in, Bobby," with mournful reproach. "You resisted all my wiles till at last I resolved to make a sudden onslaught. But like 'Brer Fox' when he wanted to eat the little 'Rab's' I had first to hunt up a 'scuse. Your going away gave me one. I was frightfully nervous that morning. My tongue literally clove to the roof of my mouth, and kept me from speech. But I made it, and got past all your defenses right into the warm, safe shelter of your love, and 'tis hard work you'll have to get me out again, I'm thinkin'," a cajoling tenderness in her tone.

But Robert, who had slipped his hand away from hers, which was somehow sapping his powers of resistance, gripped the arms of his chair tighter and steeled himself anew against her encroachment. Then she threw back her wrap and brought to view all the snowy, soft, shimmering loveliness under it.

"Look at my chin, Bobby dear," tip-tilting it toward him. "Does it look like a chin that would let its owner shirk hardships or make false vows for a summer of pleasure?"

Bobby looked, and saw not only the firm little chin in question, but also a perfect line of contour from the chin to the throat, and from the throat to the loveliest of bosoms that was rising and falling more rapidly than wont because of an anxious heart underneath it, and his grip on the chair grew more desperate.

"Look into my eyes, Bobby, darlin'," her voice was soft and ineffably sweet. "Look closely and see if there isn't truth written deep in the depths of them."

Bobby looked into her beautiful eyes and saw not only truth in their luminous depths, but that light—holy or un-

holy—that has drawn men over land and sea since the beginning of time, and that will draw them to the end; and the forces of his nature, rushing to answer its call, broke down the last

barrier of his will. She had scarce time to murmur, "Won't you please chance it?" when she felt herself caught in the sweep of a powerful passion.

A P R I L

It matters not what April brings
Of rain or sun, of joy or care,
Of leaden skies, or flashing wings
And all the hints of Maytime fair;
Of hearts attuned to ecstasy,
Or sorrow's dirge that sweeps in pain,
Within my heart there's melody—
When April comes, I'm glad again.

It matters not how long delayed
By plodding winter, sere and gray,
Till nature weeps for April's maid
With scented promises of May.
Though hearts grow cold with winter's chill,
She comes with blossoms in her train;
Her fragrant sweetness lingers still—
When April comes, I'm glad again.

Though ever-changing as the breeze
That hints of sunshine to the flowers,
And to the melancholy trees,
The tidings bring of April showers.
Still flower and tree alike are blessed
By April's sun or silver rain;
And summer will unfold the rest—
When April comes, I'm glad again.

AMY E. POPPE.



A Knight of the Dim Trails

George Elwood Jenks

FOR hours the typewriter keys had clicked on in their rattling, sing-song monotone, pausing occasionally as if for a breathing spell, then clattering on faster than ever. At last they came to a sudden stop, halted a moment, then sputtered, "Monte Boardman," and dropped back into their hard beds for a well earned rest.

Monte Boardman leaned back in his swivel chair with a deep sigh of relief, while one hand groped automatically for his old corn-cob and the other for his box of "safeties." He had finished the two hundred and forty-eleventh scene of the scenario for "The Feud of the Stunted Pines," and his mind was picking its way back to earth through a haze of "Close-ups" of heroes of the Royal Mounted, beauteous maidens, villainous half-breeds and faithful Indian guides; "Full Scenes," "Long Shots" and "Fade Outs," all the ingredients that go to make up the popular melo-movies. Half-unconsciously he took out his watch, and his eye was caught and held by a tiny kodak picture, pasted in the lid. It isn't much of a picture, from an artistic standpoint. It was evidently taken from a birch-bark canoe. Down in one corner is the blurred outline of the curving prow. In the background, a low, pine clad shore lies beyond a stretch of water so smooth that it seems but a transparent film, floating between the forest above and the inverted forest reflected below. Looking closely, a dark spot at the water's edge resolves itself into a magnificent bull moose, nose to nose and foot to foot with a twin moose of the inverted world below him.

As Monte gazes, the land of Imagi-

nation "Fades Out" of his mind, and the land of Memory "Fades in." Like one of his screen pictures, his study "Dissolves Into" a scene in the Manitou River country. A scene of days long gone by, but so real that he can feel the tang of the keen morning air and almost taste the fragrance of the evergreen balsams. As light and silent as a shadow, the canoe glides towards the unsuspecting moose, propelled with noiseless skill by Norma's paddle as it alternately presses and cleaves the water as gently as the fin of a trout. It is the supreme moment to which he has looked forward during many long weeks of cruising and hunting. He is gratified to feel that his nerves are cool and steady and that he hasn't a trace of "buck fever." His .303 Savage is poised half way to his shoulder, and it is a simple certainty that he can pick out any desired spot on the body of his quarry, and pump two or three bullets into him before he can raise his head, and yet—he hesitates!

They tell us that when a man is face to face with sudden death, the principal events of his life flash through his mind like a panorama. So it was that certain thoughts raced through Monte's consciousness during the brief seconds that he faced his problem.

He remembered how he had come for his precious yearly plunge into the wilderness, to Fort Francis, a little old town on the Rainy River, where traces of the ancient stockade of the Hudson Bay post still stood, having defied the storm and stress of over fifty years. Where, to the north, a wilderness of lakes and rivers and solid rock and pines stretched straight

away to the Arctic ocean, broken only by two lonely pairs of rails, connecting the fertile sections of Eastern and Western Canada.

There, in the person of Norma MacDonald, the daughter of the Indian agent, he had met the girl of his dreams. All his life, the great outdoors had been Monte's sweetheart. At every possible opportunity he had packed his kit and hurried away for a day or a week or a month in the wilds. He was city bred and justly proud of his woodcraft. He was also young, and, at first, just a bit inclined to patronize this Diana of the Lakes, whose only experience of metropolitan life had been crowded into a few brief trips to Winnipeg, but before their first evening was over, he was thanking his guardian angel that he had not let her suspect his mistake, for he found that she had mastered a multitude of worthwhile books, which he had to admit that he had only skimmed.

In their mutual love for the wilderness they had found a thousand inexhaustible topics of interest. She had listened eagerly as he told of his trips through the Dakota Bad Lands, with broncos and buckboard, and of a thousand mile canoe cruise down the lonely Saskatchewan. Through long happy hours he had sprawled at her feet and watched the boiling chaos of Koochicing Falls, and listened in a romantic dream as she told of the wonderland to the north. A wilderness, half water and half land, where one could travel for weeks by canoe, from lake to lake and river to river, without meeting a human being. A wilderness that still lay as it had lain for centuries, unsettled, unbroken, unspoiled. A wilderness that beckoned and invited its friends with promises of pleasure and plenty; a happy hunting ground with lakes whose beautiful, pine clad shores abounded in game, and whose waters teemed with fish.

More and more she came to fill his every thought. All his love for the wild seemed to center in her as the personification of it all, and yet he could never feel sure of her feelings

beyond a certain point. She was the frank, loving, congenial pal and friend. She was self-reliant and fearless without the loss of her womanly sweetness. Beneath the rounded curves were tireless muscles of steel. Hour and hour, stroke for stroke with him, she could drive the canoe, fighting a swift current, or bucking a head wind—then jump out fresh and unwearied. Sometimes he would surprise a look in her eyes that set his heart to thumping with hope, but when he pressed her for the longed for confession she would only beg him to wait until she could be sure.

The day came when she proposed a cruise into the North, and his heart had beaten high with hope, for he felt that she wished to try him by the "Test of the Trail," and he knew himself well enough to know that he would not be found wanting in courage and cheerfulness to meet danger and hardship, storm and sunshine. Her mother had been happy to accompany them and had proved to be a congenial comrade and a lenient chaperone.

It had been a wonderful trip, in spite of the noon-day sun which seems to blaze as hotly in these northern latitudes as under the equator. When they had reached the "Big Stretch," on Rainy Lake, they had been obliged to lie up on an island all day waiting for the wind to moderate. At sundown, the wind had died, and they had set out to make the most of the remaining daylight, but, as it grew dark, and the moon rose full and bright, Norma had decreed that they should play safe and make the "Big Stretch" by moonlight. Monte had never forgotten that twenty mile trip. The glassy surface of the lake reflected every star and they seemed to be floating as light as the wraiths of mist around them, half way between a sky above and a sky below. Steering by the stars, Norma had unerringly piloted them along winding channels between fantastic and uncanny islands; mysterious shapes whose forms and shadows stretched to uncertain depths below and to threatening heights above them.

Sometimes Monte would catch his breath as they seemed about to crash into a rocky wall, rising from the depths, only to vanish as they glided into the shadow of the real island, and the illusion was lost. As the hours slipped by, the silence grew, until it seemed almost a tangible part of the darkness and mystery, and to crowd in upon them, until the occasional eerie, shivery laugh of the loon, and the "who, hoohooo, hoohooo!" of the great horned owl, crashed through the stillness like the crack of doom.

The night was far spent when they made a cautious landing at the foot of Manitou Falls, rolled into their blankets without bothering with a tent, and slept through without stirring until the hot sun nearly blistered their unprotected faces. Then had followed two days of hard, warm work. In making their way up the Manitou, and from lake to lake, it was often necessary to portage canoe and camp outfit over rugged trails, past rapids and waterfalls, until it was a welcome relief to pitch camp at last on Six Mile Lake. In the morning Norma and Monte had set out at sunrise to troll for pike. They had quickly caught enough for their needs and then paddled on, skirting the rocky shore, and exploring each bay and inlet, mutually enjoying the never-ending pleasure of wondering what lay just beyond the next bend and the sensation of the sudden unfolding of a new vista which the eyes behold for the first time.

Thus it was that, gliding around a sharp point, the stirring sight had burst upon them, and Monte had come face to face with his dilemma. For years he had longed for a chance like this. He had hopefully followed moose tracks for miles, without success; he had heard the big bulls crashing through the brush in the stillness of the night, and had even seen them swimming the lakes and rivers at a distance, but never had such a chance as this been given him. He could feel Norma's intent gaze upon him, wondering why he didn't shoot, and if he would prove his coolness in the

emergency and his ability as a crack shot. He had learned that a game warden is but a myth in this wilderness, and it would be so easy to prove himself a fit companion for this Diana of the Lakes, but—they are so far from home and it is so hot. At best, they could have but a few meals and the rest of the meat would spoil. It seems a crime to kill this magnificent creature for the sake of two or three steaks. The beautiful horns are in the velvet and would also be lost. He may be a chicken-hearted fool, but he can't do it! He swallows hard and his heart is like lead as he softly lays down his rifle and picks up his kodak. At the tiny click of the shutter, the noble head is lifted, the moose stares a moment at the strange beings in startled curiosity, and then turns and trots away into the forest, not deigning to hurry himself in the least.

Monte had sat motionless, afraid to meet her accusing eyes. After an agony of silence, he heard her voice, breathing a note of scorn, yet with a break in it as if she couldn't quite conceal her disappointment in him: "What is the matter? Buck fever?" It was as good an excuse as any, so he merely muttered: "I suppose so." Without a word they paddled back to camp, where he gruffly told her not to wait supper or sit up for him, as he wouldn't be back until late that night. As he went away, she had made an impulsive move towards him, but, dismayed by his stern and glowering looks, had drawn back.

A moment later she had thrown herself into her astonished mother's arms, in an abandonment of tears and sobs that would have put to shame the worst spoiled child of luxury and indulgence.

The long hours of the afternoon slipped by unnoted as Monte sat gazing off across the lake, hating himself for a soft-hearted fool, and hating Norma for her very evident, primitive heartlessness. Late in the night he had crept back and rolled into his blankets, beside the dying embers of the camp fire, and hadn't heard a

sound until two soft, warm arms had stolen around his neck and a burning cheek was pressed to his. Hope and joy sprang again to life as he heard a faltering whisper: "Forgive me, boy. I was so happy that I just *had* to be hateful. When you refused to kill wantonly and wastefully, you proved yourself worthy of the Knighthood of the Wilderness. Rise, Sir Monte, my Knight of the Dim Trails!" A swift, warm kiss on his lips, a fleeting, intimate touch of a soft, pliant form, as it slipped from his eager grasp; a low, happy laugh, and a white, ghostly fig-

ure that melted into the darkness of the little sleeping tent. Then silence, but it was a silence that throbbed and palpitated with the hope and joy and love that comes but once in a lifetime to the few fortunate, and not to many.

Then the water and the woods and the star lit sky "dissolve out," and again he is shut in by the walls of his study, but the spell still holds, for the same soft arms are around his neck, the same warm cheek is against his, and the same dear voice whispers chidingly: "Boy, boy! are you going to sit up all night?"

FROM BERKELEY HILLS

Far through the haze I see the Golden Gate,
The sun has dropped, a fiery ball, and late
I sit upon the hillside brown. Just now
I picked red fuchsias, wild they grow, and how
They glow with color 'mid the brown, and green
Of cypress, oak, and eucalyptus' sheen.
The sea is phosphorescent, th' afterglow
Spreads softest mantle on the "sleeping maid,"
Fair Tamalpais, surely she must know
"The peace that passeth understanding," prayed
By multitudes in all the world below,
Who with the burden of great wrongs are weighed.

Yet, as I gaze, a deeper vision comes:
No peace we ask, which nobler feeling numbs
And wots not of our brothers' fearful woe,
Win their souls' freedom! Gain, too, our own, and lo!
That peace will come that holds yon mountain calm,
Bring to our hearts security, and balm
For the great suffering. Strengthened, purified,
Our horror, hate for them who seem the cause,
E'en like a cloak too heavy, cast aside.
We'll stand triumphant, certain that the laws
Of honorable nations shall abide:
The World at Peace her own fair picture draws.

EDNA CADWALADER.



A Baby of the Sawdust Ring

By M. A. Jumper, author of "Hunting Grunyon."

WITH grease paint and vermilion covering his face, the clown slid through the canvas flap to the dressing room—his room and Allie's. Allie was Trevel Merrill's wife, and it was this whisper of a fairy who performed feats on the back of Charger, the white stallion. Allie was a Southern girl, and how the circus life had appealed to her was more than her clown husband had ever been able to fathom. That she was the daintiest, purest bit of humanity who ever donned a tarlatan skirt, he found out shortly after making her acquaintance. Their marriage followed a short courtship, and the year following "Baby Trevel" was born.

The show with which this little family had cast their lot was far from the Barnum and Bailey class—it was really but a small road show, and had seen better days. Trevel was chief clown, while his wife was a bareback star.

As the clown slipped into the dressing room, he found her rocking young Trevel, Jr., a husky youngster of two months. After kissing them both, and fondling the little one's toes, he volunteered.

"This is some mining town alright. You got to play 'em up little woman, play 'em high and lucky, 'cause it's a rum audience you got to please. Mostly men, some of 'em just shells of men, hard lookers. We got to make a hit, or we lose our job—this old show is about to go under, and if it does, it's you and me to leave the sawdust trail. If we could only get enough money together for that little farm you want so much——"

Allie knew her husband was in one of his "blue" moods, so she smiled through roughed lips as she answered:

"Never mind, dear, we will get the farm yet: Fate is kinder than you think. I will do my best, and you do your best—that is all anybody can do. Take baby, it is time for my act." As he took the child in his strong arms, a young bull pup came from behind a trunk, and stood before Allie, awaiting her notice, which he received as she stooped to pat his head, saying: "Brindle, wish me luck," and like most of his kind, he replied by wagging his tail.

Meantime, the town of Grimesville had turned out full tilt to see the show. A month before the small community had been roped in by a fake show, and as Grimesville did not soon forget, its individuals had entered the circus tent with a chip on their shoulders.

These men were not all as hard as they looked—a few were not hard at all, but for the most part their looks did not belie them. They had dropped from the four corners of the earth, and gold, gold, was their goal. Morning, noon and night these men hunted for gold, dug for it, fought for it, and some of their comrades had died for it. A few women were among their number. To draw a comparison of these women and the bit of tarlatan, just entering the ring, one would immediately judge that they belonged to worlds far apart. Up to the entrance of the bareback rider, the audience had been noncommittal—so inspiring to an actor!

As the little star entered, some leaned forward, while others stiffened their backs. To her hoop jumping and somersaults there was no applause, and it was not until she unfurled Old Glory to the breeze that the audience sat up and took notice. There was a small burst of applause, but to an old hand

like Allie, she knew it spelled *defeat*. But this is not a story of Allie—it is a story of Allie's baby.

Hurrying to the dressing room, she found her clown husband cast in gloom.

"I am so sorry," she began.

"You did fine, girl. It's that damn bull pup: he has gone and chewed up the property baby, so I have no rag doll to work with. My act is a farce without it. I am canned on the spot, unless I can think up something to fake in. Oh, Allie, I can't think of a thing!"

Allie gazed upon the sawdust and rag that was once the circus doll!

This doll Trevel carried up on the trapeze and used for acrobatic stunts. The clown really was a splendid trapeze performer, yet his work was always done with a comedy flourish which a few seasons before used to "get the house."

"Here's my cue," called the now frenzied man. "Great Scott, what will I do?"

Just then five pink toes wiggled in the air from the basket in the corner. An idea came like a flash to the clown. With set face he said: "Allie, I will have to take the baby."

"No, no," the mother protested. "You might make a mis-step. I can't let you."

But the baby was already in his arms, and he was wrapping the blanket closer around it. With a look of grim determination, he strode past the awestruck Allie, and was in the big arena. The mother sank to the ground, and when—it seemed an eternity—she opened her eyes, the sounds of clapping and cheering came to her ears. With limbs a-tremble, she stole to the curtain flap, and, half-afraid, peered out. She beheld the clown upon the highest wire, balancing the baby, and through the chalk and vermilion she sensed a look of horror on his face! Rushing to the baby's basket she threw herself across it, and prayed.

The audience was having the time of its life. Here was a real show at last, with an up to date clown, with a

mechanical doll, so life-like that its arms and legs moved and wiggled around almost like a real youngster. But the horrible faces the clown made, that was the funny part of it. You would think it was a real baby the way he held it. All the while they awaited the final act, the dropping of the doll! Somehow he did not seem to come through with that stunt.

"Saving it for the wind-up," one old fellow remarked.

At last the clown jumped to a net at the side of the trapeze, holding his balance as the net bounced him up and down. All the while he held for dear life to the baby, making the audience roar with laughter.

As he jumped lightly to the ground, and was relieved of the nervous strain, his chalky face assumed its accustomed grin. Unconsciously he snuggled his face down to the little pink one looking up into his, and kissed it. Every one cheered. With a gleeful struggle, Baby Trevel gave vent to a loud "baby noise."

Suddenly the audience ceased laughing. A yellow haired woman in the front row called out: "My God, it's alive!"

The next thing the clown knew, all Grimesville was forming a circle, and he and the baby were in the middle of it. Mutely he held the baby up high, so that all might see. No lucky strike in the valley of Grimesville had ever had such an effect on those grizzled old fellows. Each one wanted to "pat the little fellow's head." The women talked to the baby in that language known only to babies, women and fairies.

Just then a flutter of pink tarlatan wedged through the crowd and stood at the clown's elbow.

"You know he is my baby, too, Trevel!"

As the clown gathered her close to him an old miner yelled out: "Boys, pass around the hat, and I'll take the fellow out and horsewhip him who don't drop in a chunk."

There was no need of the warning, as every man there did his part, to fill

the hat. After three cheers for the baby, Grimesville went home with something new to think over and discuss.

The yellow haired woman, who had discovered the baby was alive, walked silently from the circus tent, followed by her male companion.

"I'm not going home with you to-night, Tom. I just can't help it, but that kid pulled hard on my heart-strings."

"Women are all like that, Sis. You will get over it to-morrow," the man answered.

"I'm not going to wait to get over it. I'm going back to 'Frisco to-morrow morning to my mother. Good-night." She left him staring with open-eyed wonder at her retreating figure.

In the dressing room the little mother held her baby close in her arms—a small pile of gold at her feet, which Trevel and the bull pup were trying between them to calculate the sum of.

"You shall have your farm, Allie. It's the only place to raise a growing boy."

"But you might have dropped him," interrupted the mother.

"But you see I did not, and bless you, it will never have to happen again. I have bought Brindle from the boss. He will be fine for the boy to play with."

"And chew all of his rag dolls up," laughed Allie.

"We should worry, for there will be no substitute work on the farm."

THE SHIP OF DESTINY

Sail on, O dauntless Ship of State,
So freighted with all nations' fate!
Untimely malice strikes not thee,
With wrecking winds and leaping sea;
Thy mission is mankind to free,
As brothers in democracy,
From despot's reign beyond the main,
And let the world again be sane.

Speed on, O sacred Ship of State,
Divine thy cause, to pain abate!
Our God protect the Captain, strong,
Who guides the Ship through crafty wrong.
'Mong whirlwinds sown by mailed fist,
'Mid sharks that lurk in dark'ning mist,
To grind the human freight aboard
And toss it on a naked sword.

Sail on, O righteous Ship of State,
To succor those made desolate!
If *Right* is *Might*, then *must* be won
The vict'ry o'er the Cruel One,
Who claims the whole world as his slave;
His lust for pow'r is curse to brave;—
Thy destiny is now to span
The noble Brotherhood of Man.

A Church Affair

By Isabel S. Robinson

THE heavy doors opened and closed. Myrta Howell, fragrant, glowing, eager, halted a moment just inside them, taking in the effect of the decorations.

But with a divided attention, so long as the purr of Roger Creston's car could be heard outside. Before he lifted her out, he had begged her to go down town with him, but she declined positively.

"Seen out with you to-day! Santa Paz would be scandalized. I'll wait for you here in the church and to-morrow——"

"I'll wait for you. Then—no more partings."

He beamed down upon her, pressed her hand, then resuming his goggles, stepped back into his machine. When its subdued noises could no longer be heard, Myrta became more conscious of her surroundings. Pacing down the aisle, with the measured bridal tread practiced the night before in gay rehearsal, she slid into a garlanded front pew, and clasping her hands on the book rack before her, fixed her luminous eyes on the chancel.

As she had expected, the newly tinted walls made a perfect background for the dogwood blossoms massed against them. The altar and the brasses, of pulpit and lectern, gleamed through wreaths of fern and flowers, while half-way down the aisle knotted ropes of ribbon, holding roses and wild honeysuckle, marked off the pews reserved for favored guests.

In fancy, Myrta saw the pageant of the morrow; the gleaming black and white of the ushers, the procession of rosy cheeked maids in their soft silks and yellow chiffons, the wee flower girls, and little Lord Fauntleroy cush-

ion bearer. Last of all, fairest of all—Myrta knew she would be very beautiful in her bridal finery—herself, floating radiantly up the aisle, her arms full of orchids and lilies of the valley.

She softly hummed the bridal chorus and her thoughts flew to the bridegroom. Roger would be waiting for her at the altar, watching her approach with the love light she knew so well, shining in his splendid eyes. He would take his place beside her, the bishop would step forward, and the solemn ceremony would begin. Afterward? Her heart gave a tumultuous leap in her breast. The reception over, the old slippers and rice thrown after the vanishing limousine, they two started forth together—alone—what then? Was it love that swelled her heart now or more triumph at having won him? She asked herself the question.

Certainly he had done enough to win her love. Never suitor more assiduous in lover-like attentions when he had come up from his southern home to visit her, no poet more lavish with tender, eloquent letters during their long separations. And surely no prince could have been more generous. Thinking of the saddle horse, the daily orchids, the thousand and one little things—jewels, save one, she would not accept—she lifted his ring to her lips. Courtly, faultless in dress as in manner, of course she loved him. She had often told him so, but had never quite known how much.

Sitting thus in the peace and quiet of the little church, she gave herself up to happy anticipations of delights to come; saw herself queening it over Roger's plantation, shining in the social circle which was his in the great city, and some day—when the war

was over, they would go abroad. She would saturate herself in the beauty and antiquity which was Rome; she would enjoy Europe—what was left of it—as it had never been enjoyed before. Fleeting dreams of other joys, deeper, dearer, were only half-acknowledged. Into them broke a soft thud. The heavy church doors had opened and closed.

Roger! So soon! How like him, to be always better than his promises. She turned, but her smile of welcome faded. It was an intruder, some parishioner, doubtless, to look at the decorations.

But no again. The creature—instantly classified by Myrta—stormed up the aisle so lately filled by the sweet bridal cortege, and with a brief, disdainful glance at the chancel, paused before Myrta. Answering the bride elect's cool stare with another of supreme distaste and arrogance, she snapped:

"Miss Howell?"

It was accusation rather than inquiry, but Myrta nodded, whereupon the woman entered the pew and planted herself, squarely, beside the girl. Myrta half rose to leave, but a movement of the strong looking arm restrained her.

"Well," the woman breathed hard, her bold eyes gleamed angrily. "I've caught you at last. I've tried to see you at your home, but you were 'out' or 'engaged.' Always some excuse. They seemed to think I was a peddler or carried a bomb. Maybe I did." She laughed unpleasantly and drew her sables about her short neck. The day was not cold, but both women shivered.

"I did not know," said Myrta, evenly.

The stranger sneered. "Anyway, I have you now. I was determined to speak to you, face to face, to give you a chance. Of course. I've seen you on the street, in Mr. Creston's car, or riding the horse he gave you."

The woman's sliding, sinister tone, faintly patronizing, seemed to imply wrong-doing on Myrta's part. The

girl's fingers tightened on a prayer book, and she had to resist the temptation to hurl it. The creature, however, stretched her velvet clad arm comfortably on the back of the seat. Her large, well gloved hand almost touched Myrta's shoulder.

"No matter," she went on, "I have you now. I see by the papers and this foolery"—she tossed a contemptuous glance at the decorations—"that you expect to be married to-morrow. You won't. This is one wedding that will never take place."

"Indeed!" Myrta gazed at the woman a minute in speechless amazement. Then her dry lips brought out the question: "Why not?"

Swiftly, like a blow between the eyes to the quivering bride-elect, came the answer.

"Because Roger Creston is mine. By every oath, save that before a priest"—the woman's voice shook, but she managed to control it—"he is mine."

Myrta's face blazed with indignant disbelief. "You are mistaken. He loves me. He has asked me to be his wife."

The other flushed at the emphasis laid on the words *me* and *wife*. Her enforced calmness vanished.

"Very likely. Men are queer, but he loved me first, and he has sworn over and over again that I should some day be his wife. And—" she leaned forward, her angry black eyes boring deep into Myrta's—"I mean to be."

The bride elect rose haughtily.

"I have heard of such women as you—but I never dreamed that one of them would dare to speak to me. Let me pass, please."

But the woman barred the way more positively and more rudely than before.

"Dare, did you say?" She laughed scornfully. "Do you think that you are made of so much finer stuff than any one else? Let me tell you, my lady, in the sight of men we are all alike—just women. As for daring, I dare anything for my children, mine and his."

A red flush dyed Myrta's hitherto

pale cheeks, a shudder of profound distaste shook her. "Let me pass!" she insisted.

"Not until I have finished what I came to say."

"Finished?" wailed Myrta. "What else can there be?"

"This. I came up here in all kindness, meaning to spare you trouble, but you couldn't be seen. I wanted you to give him up peaceably before this nonsense went too far." She glanced sourly at the chancel.

Myrta steadied herself against the book rack. "I do not believe you, and I will never give him up."

The woman's heavy, level eyebrows lifted, wrinkling her sullen brow. "You insist on keeping what is not—can never really, be yours? He is not worth your keeping; let him go." For the first time her tone was pleading. He's bad, but he is the father of my children."

Myrta's grip on the book rack tightened.

"He is good—good. And I will marry him to-morrow."

"You shall not!" cried the woman, passionately. "I will force my way into the church. I will walk up to the altar and forbid the preacher to perform the ceremony. I will make the worst scandal," she panted, "the very worst your little two by four village has ever known. The whole congregation shall hear me. Even if it should cost me Roger—as his mere marriage would never cost me—I'd do it. But he'll stick to me. I'm a habit with him."

Myrta dropped back into her seat. Her dry eyes, stormy and rebellious, fixed unseeing on the beautiful chancel. Plan after plan revolved through her brain with incredible swiftness. She knew now that she loved Roger Creston utterly, supremely, would love him to the end of time, but she saw him and all that he had meant to her—vanishing.

"In the sight of God," declared the intruder, "Creston is my husband."

"Prove it!"

"Proof?" The woman's face went

blank. "I know nobody up here, but you can ask him. Ask him to tell you about Denise."

"As if I would!" scorned Myrta.

"Or you can write." A string of names and addresses fell from Denise's lips.

"Your friends! Besides, there is no time. Prove your accusations now or not at all. Indeed, it is already too late."

Myrta rose with an air of finality, determined to end the interview.

"Wait! One moment. See this." The woman plunged into the recesses of her large handbag and brought forth a photograph which she thrust into the girl's hand. Something in her expression gave Myrta a new stab; yet it was a look that might well have won a man, the smile of conscious, competent motherhood.

Around this stranger woman, in the photograph, were grouped three pretty children. All large and handsome, the two elder, boys, were dark browed, bold-faced, but the little girl, whose cheek was pillowed in the mother's neck, looked at Myrta with Roger Creston's own wide, gray eyes. Her smile was his, and the features duplicated those in the baby picture of himself that Roger had given her. What further proof could she ask? Yet a voice within whispered "No!" Unconsciously she clutched the card more tightly.

"I will not believe—it is a trick."

The woman smiled proudly.

"Ask him. He will not deny them."

A spasm of feeling shook Myrta; her features were distorted with pain as she supported her trembling frame by a grasp on the back of the pew. Then, hearing the whir of a motor that came to a halt outside, she stiffened and threw back her head.

"Very well, we will leave it to him. He is at the door. Go in there, please." Myrta pointed to the vestry door, and as the woman moved toward it, she followed her out of the pew, and stepping swiftly, met her betrothed halfway down the broad aisle.

"Well, dearest," Creston began, re-

moving his goggles, "does it suit you? Everything all right?"

"The decorations are," she answered coldly, "but how about this?" Her voice had a bell like, carrying quality, as giving him the picture she asked quietly: "Do you know this woman—these children?"

The tender, indulgent smile on Creston's well cut lips faded. He stood as if frozen.

"Denise?" Then, austere, "Where did you get this?"

"What does that matter! Is she—or they—anything to you?"

The question rang out clear to the peering woman who had stepped outside the vestry room, and—still unnoticed by the other two—haltingly approached.

The man gulped. A queer expression of mingled feelings clouded his face, but Myrta wore a deathly look. A moment of tense silence, then the man shook himself, breathed deep, while the two women stood—each with parted lips—breathless. The tender, indulgent smile irradiated Creston's countenance. He opened his arms.

"Myrta, darling, cannot you trust me?"

The girl trembled, as a lily stalk might shiver in the wind storm. "Yes, yes, somehow I do. But your real answer is there."

She pointed to the woman, now hurrying forward.

The man turned sharply. "Denise! What does all this mean? What have you said to Miss Howell?"

"I told her," she said, stubbornly.

Creston's face hardened into an inscrutable mask, his voice stung like ice. "What could you tell her of me?"

The woman gasped, her eyes roved.

"Tell Miss Howell now," the man went on in his steely voice, "that you were mistaken—a similarity of name and features—and my goggles—misled you. Tell her you are sorry to have disturbed her. Then go!"

Denise's ample bosom heaved stormily, but all defiance was gone from her face. Her lips and chin trembled.

"I was mistaken," she said, sullenly, eyes downcast. "I am—"

A little gasping sob interrupted. Myrta Howell swayed forward. Creston caught her to his breast. "Go," he said softly to the other.

Denise gave him one look. She seemed about to tear the drooping figure from his arms, but only said, hissing: "I hate you."

"Go!" repeated Creston in harsher tones.

She stooped for the photograph, gave the man another long look.

And again the heavy church doors opened and closed.

A PRAYER

Like thistledown before the wind,
Like butterflies above sweet flowers,
We drift with every breeze that blows,
We sip the honey of the rose;
We heed no shadows cast behind,
Life is a chain of sunny hours.

Lord, let Thy great, all-seeing Eyes
Look down on us and make us wise!

Like little barks upon a stream
That swells and surges to the sea.
We swirl with every current's chance.
Swept here and there by circumstance.
Without a beacon's guiding gleam.
What hope, what help, what helm have we?
Lord, show us mercy in Thy might,
And steer our little boats aright!

For My Sunny California

By Beatrice Helmer

A SHADOW blotted the sunset floor. Mrs. Lancaster looked up from the pan of potatoes. "Well?"

"Draft list's out." The old man's hand trembled as he gave her the newspaper. Heavy black type struck out at her as she read: "Draft list complete; Uncle Sam calls his favorite nephews. The Flower of our young manhood responds to the call." Then in smaller print: "The first to be called from this section is William Lancaster, one of our most promising young men. Billy can claim exemption, however, with a clear conscience. He has a crippled father and an aged mother dependent on him."

Mother Lancaster took off her "specs" and wiped them carefully on her faded apron.

"Read it out loud," quavered the old man, as he hobbled across to his cane-bottomless rocker.

Slowly Mother read the grimacing words aloud, only at the end she softened "crippled" and "aged." The old man sat hunched and still. His bald head drooped pathetically.

"Billy c'n claim egzemshun," he said at last. "Others c'n go that ain't got no 'un dependent on 'em. Billy don't haf tu." He repeated the statement several times, triumphantly, at the end.

Suddenly, with a consumptive cough the clock announced "six." And out of the warm, red glow of sunset, came Billy, bending his broad shoulders to enter the low doorway.

"Gee, ma, I'm hungry!" he grinned. "Been working like the dickens today. The grapes look dandy. We're going to have a great crop." Then noting the sudden hurry of his mother and

the absence of supper smells: "Say, what's the matter?"

His eyes wandered to the table. "What's the news?" a little hoarsely.

"Draft list," said his mother. His face she could not see, but his hand was trembling, she noted.

"Well, they got me," he jerked out finally, with a queer laugh.

"But ye doan need tu go—yur egzempt," the rocker complained. "Yer mother and me need yuh more than the Governmint. You ain't intendin' tu go, be ye?" scanning the boy's face with red eyes glazed almost to blindness. "The governmint ain't got no call tu send our byes over tu Europe. Let 'em pertec' our own country, that's wat they oughta be doin'—stead uv galivantin' over ther. Tain't fair, tain't right. Who's goin' tu take keer uv me and yer mother, if they take ye away? We'd have to go tu the poor-house, that's all. If I didn't have this blame roomatiz"—he rubbed a knotted old knee—"it ud be dif-runt." The chair creaked, seconding his plaint. "It ain't right fur tu send yuh, it ain't!"

The boy's face was dazed. He turned to his mother. Her lips were dumb, but in her eyes he read his father's thoughts. He stood there an awkward minute or two, then went to his room in the loft. Then the mother heart got busy. While the old man quavered and grumbled, she fried bacon and potatoes; then she set the table, inveigled Tabby to bring her twins into the kitchen; stirred up a shortcake "in no time." And while the sun was yet golden on the far, blue hills, she climbed to the loft. His head between his hands, the boy slumped in a chair before the west window. The sun made a glory of his brown hair.

"Supper, Billy." It was an ordinary thing she said, but no mortal could paint the beauty of her tones.

The boy looked up. "I was deucedly hungry, ma, but this draft business took my appetite." He tried to be cheerful.

"There's strawberry shortcake—and—Mary's here. She's teachin' the kittens tu lap milk. Yu oughta see the little skeezics!"

A new light touched Billy's face. He brushed his hair and hurried down shyly. So, too, did Mary greet him, letting her black lashes fall in pretended absorption over the awkward table manners of the kittens. Dad had forgotten his worry in watching their antics. But Billy! He forgot everything in the joy of Mary's presence. She had just finished summer school; she would teach in the fall, she said, as she deftly rescued an ambitious kitten, almost submerged in the bowl of milk, and wiped him off with a piece of newspaper, just where it said "Uncle Sam Calls!" How she brightened the old kitchen, for she insisted that mother leave the table set there. And after supper she washed the dishes, appointing Billy her "lieutenant" to wipe them. Billy was too happy to notice, and Dad dozed in his chair with only a suspender clasp shining through the dusk. But Mother's lips trembled. Later, Mary went home, Billy mumbling he'd like a walk, too. Out into the moonlight they stepped, and crossed the misty meadow, its dream-heavy brook and fringe of willows haunted with odorous breezes. Both were silent. A sense of desolation, a feeling of dread, oppressed Billy. What Mary felt he little knew.

She had gone across the fields two hours before, determined that Billy should not claim exemption, if anything she could say would prevent it. He was her hero, and she was intensely patriotic. The grief in the mother's face had silenced her for a time, but now a resurgent flood of emotion forced her to blurt out: "You aren't going to claim exemption, are you, Billy?"

Billy started. Something in her tone put him on his mettle. "Well, I haven't thought much about it, but I don't see why I shouldn't." His voice was sharper than he knew.

"I do. When a man's country calls, it is only the slacker—the coward—who finds excuse for not going!" Her voice was bitter. "If I were a man, nothing could keep me from joining."

"Not even a crippled, helpless father, and a mother with hair as white as my mother's?" said Billy, in a husky tone.

"Are you afraid to shoot—and be shot at?" Mary laughed, half-sneering.

Billy's face burned. His eyes flashed in the dusk of the wisteria. "No, I am not afraid of being shot. But I would not like to kill a human being—would you?" He tugged at his cap and with a muttered "Good-night, Mary!" vanished in the white mist.

Mary sat late at her window, peering through the fog toward Billy's home. She wondered if Billy were sitting there in the dark thinking angrily of her.

He was.

Next day there came a letter. Billy must claim exemption within seven days or he would no longer be eligible. The old man kept up a ceaseless refrain, "'Tain't right, it ain't. We'll have tu go tu the poorhouse." It worried the boy. He was cross and disrespectful to both his father and mother. The old man wept and guessed he was in the way and would be better dead. Then Billy, overcome with remorse, promised he would claim exemption. But the little mother said nothing.

The days slipped by.

"I must file my claim to-morrow, or"—Billy remembered with a start on the morning of the sixth. "I'll have tu lose a whole day at that," he frowned as his mother poured the coffee.

"Billy," a drop of coffee stained the cloth. "I have a book that Frank Mann left the other day. I wish you would read it this evening."

"That so? What's it about?"

"On the war." She avoided his eyes

—which was questioning. "Will you chop me some kindlin' 'fore you go?"

The hail of a neighbor prevented any more questions. And that evening, as soon as the supper was finished, Mrs. Lancaster went into her bedroom and brought out the book. Billy took it and plodded wearily up stairs. He was dog-tired, but he'd read a little "tu please 'eh, anyhow," was his soliloquy as he fumbled for a match. The book felt wet in spots. He wondered why. The title was strange, too. "Le Boche," it read. "Funny title that—for a book! He opened at random. A sentence caught his eye:

"After Le Boche had gone—was a trail of ruin—and of blood. I passed a doorway where a naked, dead woman sprawled, a child with its throat cut, flopped across her breast. On a little farther, an old, crippled peasant lay, shot and trampled. A few steps away, within a doorway, an old lady, sweet of face, her snowy hair streaked and clotted with blood, gasped and died in my arms—beaten and mutilated by 'les boches.'"

Billy felt the perspiration damp his brow. His throat was dry. He turned on a few pages.

"For Belgium there is no hope. She has laid down her life. A whole nation has given up life for the sake of a principle. That principle is Right—Humanity—Democracy! France, too, those brave men who fight with prayers on their lips, with the knife of Le Boche at their throats, can say to the whole world, 'We fight that you may live, and be safe, too.'"

The hours flew to the boy, reading for the first time the reason for this dreadful war. White-lipped and tense, he read on. And as he did, a passionate indignation grew. A desire to avenge such useless wrongs; a burning shame for the insults to his people; a nameless fear for his own land rushed over him.

When sunrise came, he saw, rippling in the breeze from the top of the little church, something that was red and white and blue. His arms went out to it. "My beautiful flag! My coun-

try! My God! I will avenge you. I will! I will!"

At breakfast, mother served him silently. Finally, Billy turned to her with a little jerk: "Mother, I've gotta go. I can't stay home after reading that book." He stole a furtive look at her. Her eyes were red, her face almost as white as her hair. In a flash he understood. His mother knew, too, he must do a man's duty. He must go!

They decided not to tell Father—yet. Both in pity for the weak old man, wished to give him a few more days of happiness. While he slept that July morning they faced the future, "their faces in the light." There in the glow of morning, with the flag before them, the Aged took up the burden, that Youth might pay for the world's peace—he, strong, brave, clean; she snow-haired, weak and hopeless, but brave, my God, how brave!

Then Billy went out to work. All about him were vineyards and orchards—green and golden. Snow-crowned mountains, shimmering in violets, gold and blue, embraced the valley. About the nearby cottages were banks of flowers. Orange, lemon, acacia and clumps of lavender made the air languid. Could there be a lovelier land?

Suddenly he heard a voice singing. A khaki uniform swung down the road. Billy found himself humming the refrain:

"And I know when I die I shall breathe
my last sigh
For my sunny California."

He broke off suddenly. Yes, that's what he would do if—— But out here in the sunshine, what he had read last night began to seem a dream. "Gosh, Frank ought to know better than to believe such trash!" "Say, what the dickens did you bring me such a book as that there 'Lee Boo-sh' thing?" as the khaki figure drew nearer. "Why, I never read such a—awful thing."

"Billy, Jim Versey wrote that. Every word is true, only it isn't half all they have done. The French never

say 'German;' they say only 'Le Boche,' for it means 'The Beast.'"

"Well, we don't know both sides, though."

"Yes, but haven't they insulted us, scoffed at us, and murdered enough of us to make our blood boil? I tell you, Bill, this isn't a petty few months' war over a dead archduke. Old man, we are up against the most appalling crisis the world has ever known. We've got to fight. If we don't now, we have not a ghost of a show when they've licked England and France. And by George, they'll do it, too, before we get there, if we don't hurry. We have got to lick Germany along with England and France, or the things you read in 'Le Boche' will be happening right here in California."

"I think yuh're puttin' it a little strong, Frank. Why, every man in the country would be willing to fight if the Germans 'ud come over here."

"It isn't a question of whether we're willing to fight or not. We've got to, I tell you, and damned quick, too; that's what! Say, your mother told me yuh weren't intendin' tu claim exemption. Bully for you, old boy! It 'ull make some of those lally-pop, mamma's boys wake up, maybe. I ain't slamming you when I say it, for you are showing where yuh stand, but it makes my blood boil tu hear 'em say: 'Oh, we'll fight all right, if the Germans come over here. Just let 'em try it—untrained, unequipped, against the most perfect organization for war that the world has ever known. Billy, it 'ud take us ten years to work up an army like theirs. What 'ud they be doin'? Sittin' round mindin' the baby, waitin' till we got ready tu come over and lick 'em, I suppose! Well, so long; s'pose I'll see yuh soon. Say good-bye tu yur mother for me." And Frank strode off, humming:

"And I know when I die I shall breathe
my last sigh

For my sunny Cali-for-ni-a!"

* * * *

Two weeks passed. It was Billy's last evening at home. After supper, he

and Mother went out into the garden. At their heels strode Tabby, leading her regiment of mischief, which would not march at all, but played peek-a-boo with their master among the hollyhocks. He was such a handsome lad, so big and rosy under the tan! Shyly as a girl, his mother worshiped.

"Let's run over to Mary's, while Dad is napping! I want her receipt fur devil's food cake. I'm going tu send one with yu, Billy."

Mary was on the porch. She had not seen Billy since that night of the draft—both were too proud and shy. But Billy's bashfulness was gone, now. When her lashes fell over their hand-clasp, he gazed at her eagerly. "Mary, I'm going to-morrow morning. I came over tu say good-bye, and tu tell you I'll be thinking of you a good bit, and lonesome, too."

Mary shyly drew him out into the garden among the willows. I'm sorry, Billy, I was so—so nasty that night. I—I wanted you to be a soldier—because—because——"

"I'd wear a uniform and go to France?"

"Yes—but I've been thinking since, Billy—and Maggie's been telling me how it really is. Oh, Billy, can't they stop it—do you have to go? Oh, it's terrible!"

"Yes, Mary, after a man knows what I do now, he would be the worst kind of slacker not to go. I don't want you and Mother to experience what hundreds of thousands of poor Belgian and French women have in this war already. And I must go now, before it's too late."

"Too late? Oh, it isn't so bad as that Billy. I—I can't bear to have you go." With a sob she leaned against his shoulder.

She felt him tremble as he put his arms around her, but his voice was calm as he said: "I can go now from more than a sense of duty. It's a joy to fight and—to die—for the girl a man loves."

Next morning a pall fell over the little brown house. The old man wept, so for his sake Mother sang at her

work. But she could not afford help—from dawn till dark she must toil, thus leaving him alone to brood. Bad weather set in, pickers could not be found. But she had one comfort—Billy's letters. How she watched for the postman—never failing to be at the gate, no matter what the weather or her work. Letters were short, for "Billy was no hand to write," but he really did his best. And if he could have seen her joy it would have repaid a hundred fold the hardship of writing when his arms ached and his soul sickened.

Then there was a day when no letter came. Weeks of suspense followed. One day a neighbor rushed in with the "Chronicle." Billy was in France. Tears filled her eyes as she read the frantic joy of the French women. She did not tell Father. He always cried now when Billy was mentioned. But she cut out the photograph and put it away in the album. Her boy was fighting for those poor widows and orphans. He wouldn't let the Germans hurt them. "He wouldn't stand for it," she whispered, as she knelt in the twilight, the tears streaming down her wan old cheeks.

Later a letter came. It was soiled; a piece torn out of the corner. Billy was well and would be in the trenches in a few days. "Take care of yourself." It wasn't much of a letter, but the old eyes were bright as she read it. Her boy!

It was a long time before the next one came—two months. God alone knows the agony with which she opened the neighbor's "Chronicle" after the lists of "Dead" began to come. And she wrote a cramped and blotted letter every week—even that Sunday "Pa" died. But she did not tell Billy—grieving for him had killed the weak old man; she forgot to mention the foreclosure of the mortgage, or that she was doing Mrs. Lord's washing. Whenever the loneliness and the ache for her boy were too great to bear, she

would open "Le Boche" and read until her eyes grew steely, and the quiver of her lips framed a twisted smile—"Billy would stop such things!"

Letters arrived occasionally during the winter. One was stained with blood. A comrade had fallen dead across his lap. One came from a French hospital. Billy had been wounded, but was ready to return to the front. One paragraph she read over again and again: "I'm glad, Mother, glad every bit of pain I have endured in these awful months. Mother, you can't imagine how people suffer here. If we hadn't come there would be no France to-day. But we're driving them back—we're winning! And we're winning not only for France and for poor, dead Belgium—but for our own United States—for dear old California, for Mary and for you. Thank God we came, and please God, when we're through you will have real freedom, and so will all the world!"

That was her last letter. While she knelt in the moonlight, she heard a boy shouting "Extra." She hobbled to the door. A man hurrying by, thrust a newspaper into her hand. She found the lamp.

Half an hour later, Mary rushed in wildly. "Oh, aren't you glad! Aren't you glad! The war is over. Oh, isn't it just great. It's over. Now Billy can come home. Aren't you glad. Oh, aren't you glad, Mrs. Lancaster?"

Mother's face was radiant. She pointed to the page she was reading: "Among those seriously, but not fatally wounded is Billy Lancaster, of Auburn. He went out as a private last fall, but he is a captain now, the bravest man in his regiment."

Down the street a wildly happy throng were singing. Up the acacia-scented walk drifted the words that Billy loved:

"And I know when I die I shall breathe
my last sigh
For my sunny California."

Celebrating the Fourth of July In the Texas Panhandle

By Jane Heckman Taylor

I WISH to say here that if any of my readers have taken part in or have a remembrance of scenes or incidents as narrated in this chronicle of a romantic but fast disappearing day, I trust that it will recall pleasant memories.

I had been looking forward to the celebration with great anticipation, as it was the first glimpse I had been afforded of the West as it is. All my former knowledge had been gained through attending the performances of Wild West shows. And while I found that horses could buck just as hard on the naked prairie as they did in the arenas, there was a tang in the air, a spirit and abandon to the sport in its native environment that was lacking in the exhibited article.

Long before daylight, Fourth of July morning, the cowboys, nestors and ranchers with their families, on horseback, in wagons and automobiles were drifting in. The little cow-town, with its raised, board sidewalks, was soon thronging with people. As the ranch where my husband and myself worked was situated just on the outskirts of the town, and overlooking it as well as the surrounding country, I had an exceptional opportunity to see its activities.

To the nestors, the Glorious Fourth loomed bigger than Christmas or even Thanksgiving. In fact, to many of them it was a thanksgiving day, for many were so poor that the big barbecue provided the visitors by the more prosperous ranchmen, furnished them, for the only time in the year, with all they could eat. And after all

were filled up at the big dinner, what was left of the meat the people filled buckets and took it to their isolated shacks to furnish several more meals, perhaps, for the hungry broods of children. And that barbecue! My mouth waters even after these years, at the thoughts of it. Rich, delicious, savory, with a flavor that meat prepared in any other way lacks.

The bucking horse contests were to be held in the ball ground, which was enclosed with a high board fence. As it was to take place at ten o'clock, I had every chance to get my morning's work done up and dinner started, leaving all in trim shape to come back to, and still have the meal on time.

And of course we had extras at our ranch, too. All the cowboys from the outlying camps, even the line riders.

At a little before ten my husband brought up the horses. My mount was an easy-going sorrel, named "Baldy." We arrived in time, as we had only a short distance to go. Jim tied up the horses to the hitching rail, and we went over to the grand stand. We got a good position down in front, by squeezing through and pushing, but as it was a jolly crowd, no one seemed to mind.

We had no more than got settled when the announcer read the conditions governing the contest. They were: "No pulling leather, and sit close enough to the saddle that daylight could not be seen."

The first up was a little rider from the J. A. ranch. We will name him Skeezecks. His mount was a powerful black horse. Chunky and solid looking, no one seemed to think he

would make much of a fight. But his performance proved you cannot always go by appearances. A rider on a big gray horse held Blacky, snubbed up close to his saddle horn. First the buckner was blindfolded. Then the blanket went on his back, followed by the big heavy stock saddle. The horse only showed his displeasure by jerking back several times and flinching as the cinches were tightened up on him. Old gray held him steady. The blind was removed. Little Skee-zicks drew up his broad leather belt, settled his hat on his head, gave each heavy spur a twist to make sure it was on securely. Then with an "alright, fellows," took the hackamore rope in his hand and was up in the saddle. At the same time, the man on the gray, giving a turn of the rope off the saddle horn, released the black, and the fun was started. For a second the horse stood as if it were a statue, then suddenly went into the air, completely reversing, coming down stiff-legged. He twisted, pitched, turned this way and that, then as a last resort, rose high in the air, on his hind legs, and threw himself backwards in an attempt to crush his rider. If he had hoped to get rid of him thus, he was mistaken. For just in time Skee-zicks slipped out of the saddle and was safe. In a flash Blacky was turning to regain his feet, and as he rose, Skee-zicks slipped into the saddle and was again well seated by the time he started his round again. Finally the black gave up and stood still, his once shiny, satin coat dull with sweat and dust, and the lather showing white on him. The violent bucking had caused the cowboy's nose to bleed, and his light shirt was ruined.

The next horses were indifferent buckers. They either did not buck hard or bolted. One horse created considerable amusement by starting in a stiff-legged run, with his head to the ground, and bellowing with every step.

The last one was a gray. The audience thought surely here was a horse at least as good as the first one, for he jumped every time the men came near him. He was not blind-folded,

and twice threw his front feet over the neck of the horse holding him. Once the rope slipped, and he reared right onto the rider holding him, but the man promptly hit him on the jaw, shying him to one side. The gray was again snubbed up tight to the saddle-horn, and after a little more difficulty the cowboys had him saddled. A long-legged, thin rider by name of "Splints" had the job of riding him. The gray—after all his show of badness while being saddled—only gave a few jumps and bolted. That ended the contest. Skee-zicks, of course, was adjudged the winner. The next was a little mule not larger than a donkey. The boy who was to ride backed out at the last minute, and after some skirmishing round, a half-witted boy was persuaded to attempt to ride it. The cowboys expected some fun out of it, but as it turned out, the mule struck an easy lope, and gave the boy a nice ride around the field.

Jim and I went to the horses, and after a few minutes' fast riding were at the house. And I, busy in the final preparations for dinner.

After dinner came the races. Our cowboys had a number of entries and won considerable money. When we came back from the races, I went to my room, which could be reached by an outside door, which I now used, or by a door into the wash room, which in turn opened into the pantry, and so in to the main house. Having discarded my riding clothes for a neat, flowered lawn dress and white apron, I opened the door into the wash house, thinking it empty, as I had heard no sound to indicate that any one was in it.

I had only taken a few steps and closed the door, when I saw at my feet in the dusk a cowboy sitting on his heels, with his shoulders resting against the wall, and vainly trying to hide a huge glass of beer behind him. At that I stopped, and my eyes, by now, being used to the dim light of the room, I saw clear around the walls a row of cowboys, some clad in leather chaps, some in corduroys, flannel shirts

for the most part, very high-heeled boots, and all looking very embarrassed and ill at ease. And trying, unsuccessfully in most instances, to secrete their drinks. One young fellow even dropped his hat over his where it sat on the concrete floor of the room. On the long table, which occupied the center of the room, were bottles and bottles of whisky and beer. Big Jim acted as bar-tender. With an embarrassed "Pardon me," I went on through the room into the pantry, and I could fairly feel the stifled sigh of relief when the boys saw the last of me. For I will say this for them, no matter how rough in talk or manner they may be among themselves, they are very polite and respectful to a woman, in a shy, embarrassed way which is wholly charming to an Eastern woman.

I was getting the victuals out of the ice-box and canned stuffs out of the commissary, as the boss called it, for all his riders outfitted from it, when I heard several men talking on the little side porch opening off of the pantry. I heard the name of Harry mentioned, which made me pause a minute, as I knew he was a new-comer, rather a timid lad and very ticklish, and I also knew the boys had indulged in some rather rough horse play at his expense. So I felt justified in finding out what I could and warning him in some way. The words "badger hunting" and "twin houses" were heard very plainly, and the rest was easy to guess. Any of you tenderfeet back East ever heard of badger-hunting? Well, the kind these fellows were talking of was one you would remember all your life if you ever happened to be the victim.

I went on about my work, and pretty soon my husband came in. I told him what I had learned, and he only remarked to leave it to him: he would put Harry wise and show him how to turn the joke on the jokers.

I had three tables full for supper before the last hungry mouth was satisfied. Thirty-three people in all. Of course I was anxious to know how the badger hunt turned out, but had to be

satisfied with watching the crowd ride away to the twin houses about ten miles off, with the expressed purpose of a good time. Woods carried a big gunny sack to catch the "badger," and carried a candle in his pocket.

In the night I was awakened by my husband sitting on the side of the bed (he had evidently just arrived), and laughing till I thought he would surely hurt himself. When he could control himself sufficiently, he told me about the trip.

They rode along, jollying and chaffing each other, poor Harry, to all appearances, never suspecting he was the butt of the fun. Arriving at the twin houses they dismounted, threw the reins over one saddle horn, thus bunching the horses all together. Then they went over into a little coulee, which they said was as good a place as any to catch a badger, and told Harry he would have to hold the sack. He demurred at first, but finally gave in when told that the lighted candle at the mouth of the sack would attract the animal, and it would walk right into the trap thus set, and be easily caught. So they arranged the candle and the sack and left Harry with the injunction to watch the sack, while the rest scattered out and tried to scare up a badger.

In reality they intended (after making sufficient noise for some minutes as a bluff), slipping quietly back to their horses and riding back to the bunk house, leaving Harry to walk the long miles, alone.

He sat very still, as though intent on doing as he was told. But no sooner was the last back out of sight than Harry did a very strange thing. Leaving the candle burning, he hastened, by the shortest route, to the horses, got up on one, and, leading the rest, walked them a short distance before he put them to a faster gait.

When the jokers, with many chuckles, sniggers and jabbing of elbows into the next fellow's ribs, arrived at the place where the horses should be, they could hardly credit the fact that they were left afoot, to walk those long ten

miles in high-heeled riding boots. But after searching around and at last, with the aid of matches, followed the horses' hoof prints out to the trail and headed toward home, one of them had a bright idea. "Let one of you fellows go over and see if Harry is watching that sack. If he is not, then we will have to 'hand it' to him and forget this best we can, for he never will." Woods went over to where the candle was still brightly burning, but found no trace of Harry. Realizing at once that the joke was on them, he extinguished the light and went back to the rest and told them.

My husband was with them, but knowing what was coming, he had worn an easy pair of shoes, and did not mind the prospects of a night's march at all, even if he had not already known that the horses would be found tied up at the end of five miles, and the rest of the journey accomplished in comfort.

But the other fellows did not have this consolation, and it was a very silent and gloomy crowd that finally met up with the horses at the end of the five miles. And many a blistered heel and toe was the result of that walk. When they arrived at the bunk house, Harry was apparently asleep. But when he got a peep at those men, who with many grimaces and contortions of countenances, were carefully removing their riding boots and tenderly caressing the poor, lame, blistered feet, he could not restrain his laughter, and the building almost rang with his mirth.

The men at first frowned and looked annoyed, but at last realizing the ridiculous sight they must present, they joined in, with sheepish glances at each other, and harmony was once more restored. But never again did Harry have to complain of their treatment of him. And he was at last accepted as one of them.

FLOWERS FROM CALIFORNIA

(Enclosed in a Letter)

I wonder if I'll ever pass your way again,
 Dear flowers of California's blossoming;
 O'er stilly slopes where you the browning verdure stain
 With brilliance of a rich, enraptured spring.

Where poppies flame like watch-fires in the day
 Beside the blue-blown eucalyptus tree,
 And waftings of the fields' faint fragrance inter-play
 The fresh and briny breathings of the sea.

Where sweet acacias bloom and roses—trellis-packed,
 Where tide-lapped tules neighbor daffodils
 And clouds of circling sea-gulls haunt the cataract
 Of fog that sweeps the Sausalito hills.

I wonder—ah, the tree-top turrets slowly loom
 Like magic spires before my conjuring eyes,
 There where enchantment blushes, brimming, into bloom
 Beneath the blue of California's skies!

HARRIET BARTNETT.

Ysabella

A Romance of Spanish California

(Continued From Last Month)

By Clarice Garland

Author of "Spanish California Mission," etc.

CHAPTER V.

The Horse Race, Pirates' Assault, Rodeo and Smugglers' Raid and Fandango at Casa de Carrillo.

THE morning succeeding the ball at Casa de Bandini, all the household of Casa de Carrillo was awakened by the Alabado, or Song of Praise to the Morning.

Don Joaquin scarcely had ended the first line in his room on awakening, when Dolores and Ysabella joined in the beautiful rite and the voices of the entire household rose in invocation to God.

Then commenced the activity of the people. The Indian men brought water from the San Diego river and filled the gourds and cisterns of the pueblo, then they brought wood and replenished the fires of the cooks, and from the detached kitchens of the dwellings issued appetizing odors of broiled steaks and chili con carne.

Laughing voices were heard in the rooms of the guests, as they plunged into the cold bath and renewed their energy for another day of sport.

On the flats a race course circled around the arena where the spectators assembled. The eastern mountain peaks were tinged with a roseate hue, and below them the glistening foliage of the hills was flushed with the misty sunlight of the morning. Ribbons of russet and green treetops fringed the foothills and beneath them, extending toward the sea, stretched a carpet of wild grasses. In this carpet were

woven splashes of gold-colored mustard, scarlet tulips, blue lupines and brown chaparral, with the delicate, green growths of spring. Above extended the vast, blue dome of the southern sky, clear, cloudless and serene, protecting a playground fit for the gods.

In the land-locked harbor the Venture and the Vulture floated on calm waters.

In the corrals the Indian vaqueros groomed and fed the horses that were entered to contest for the prizes. "Don Pio Pico's black stallion is bound to take the first prize," asserted Mateo Gomez, stoutly. "Look at his length of body, his powerful stride and fiery eye."

"Even so, Mateo," argued Marcos Guerra. "Don Domingo Carrillo's white Arabian hath the strength and zeal of his Arab ancestors that were as fleet as the wind. His grandsire was brought from Spain, and the zeal of the race course runs in his blood."

"Don Tomas Yorba hath a fine, grey stallion that never has brooked the riata," spoke up Miguel Ramon. "I shall ride him to-day; but I would not dare to snap a riata in his ear. Dios; He would unseat me, stand on his hind legs and finish the race according to his own fancy," muttered the vaquero. Securing the saddles to the backs of the horses, the vaqueros started for the race course.

The Indian attendants brought up the horses of the different families to their doors.

Commandante Arguello, with his family, stepped out of his dwelling into the sunshine; among them were Lieutenant Zamorano and his bride.

"Buenos dias!" called Captain Pacheco, who was riding with the Carrillo family.

"Buenos dias!" returned the lieutenant, with a salute to the captain's bride.

They were indeed "good days" to the married couples. They had started on the journey of life together, companions for better or for worse, for mutual joy, comfort and solace in the morning of their youth. Happiness seemed ever to dwell with them through the long journey begun so auspiciously.

Don Juan Bandini joined the group with his wife and guests, Don Tomas Yorba and Don Antonio Dominguez and their wives. The Estudillos, Picos and Virmonds accompanied by Captain Fitch, joined them, with gay salutations of musical voices. Don Pio Pico and Don Andres furnished horses to the Virmonds and they included Captain Fitch in this courtesy.

Groups of people assembled on the ground that inclosed the race course. The obstructing trees and chaparral were removed, and there was a clear view at all points for the action of the racers.

Don Pio Pico's saddlebags were filled with Mexican silver dollars, which he brought to bet on his own stallion, and to serve as banker for the others. "No one can ride my black but Mateo, my vaquero, and myself," explained Pico to Fitch. "I have fed him lumps of sugar till he follows me as gently as a spring lamb."

"I left a good horse at home," returned Fitch. "I would prefer getting acquainted with your beast with sugar offerings, however, before attempting to ride him." He looked admiringly at the restless strength of the black.

"Yonder is my grey stallion," remarked Don Tomas Yorba to Lieutenant Zamorano. "He is two years old, and seems to me unmatched for spirit and force."

"He is a splendid animal," responded Zamorano. "If your vaquero is a skillful rider, I should think your horse would win the first prize."

The betting proceeded.

"The Black wins," prophesied Don Virmond.

"I champion the grey," exclaimed Dona Feliciano.

"The Arab is my choice," declared Ysabella.

Don Domingo Carrillo pointed out his white Arab to his new relative, Captain Pacheco. "In his veins he has the fire of the Moor, who loved his horse even as his life. My white beast would ride to his death, sweating blood for his master, if need be."

"I believe you," returned Pacheco, noting the arched neck, the quivering nostrils and the quick-glancing eye of the Arab.

Over the murmur of voices, rang the clarion tones of a trumpet.

"Make ready for the race!"

The judges mounted a stand, where they looked over the heads of the spectators.

"One—two—three!" proclaimed the horn.

The horses sprang forward. Each rider sought to gain the inside course. The powerful muscles of the black took him into the lead. Mateo's eyes glittered with the sparkle of victory, but not a muscle moved on his stoic countenance. He knew the strong qualities of the contestants.

The grey thrust his forefeet forward in a masterful attempt to gain the front—his mane flowing in the breeze. Neck to neck galloped the black and the grey, the white horse following closely. They rounded the half-mile circuit and passed the judges' stand on the second round. Every eye watched the action of the racers. The excitement was intense. The powerful black began to breathe heavily. Mateo flourished his riata over his head. The grey plunged and reared on his hind legs, and almost unseated Miguel Ramon.

"Diablo!" muttered Don Tomas Yorba. "The grey will not stand Mateo's quirt."

On rushed the racers, their hoofs pounding the hard race-course in rhythmic measure. Each animal strained to become the leader. Each horse recognized the quality of his competitor and joyed in his strength and activity.

The grey's onward plunge, made more fierce by Mateo's riata, brought him to the lead.

"The grey leads! The grey leads!" shouted his admirers. Neck to neck, nose to nose, they threw out their forelegs and beat the earth with their hoofs. Again they covered the half-mile circuit and passed the judges.

The grey kept the inside course until the black plunged forward, when Mateo skillfully drew him inside the course. A loud clapping of hands by the champions of the black followed this maneuver.

"The black leads! The black leads!" shouted his backers.

Shoulder to shoulder, neck to neck, all three horses seemed to fly over the ground.

Pio Pico clapped his hand on the silver dollars in his left saddlebag. "My filled bag will be as empty as the right saddle bag if my black stallion fails me," he muttered. "Diablo! Why does not Mateo use his spurs to better effect?"

"The pretty Arab seems likely to be overmatched by the big grey and the strong black," remarked Dolores to her husband.

"Wait!" returned Pacheco. "Do you not see? He is lighter in weight."

Suddenly the grey swerved at the twirling of Mateo's riata and lost ground. The black gasped and stumbled. The white horse dashed to the inside course, shot ahead by the fire in his blood and the urging of his beloved rider, who bent down and whispered in his silky ear. "On! Ben Adhem. On! My white beauty! A few more leaps on the wings of the west wind and the prize is ours."

On sped the Arab with renewed energy, his silky ears thrown back, as if listening and answering the voice of his rider. Another leap and he reached the judges' stand, followed

by the black and the grey a few paces in the rear. It was a close race, and the Arab's victory was celebrated with loud acclamations.

"The Arab won! The Arab won!" shouted his admirers.

"Isn't he a wonder?" asked Dolores of her husband.

"Did I not tell you Ben Adhem would have run like the wind till his heart stopped beating?"

The vaqueros dismounted. Others brought water and bathed the mouths and nostrils of the horses and led them away. Mateo, Morcos and Miguel leaned on the judges' stand and listened to the verdict.

"Why did you flourish your riata in my grey's eyes, Mateo. You knew he would resent it," muttered Miguel.

"Why did I ride a horse, thou foolish one? Riata was made for horses—let the grey learn its use. His education was neglected," admonished Mateo.

"Your Arab tagged along in the rear. I mistook me, he would remain there to the end," growled Miguel to Marcos.

"Ben Adhem loves me," answered Marcos simply. "Every night I went to the corral and sang a little song in his ear and fed him with a stalk of sugar cane. He would do much for me—And his heels are light as feathers."

There was no necessity for deliberation among the judges, Don Juan Bandini, Commandante Arguello and Don Jose Estudillo, none of whom entered horses in the race. The clarion notes of the trumpet again were heard demanding attention. "The prize of one hundred Mexican dollars is awarded to Don Domingo Carrillo's Arab, Ben Adhem," proclaimed the trumpet. This proclamation was received with a burst of applause.

Don Virmond and Captain Fitch rode toward the Carrillo family group and congratulated the winner. "How splendid!" exclaimed Ysabella to Fitch, her magnificent eyes sparkling with delight.

"He is a beauty," returned Captain Fitch. "His lightness was his saving

grace in the race," he added judicially.

"My uncle Domingo promised to give him to me," declared Dolores.

"That would be a gift worth having," averred Fitch.

Don Virmond proposed a race of one round to the bridegrooms and their brides.

"Done!" exclaimed Pacheco and Zamorano. Catching the bridles of their brides' horses, they started at a canter, followed by Virmond and Dona Feliciano with Ysabella and Captain Fitch.

Laughingly the little party let out their restless horses, and they dashed forward in emulation of the racers.

Dolores and Luisa fell to the rear, and their husbands joined them. Virmond and Fitch raced on and reached the goal before Dona Feliciano and Senorita Ysabella arrived. "The race is to the swift," laughed Isabella to Fitch.

"Not always," he responded. "There is a race over which Don Cupid presides. He is a judge of beauty," explained Captain Fitch, with an admiring glance at the girl's vivid grace.

Ysabella flushed faintly, in her compelling eyes shone approval of the commanding manner and blonde beauty of the American.

"Come!" called Virmond. "Make haste—not to the wedding today—but to the fiesta de boda."

"All hands ahoy!" answered Fitch, joining his friends with Ysabella Carrillo.

The governor lingered with his alferaz, Lieutenant Domingo Carrillo, and failed not to note the meeting of Captain Fitch with Ysabella at the race course. "When Virmond leaves San Diego, his friend, the American captain, shall go also. I cannot order his absence before that time. Virmond has such power with the Mexican officials that he could stir up trouble for me if he liked," thought the governor, moodily biting his lip. Reining his horse, he rode to the pueblo with Lieutenant Carrillo, where he was invited to dine with the Carrillo family. And Don Pio Pico counted out one

hundred Mexican silver dollars from his saddle-bag; as banker, he provided funds for the prizes.

* * * *

On the coast near San Diego the Pacific has washed away portions of the bluff, leaving caves at La Jolla large enough for boats to enter. From one of these caves issued a narrow, rakish rowboat propelled by two corsairs. Their eyes were shaded by Turkish silk turbans, and over their leather belts containing dirks and pistols, they wore gay red and yellow sashes. The two pirates propelled their boat with swift strokes of the oars down the coast, and entered a tiny cove. Jumping quickly ashore, they secured the boat to a boulder, and cautiously crept up the canyon.

"The races are ended," muttered one of the Turks, peering over the top of the hill. "We must hasten if we hope to intercept a silver-laden saddle-bag."

The two pirates strode through the chaparral, leaving a rustling among the leaves. "Look yonder," whispered one of the pirates. "The governor and his officers are riding to the pueblo. The people have dispersed from the races. If any man has the bravado to ride around the country with his saddle-bags filled with clinkers, he must consider it an invitation for his friends to help him dispose of them," chuckled the second robber. "There is a grandee, now, receiving money from a losing champion. It were a sin for him to carry all that treasure home." spoke the Turk, covetously. "We will relieve him of such a heavy weight."

Don Pio Pico rode gaily down the road, whistling a Spanish melody, when suddenly his horse reared as two forms rushed toward him. One of the pirates grasped the horse's bridle reins with both hands, and brought him to a standstill. The second thief ran to Pico, who whipped out his pistol and fired at the outlaw, shouting: "Help! Robbers!" The Turk threw Pico's elbow upward as he aimed his pistol, and tried to drag him from his saddle. The first brigand ran to the assistance of his companion. They succeeded in

dragging Pico from his saddle, and, taking a black silk handkerchief from the crown of his sombrero, bound his mouth tightly. Then the robbers tied their victim's hands behind his back with his braided leather whip, while Pico struggled to release himself.

Virmond and Fitch, who were riding to the pueblo, heard the shot and stopped their horses. Instantly they turned their horses and rode at full speed back to the race course. Coming within pistol shot of the robbers they fired simultaneously at them.

The alarmed buccaneers dropped Pico's saddle-bags, which they were looting, and dashed behind some willows growing by the roadside.

Fitch and Virmond sent shots after them, and one of the robbers emitted a groan. "I am hit," he muttered. "I shall carry a bullet in my arm in place of a doubloon."

"Come," said his companion. "What are a few pesos or doubloons in comparison to life and freedom. Can you run?"

"Yea, I can make use of my legs to advantage."

"Then run to yonder gulch. It is overhung with chaparral and the Christian dogs cannot fire at us." A flash of scarlet turbans and a flutter of yellow sashes disappeared into a gulch.

"How much treasure did you take?" asked one robber, while he stanchd his wounded arm.

"A mere handful of pesos! They were not worth the desperate chance of getting them," growled his companion. "How much did you get?"

"Enough for a round dinner at Aca-pulco, not counting the long voyage to reach the city," he replied, disgustedly. "We must crawl back to our boat. The whole pueblo will be barking at our heels." The two disappointed ruffians crouched down the gulch and reached their boat, and remained in hiding till night, when they rowed to their craft beyond Fort Guijarros and boarded their piratical vessel.

Virmond and Fitch dismounted and released Pico from his bonds. "Are

you hurt?" inquired Fitch.

"No, no!" exclaimed Pico indignantly, "only angry. My feelings are deeply hurt," he laughed. "To think that those two good-for-nothing miscreants should unhorse me!"

"Did the robbers get your money?" asked Virmond.

"Diablo!" shouted Pico. "I wonder the cut-throats did not knife me!"

"This is a lesson for you not to ride alone, with money," Virmond reproved. "These shores are infested with pirates and smugglers awaiting a chance to rob."

"Thank you for your timely aid," responded Pico gratefully, as he mounted his horse.

Dona Feliciano and Ysabella had turned their horses and followed their escorts at a discreet distance, and now anxiously joined them. "Are you hurt, Don Pio Pico?" asked Dona Feliciano. "We heard shots."

"A couple of highwaymen coveted the contents of Pico's saddle-bags," explained Virmond. "Pico, you would better ride in front with the ladies. We must guard your money as well as their beauty," responded Virmond, facetiously.

"Come, cousin Pio," invited Ysabella merrily. "Are we not better company than the robbers?"

"I am having the most wonderful luck to-day," responded Pico, joining Captain Fitch and Ysabella, "from robbery and prospective murder to the dispensation of the smiles of beauty and the escort of strength," he declared gallantly, as the party entered the pueblo.

"This encounter with the bandits will be spice for the pudding," volunteered Fitch. "It will give an added zest to the fiesta de boda."

At dinner Don Pio Pico was rallied by the guests for parting with his money like a good Samaritan by the wayside.

"My friends, Don Virmond and Captain Fitch, kindly reserved a few pesos for me," responded Pico laughing.

Virmond and Fitch rode down to their brigs and exchanged morning

clothes for evening costume and removed the dust of the race course from their persons. Other guests indulged in siestas, and came forth from their rooms refreshed for the evening dance.

CHAPTER VI.

FANDANGO AT CASA DE CARRILLO.

Senorita Ysabella Carrillo pirouetted lightly from the courtyard into the sala carrying an armful of pink Castilian roses, followed by her younger sister, Benicia, with a cluster of scarlet carnations.

"Wait! Ysabella mia," called Benicia. "There is plenty of time. Those American sea-captains never are early at a dance. Do, please, arrange a carnation in my hair."

"Certainly, sister mine," answered Ysabella. "I will deck you so charmingly that the foreigners will go out of their minds with admiration for my little sister."

"Oh, querida mia! You know very well that no one will look at poor me when you are present. I am a wee little star, shining beside the glorious moon that puts out my light entirely," responded Benicia, poutingly.

"Not so, sister mine! Your wee little star will grow brighter with years and will eclipse my light entirely when you are a few years older," consoled Ysabella.

The two young girls laughed softly as Ysabella twined carnations in Benicia's glossy braids, crowning each little ear.

"Thanks, now let me be your mirror and, as in a glass, I will deck you queen of the fandango. Let all the foreign sea-captains beware of being stunned by your beauty to-night!" laughed Benicia, critically selecting a rose from Ysabella's collection and placing it among the blue-black braids framing her beautiful face. "There! You are perfect—all but your gown! Make haste and dress for the evening, or you will not be ready to assist madre in receiving the guests," warned Benicia, who swept a low curtsy of

mock admiration, and placing her thumb and finger on her nose, she compressed it, speaking nasally:

"Good evening, Senorita Ysabella, behold your most devoted admirer!"

"You naughty puss, you deserve to be mimicked, too! You know that life on the ocean, shouting themselves hoarse with orders to deaf sailors, does not tend to make voices any softer," countered Ysabella lightly.

"Nor the foreign shipmasters able to speak the Spanish language any more fluently. Truly, Ysabella, can you manage to understand the foreigners' utterances?"

"I understand the soul that speaks through their eyes, and they generally speak true, despite their halting utterances. And what care I for false words, couched in smooth and flowing cadences!" returned Ysabella dreamily.

"Come!" called Benicia, taking her sister by the hand. They skipped across the plankwood floor of the sala, covered in the center with an Indian rug, and the lighted candles set deep in an oaken shaft of the home-made chandelier suspended by leather thongs from the beamed and whitewashed ceiling, threw flickering lights and shadows over the countenances of the laughing girls.

Benicia disappeared as Ysabella stopped to gather up the discarded flowers from the floor.

"What! Not dressed yet?" called Dona Ignacia, reprovingly, as she entered the sala in evening dress. "You are not very anxious to uphold the dignity of casa de Carrillo."

"Certainly I am, mother mine; I will be ready in two moments," replied Ysabella as she picked the last carnation from the floor.

"I know your moments—they certainly are not minutes!"

Dona Ignacia moved commandingly toward her eldest daughter and placed her hand caressingly on her shoulder. "Ysabella mia, do try to appear more gracious to Governor Echandia this evening."

"Indeed, madre. I will try to be cour-

teous to the governor. But his dismal frowns chill my heart, and his haughty manners repel my spirit. Why does he not smile occasionally? The atmosphere of San Diego, though not so warm as Mexico City, cannot have frozen his lordly features into permanent frowns." She laughed mischievously, and arranged her flowers into a bouquet.

"Governor Echandia, the commandante-general of the Provinces of Alta and Baja California, demands dignity of manner, mere frivolity would seem out of place in the chief officer of the territory," reproved Dona Ignacia.

Ysabella stepped back a pace or two and placed her thumbs under her arms in imitation of the governor's grandiloquent manner. "Behold the governor of the Californias! When I speak let no dog bark! I can travel, on my domain, three thousand miles, from Cape San Lucas on the south, to Cape Mendocino in the north, without overstepping any territory but my own!" Then, pretending to take a snuff box from her blouse and snuffing a pinch of the contents, she uttered a loud "Tchew!" and laughed softly, much amused by the picture she had conjured.

"Oh, for shame, Ysabella! Remember! You are nineteen years of age—and you have a younger sister. If you are not considerate enough of her to make a marriage soon, she will leave you like the last rose of summer, alone in the parental garden, just as Dolores leaving you with Captain Pacheco for Monterey."

Dona Ignacia spoke severely, much annoyed by her eldest daughter's sense of humor regarding the self-importance of Governor Echandia. "You know very well," continued the mother, "that Governor Echandia openly admires you—and you have only to encourage him a little—a smile or two, Ysabella, would bring him to your feet. And an alliance with the commandante general would be an advantage to your brother and sister."

Ysabella, still smiling mischievously with the inconsequence of youth,

placed her hand on her heart and swept a deep curtsy before her mother.

"I will mount my steed, Rozinante, and ride in search of a husband, most honored madre. Never shall it be said that the belle of San Diego was at a loss to choose a husband. But Governor Echandia! Oh, no! I will find a mate without a frozen frown! Adios!" Ysabella, in mock-heroic language and subdued laughter, skipped out of the sala, leaving Dona Ignacia deeply annoyed by her daughter's capricious manner. "Just when her younger sister Dolores' wedding, which they were celebrating, should be an example to her of the way of all women," thought the mother regretfully. Rousing herself from her reflections, she clapped her hands, and Manuela, the Indian house servant, appeared in answer to her summons.

"We are having a fandango this evening in honor of Dolores' wedding, and I want you and Juana to pass your delicious sugared pastry to the guests between the dances. If the sea-captains in the harbor have a sweet tooth in their heads, they will sound your praises far to the north, even to China and Boston City," she said kindly.

"Yes, Senora, it shall be done," replied the Indian woman impassively, though she loved her mistress, who was godmother to her daughter Juana, and her consequent protector. She shook up the sofa pillows, straightened the mission-made chairs against the white-washed wall, glanced into the patio, flooded by the light of the setting sun, with the stolid reverence of a primitive sun-worshiper, and left the sala, as Don Joaquin entered, dressed for the evening in brown velvet and gold galloons.

"Ysabella is so wayward," complained Dona Ignacia to her husband. "With her great beauty she should make a fine marriage! The governor never looks at another senorita when Ysabella is present. But what does the foolish girl do—but laugh at him and amuse herself mimicking his haughty manners."

Don Joaquin smoothed his whiskers thoughtfully. "Do not be alarmed, wife. Ysabella has the Spanish sense of humor, but at heart she is sensible and discreet. She is young, but soon will gain dignity and will listen to reason in a short time as soon as the heyday of her spirits have effervesced."

"Perhaps so!" sighed Dona Ignacia. "I will hope so, at any rate! But in my opinion, a week of solitary meditation in her room, with a low diet of tortillas and water, would bring her to reason in a short time."

"No doubt, wife! No doubt! Yes, yes, it would be a good plan to let her reflect quietly in her room, without interruption, a few days next week. No dances! No picnics! No visits to the Wishing Well! No horseback rides to the ranchos! No visits, with the other señoritas, to the foreign ships in the harbor! Yes, solitary reflection is good for the soul," spoke Don Joaquin, commandingly, as he walked restlessly around the sala.

"I wish Governor Echandia would give us an open port. Because one American sea-captain has defied him is no reason why we must all suffer for the want of goods brought in their trading ships. And my tallow and cattle hides lying idle in the storehouse, when I'm needing to exchange them for silks and velvets to clothe my family! Governor Echandia is over-cautious of spies and foreign invasion!" Don Joaquin stormed around the sala and peered out into the patio, now lighted by Luna's pale light.

"I would prefer that Ysabella should not receive the attentions of that American shipmaster, Captain Fitch. His attentions to her plainly annoy the governor and prevent him from making a declaration and proposal of marriage."

"I quite agree with you, and will advise with Ysabella at the earliest opportunity of your wishes regarding the governor—when she takes her days of solitary reflection, after our week of wedding celebration," replied Dona Ignacia meaningly.

"Pray do so! There is mischief enough done already by the gossips,

who have seen Ysabella and Captain Fitch frequently together at the dances."

"Where are the girls? I mean Ysabella and Benicia. We cannot exercise authority on Dolores, now that she is married and going away so soon. Are they not dressed yet for the dance?"

"I know not. Ysabella has a mischievous mood to-night. She should be here with me to receive the governor. She was here a few minutes ago, selecting a rose to please that American sea-captain," replied Dona Ignacia sarcastically.

At this moment the entrance door was opened by Manuela, and Don Pio with Don Andres Pico escorting their mother, Dona Eustaquia, and sister, Senorita Estefana, entered the sala while Don Joaquin advanced to welcome them.

"So then, nephew, are your toes as nimble as ever in the light fantastic dance?"

"Believe me, Uncle, wild horses could not drag me from the fandango when the pretty señoritas play with soft fingers on my heart strings!" returned Don Pio Pico, placing his hand on the region of his heart in simulated gallantry.

"Well spoken, young man! Well spoken! You are a fit subject to become a benedict. Choose a wife, nephew. Choose a wife and settle down on a hacienda and leave card-playing and horse-racing whilom to the devices of more idle caballeros."

"Thanks, Uncle, thanks! But what is a young man to do, when so many bright eyes send their sharp darts into my soft heart? I am quite bewildered with the smiles of all the beauties of California," he laughed.

"Forget your afflictions, nephew! Forget your heart-wounds! You are altogether too vulnerable. By the time you have become a settled married man with daughters of your own, like your uncle, sir, you will learn that they mean nothing by their heart-rending glances, nothing at all. Just gay young girls, who cannot resist wounding a susceptible young man like yourself

and then laughing about it. Ha, ha!"

Ysabella and Benicia came into the sala gracefully, without a trace of their recent hoydenish manners, and greeted their aunt, Dona Eustaquia, and cousin, Estefana, affectionately.

"Buenas noches, auntie Eustaquia," welcomed Ysabella, placing her arm around her aunt; "and buenas noches to you, Estefana, Pio and Andres!"

"Buenas noches to all of you from Pico House," called Benicia, gaily. "This certainly is a glorious night for lovers to bray to the moon."

"The most gracious queen of night kindly has hung out her candelabra in order that lovers may sigh to her inspiring light," informed Don Andres Pico, in mock gallantry.

"And what do you know about love and lovers, you inquisitive little Benicia?" inquired Dona Eustaquia, teasingly.

"I'm not too young to take lessons from my beautiful sister, Ysabella, when the caballeros gather around her like moths around a candle-light," retorted Benicia.

"Have a care, Senorita Benicia, have a care that your wings are not scorched by the bright light which you so admire," quoth Don Andres, pleasantly.

"Have a care, Don Andres, have a care that your heart is not pierced by Dan Cupid's darts aimed by the aid of the bright moonlight," parried Benicia, shaking her finger playfully at her handsome bachelor cousin.

This pleasantry was interrupted by the arrival of Governor Echandia with his aide, Lieutenant Carrillo, and Don Joaquin hastened to greet the officers.

"Welcome, Governor Echandia, my house is most honored by your presence this evening," spoke the host, bowing low.

"Thanks, Don Joaquin. It is a pleasure to enter your charming home after living in my dull bachelor quarters at the Presidio," replied Echandia, who glanced toward the ladies and advanced to pay his respects to the hostess.

"Welcome, Governor Echandia, to

our home. We are indeed honored by your presence with us," greeted Dona Ignacia, with much ceremony.

"The honor is mine, in being received into your home so graciously," replied the governor, casting a roving eye toward Ysabella and turning to greet Dona Eustaquia.

"Ah, Dona Eustaquia Pico, where could a poor soldier meet more stately senoras or more charming señoritas?" asked the governor, gallantly.

"Indeed, Governor Echandia, you are ever complimentary. You remind me of the caballeros of our mother country. Would that I could see the sunny skies of old Spain again! I long to pray in the old cathedral of Barcelona once more. There, the saints in their niches and the prayers of thousands of devotees have hallowed the old stone walls for many, many years; there, where the wonderful stained glass windows glow with a dim, religious light."

"There, indeed, one may pray to God with greater fervor. But here, in California, we must plant the seed of social civilization on this distant shore. But remember, Dona Eustaquia, this is now Mexican territory," spoke Governor Echandia in a confidential tone of voice indicating secrecy of aristocratic loyalty to royal Spain.

"Indeed, yes! I scarcely realize that we no longer give allegiance to royal Spain, being dependent on republican Mexico for protection, far from our mother country, the land of our brave forefather conquistadores."

Echandia bowed a silent acquiescence and moved toward Ysabella, who, observing the governor's advance toward her, retreated a pace or two, and swept a deep curtsy to him. Her dark hazel eyes were cast down demurely, and her fair cheeks were shadowed by black lashes of wondrous length that made the governor long to see them lifted and to discover the liquid depths they hid.

"Buenos noches, Senorita Ysabella, you are looking more charming than ever this evening," offered the governor, making a stiff obeisance.

"I am most happy to welcome your Excellency to Casa de Carrillo." greeted the daughter of the house with dignity, which was not lost on the chief executive, who doted on ceremony.

"Thanks, *Senorita Ysabella!* I am sorry to state that I shall be obliged to leave San Diego and travel to the capital at Monterey very soon."

"Indeed, Governor Echandia, we shall miss your dignified presence at our social gatherings," returned Ysabella, sedately, realizing at the same time a sense of satisfaction and relief that she would experience when the chief officer of the territory had departed on his official business at the capital.

"Ah," returned Governor Echandia, hopefully, who admired Ysabella's queenly manners. "*Senorita Ysabella* would make a magnificent *grande senora* as wife of the governor of the California," he thought, swelling with pride of prospective possession. "I will write an offer of marriage to her parents on my return from Monterey."

Estefana and Benicia moved toward Ysabella and made ceremonious curtsies to the governor and joined in the conversation.

"Good evening, *senoritas*, you bloom as brightly as a whole garden of carnations." The girls smiled at the fulsome compliment as Don Pio Pico joined the group with a salutation to the governor.

"Star of my heart," addressed Pico to Benicia, "why keep so distant and shadowed?"

"Behold the bright luminary of the evening. She shades my lesser light," laughed Benicia, waving her fan toward Ysabella.

"I hide my diminished head and blush in the attempt to fulfill your statements," disclaimed Ysabella, with a smile.

Governor Echandia's labored compliment was interrupted by the arrival of Don Virmond with his wife, followed by Captain and Mrs. Barry with Captain Fitch. The party was presented to the host by Virmond and

passed on to the hostess with the compliments of the hour. Captain Fitch detached himself from the group, and advanced where Ysabella was holding court, bowing deeply to the governor, including Benicia and Estefana in his courtly acknowledgment of their presence.

Don Joaquin took up his beloved violin and tuned it, while Joaquin Junior touched the strings of his guitar.

"Will you dance, *Senorita Ysabella?*" asked Fitch deferentially.

Ysabella smiled agreeably, and Fitch offered her his arm, which she gracefully declined. "*Spanish señoritas* do not take the arm of their partners in the dance," explained the girl.

"Pardon me, *Senorita Ysabella.* I shall learn your Spanish customs presently, if you will kindly be my teacher," he begged, bending his keen glance upon her supplicatingly. They glided down the sala in rhythmic motion to the music, while over the countenance of Governor Echandia flitted a shade of irritation. "Why should this dashing *Americano* push his way into the core of our exclusive society of the Spanish aristocrats and open the dance with the belle of the evening?" thought Governor Echandia, gasping with annoyance and disappointment. Recovering from his surprise, he turned to Estefana and requested the pleasure of a waltz with her, thus ameliorating the feelings of Dona Eustaquia Pico, while Dona Ignacia Carrillo scarcely could conceal her anger at the initiative conduct of the ubiquitous American.

Captain Pacheco and his bride waltzed slowly around the sala. "*Carisima,*" he whispered, "what a night I endured when I knew not if I might possess you!"

"And I," responded Dolores, "when I knew not if my madre would imprison me. I feared I never might see you again."

"I prayed with each pearl in your necklace for you," continued Pacheco.

"*Mi rosario,*" murmured Dolores, softly.

"My bride," responded Pacheco, tenderly.

Luisa and Zamorano circled the sala in blissful content. "I would be happier if we two were dancing alone," whispered Zamorano to his bride.

"We two are happy with each other," responded Luisa contentedly.

Captain Fitch danced with Ysabella in spite of his resolutions to the contrary. "The governor will travel north soon," he thought, "and then I shall be relieved of his espionage." And so the venturesome captain rushed into the lion's mouth, which was prepared to grind him into atoms. Meanwhile he hoped to hear about the escape of the American prisoners; but he listened in vain for that report. Then he shuddered, as he thought that Pattie might turn traitor to him, and their places would be exchanged.

"I am glad that you assisted in the rescue of my cousin, Pio Pico, from the pirates," remarked Ysabella softly. "He will not forget it, and doubtless sometime may return the compliment," she added lightly, although there was an undercurrent of anxiety in her speaking eyes.

"Gracias, Senorita Ysabella, 'one good turn deserves another.'" responded the captain, remembering his gift to the prisoner, which might cause some trouble for him.

"Has a pirate molested you?" inquired Ysabella, casually, of Fitch.

"He would not dare, with you as my guardian angel," answered the young foreigner. "You would transfix him with a glance from your bright eyes. Then he would become so entranced that he would transfer his attentions from me to you, and I and my gold would be safe," replied Fitch, gallantly.

"Oh, never!" laughed Ysabella, "except I enticed him to the river bank and there suddenly thrust him a backward lunge for friendship's sake."

"Ah! Then you would espouse my cause," entreated Fitch earnestly—still thinking of the little file. Ysabella smiled enigmatically, and stood beside her mother. The dancers seemed indefatigable under the spell of the music and danced the hours away until

Don Joaquin Carrillo arranged partners for el sol, the dance of the sunrise, which was participated in by all the guests. Then the senoras wrapped their rebozos around their heads and shoulders. The dons resumed their sombreros, and the guests departed happily, to rest until the next day's amusements should call them forth again.

"Adios, until manana," bade the departing guests.

After a few hours of sleep the pueblo was again astir. The business of eating and drinking and merry-making was begun.

At el Canon Rancho a rodeo was to be held by the owner, Don Antonio Peltrorena. This rancho included thousands of acres of tillage and grazing lands. A ride to this extensive rancho and return, including the sports, required a day's journey traveling leisurely on horseback. Through splashes of yellow poppies across the park-like expanse rode the guests on pleasure bent.

At el Canon Rancho of fifty thousand acres Don Antonio appointed three Indian vaqueros as officers of the day. They were given the authority to arrest any man overstepping the regulations of order and sobriety and to deal summary justice. This was mostly of a mild character, but sufficient to maintain order.

The owners of surrounding ranchos assembled with their families, and their vaqueros assisted in rounding up the half-wild herds of cattle. They recognized the brand of their masters, and, if they strayed among these, they separated them from the herds. The calves were rounded up, lassoed and branded with Don Antonio's mark and let loose again.

"Let us have some fun," invited the host to Virmond and Fitch.

"We are here for the fun," responded Virmond readily.

"I am going to surprise that heifer. Watch me. Do not let your horses unseat you: they are trained to turn quickly in this work," warned Don Antonio.

The don's horse galloped swiftly up to an unsuspecting animal. With a dexterous twist of his arm and wrist, the rider whirled the coils of his lariat and lassoed her, turning the startled animal end over end. She regained her footing swiftly, and ran madly toward the horses.

Don Antonio turned his horse as if on a pivot, out of range of the enraged animal. Virmond's and Fitch's horses performed the same maneuver, knowing the game. This almost unseated the riders. "This is great sport," exclaimed the American. "We tied our cattle in barns half the year in New England. They were too tame for this game." The ride through the exhilarating air and the exciting and dangerous use of the lariat made the pulses of Fitch beat with pleasure. "I feel like a boy again!" he said to his companion.

"Yes, this is the reason that the Californians are always young," returned Virmond.

"This is the joy of living!" exclaimed Fitch. "I begin to envy them. Then there is always the ease, culture and elegance with which the Spaniards observe their customs," remarked the captain, "in contrast to our brisk and energetic Americans, who never take time for pleasure; life is too serious a problem for them to waste time in games."

"Yes," responded his companion. "A high estimate is also placed on dress. The taste for rich and gorgeous apparel is an inherited instinct with the Spaniards, and the appearance of a stranger is critically scanned."

The dons returned to the ranch house, where a barbecue or ox roasted whole, appeased the appetites of the people who came from surrounding ranchos to attend the rodeo.

Dona Peltronena ordered and superintended a substantial repast to which the guests did full justice.

Manuel, one of the officers of the day, entered the dining room and desired to speak with his master.

"Anything wrong, Manuel?" asked Don Antonio.

"Nothing, senor, excepting Carlos Gomez drank more juice of the grape than was good for him. He is rolling about, striking right and left."

"Tie him up to a tree with your rawhide lariat until he is sober and amenable to reason," commanded the don, laughingly.

All the guests laughed.

"Beware of the lariat!" exclaimed Pio Pico.

"Beware of the vaquero!" warned Virmond.

"Beware of the tree!" laughed Fitch.

The guests danced to the music of a guitar, then, mounting their horses, rode over hill and dale to San Diego.

Governor Echandia gave "Business at the Presidio," as an excuse for not attending the rodeo, or round-up, of twenty thousand head of cattle. "I do not care for these tiresome rodeos," he muttered, "and I have a long ride to Monterey soon."

Without the searching gaze of the governor bent on them, Captain Fitch and Senorita Ysabella Carrillo rode side by side. Some unknown, mysterious power held them together. They paused on a hilltop overlooking the harbor and admired the view. "Look!" exclaimed Fitch. "What are those dark objects on the water?"

"Perhaps they are pirates," volunteered Ysabella, while a shiver shook her frame as she thought of dirks and pistols in the hands of desperate men.

"No," asserted Virmond, "those are rafts. Pirates would be provided with better craft to make a hasty exit." As he spoke a ship with tall, rakish sails and narrow hull glided up to the rafts from beyond the bluffs and came to anchor. "Gad! That is a smuggling ship!" exclaimed Virmond. "How the governor would like to see that! Shall we intercept the rafts, Captain Fitch?"

"Oh, no," interrupted Dona Feliciano. "I beg you to avoid them. I would not exchange silks and velvets for knife thrusts and bullet wounds," she urged shudderingly.

"We are knight errants championing the cause of distressed damozels," added Fitch, laughingly, to Ysabella.

The rafts were propelled by dusky natives of the mainland, who skillfully towed their crafts to the vessel's sides. Bare-headed and bare-footed, with their long, black hair flowing around their shoulders, the rowers brought their cargoes to the ship's sides.

"Rafts ahoy!" spoke a lookout from the ship.

"Otters ahoy!" grunted the dark objects on the floating rafts. Ropes were quickly thrown over the ship's sides and many valuable otter, or sealskins, were drawn on board the vessel. Then some bales of Chinese goods were carefully lowered to the rafts. Not a word was spoken. All the smugglers worked rapidly and silently in their exchange of goods. With swift strokes the raftsmen took their crafts away from the vessel. The sailors on the smuggling ship rapidly hoisted the anchor. A night breeze caught the sails of the ship and carried her down the bay into the open sea.

"Ah!" exclaimed Fitch. "The smugglers got away from his lordship's domain without leaving their sealskins or their own skins. But they did not know that we were watching on shore to spy out an honest (?) means of obtaining a livelihood," he remarked, humorously.

"I would pity those Indians if they were caught by the governor's men red-handed with the goods," responded Virmond. "Lashes on their bare backs and iron clogs on their legs would be their punishment," he explained, shrugging his shoulders. "The Indians will hide the goods in some building before morning, and either some enterprising don or the thrifty padres will be supplied with goods for barter and sale."

"Yes," responded Fitch, "but the evasion of payment on cargoes gives our legitimate trading ships much heavier duties," he complained indignantly.

"That is so. I will report this case to the governor," declared Virmond. He will order this section of the coast closely watched. Hurry!" he shouted. "I am going to the Presidio at once to warn the governor." Over hill and dale rode the pleasure party, as if in a race for life or death, until they reached the pueblo.

"Buenas noches," bade Ysabella, softly, as she reached her home.

"Until manana," responded Captain Fitch, who rode on with the Virmonds to the Presidio.

(To be continued.)

SOLITARY

He moved his fellowmen among,
And changed with them some forms of speech.
His heart was separate from his tongue,
They would not hear his heart beseech.

Their needs were very like his own,
Quivering in bodies numb and dazed;
They smiled and talked and felt alone:
Did not their hearts look on amazed?

Experiences in Locating a Home on Public Lands in the West

(As Told in Letters to the Family)

By Anna W. Case

(Continued From Last Month)

1 Eighth St., Edmonton, Alta.
Oct. 26, 1916.

TO my brother, T—)
Dear T—

I was intending to answer the letter you and D— sent me sometime ago, but have been waiting until we knew more definitely just where we were going. After receiving another from you yesterday, though, I feel I should wait no longer. You state conditions in Saskatchewan exactly when you say money can be made on the grain farms if one has large capital and provided he is in a favored section like Saskatoon. If you can recall my first letter to you, I described that district I saw north of Saskatoon, and as far as North Battleford as a fine looking stretch of prairie land. The land, however, now open to homesteading, we understood to lie quite a few miles north of this latter place, in what must be an extremely cold section, and very likely to be hit by frost. The greater part of Saskatchewan is subject to hail storms, and this year especially, we read in the papers that the hail insurance companies have lost so much money they may consider it necessary to increase their rates. The geological nature of the soil does not seem to us to be of such importance as the geological conditions. Right here in Edmonton and especially for several miles south the land is good and well adapted to

agriculture, but when one goes out to find homestead lands he is shown low, mushy woodland—"muskeag," they call it—as bad as that meadow land south of Mr. H. W—, in P—; you remember the place where the bridge is with the big willow trees—and surely you would consider a man foolish to think of locating in such a place. Yet men are doing so every day—wasting time and money on them for perhaps a year, and then abandoning them.

This is the last I shall write you from here.

Tell Johnnie there are quite a few things so different up here that one never hears about that he and Grace may like to know of one or two. For example, the coin—the half, quarter and dime (one never sees the whole dollar) are practically the same as in the States, but instead of nickels there are tiny silver five-cent pieces—half the size of the dime—and dangerously easy to lose. And then for the one-cent they have a copper piece as large as the silver. Ten of these heavy things would make you feel rich. It all shows the English determination to have full value, and the United States' willingness to give up value for convenience.

Another thing is the mail delivery. The post-man, dressed like a porter to a hotel, with his dark suit trimmed with bands of bright red, goes about with

a few letters in his hand, crossing from one street to another through the back yards, and often knocking at the back door to deliver the letters.

Will let you know where we land next time.

Love to all,

H.

(To my brother, T—)

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 5, 1916.

Dear T—

We are stopping here a day trying to decide whether to go to Vancouver Island, as we had intended, or locate near here, or go on to Seattle, Wash. Judging from the papers I should think we could do better in Washington; besides the advantage of getting back in our own country. I think we will probably take the Puget Sound boat to-morrow morning. We got very little satisfaction from our correspondence concerning the loganberry industry, but on our way here a man told W— that this fruit is successfully raised on Widby Island in the Sound, so going there will not remove us from possibilities in this line.

These children are, incidentally, getting quite an education. The train went through the Yellowhead Pass in the Rockies at night, but all yesterday we followed the Fraser River from Kamloops until dark overtook us about fifty miles north of here, and grander scenery no one need wish to see. At this time of the year the mountain tops are covered with snow, while at the base the yellow and orange of maple or birch forms a striking contrast with the green water of the river, and the purples of the distant mountains. The nearer we came to the mouth of the river the more surprised were we to see green grass and ferns, and green leaves on the alders, willows and maples. Considering that when we left Alberta everything was "brown and sere," it seemed quite a change in climate. The kids were most delighted by the tunnels through the mountains which have made a strong impression on them, but our greatest impressions

were of grander scenery than we had expected to see and much poorer farming land. The Fraser Valley is much "cracked up," but we could see nothing but low, rough land poorly drained. I hope it isn't a fair sample.

4. P. M.

This is England! We have just been for a walk around this city in spite of the threatening rain. Vancouver ought to be stamped "Made in England." Everything is so well made—so substantial. Hotel Vancouver, I am sure, excels anything you have in New York, and the architecture of the residential sections, with their masses of shrubbery look so much like pictures of England that we could imagine ourselves there. Holly trees! I suppose you have seen them in London, but I had never thought of seeing "it" as a tree. With your interest in shrubs, I am sure you would have a picnic going about and seeing so many of these things for the first time.

The docks of the Canadian Pacific, where I expect we will take the boat to-morrow, command the finest view we have seen anywhere. The bay—with the steamers plying back and forth—the mountains beyond—an island near at hand—were indeed enough, but added to all this is the pleasing sight of immense numbers of great sea-gulls. They circle about the harbor, lighting on the boats, the docks and the wharves—giving out their peculiar squeak and rushing in a huge flock to settle upon the water wherever some food has been thrown out.

Well, it looks now as if we would be back in the U. S. in time for election on Tuesday.

A long farewell to Canada!

Love to all.

H.

(To my sister, E—)

8 Third Ave., Seattle, Wash.,

November 10, 1916.

Dear E—

You must be wondering where on earth we are. We went to Vancouver,

but after reading various newspapers we decided we could do better by coming here rather than by going to Vancouver Island. Not only is land held somewhat cheaper, but it gets us back into our own country, where we can feel a little freer. We had to get into a furnished house as soon as possible, and had the unusual good luck to find this little bungalow about five miles out from the center, and about one mile from the electric, for only \$8 a month. I couldn't write at once because I was not sure of the address. This place would be worth \$15 or more if it were more accessible, but the distance seems nothing to us. W—— is going out Tuesday to see a twenty-acre tract that we may buy. Fruit and vegetables are too plentiful to make it pay the farmer very well, but poultry ought to be worth while. W—— has been told that loganberry juice does not have a ready sale. I am afraid the only safe place to attempt that industry is down in Oregon, where it already has a start. If we had as much capital as we started out with we would go there and carry out our plans. As it is, I think we will stay here, or not far from here.

In regard to poultry there are many advantages here over the East. Lumber is cheap. Winters are open, with rarely any snow, so pullets should lay when eggs are the highest. Two-thirds of the eggs in the market are imported, so there should be a ready sale.

There are lots of opportunities here, and I hope I can soon know just where we are to be, and what we are to do.

We have traveled enough and seen enough of a God-forsaken country to be easily satisfied. In many ways this seems like New England, only much grander. Snow-capped mountains and beautiful lakes and harbors are everywhere to be seen, and shrubbery grows so easily and rankly that every one has roses and chrysanthemums, and currants and raspberries. And the English holly! This is such a surprise. We saw it first in Vancouver, then in Victoria, where the boat stopped for two hours, and now we find it very common here. Its growth is as symmetrical as

a fir tree, and at present they are covered with the red berries.

The place W—— is to see has a forest reserve behind it, where elk and cougars are found.

You can't tame a wild animal, and I shall take to the woods as soon as possible with no regrets concerning these modern conveniences and polished furniture and lace curtains.

Send the above address to M——, and tell her there are exactly "57 varieties" of people in this city who have our name.

With love,

H.

(To my brother T——)

7 Third Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Nov. 16, 1916.

Dear T——

We have already been in Seattle ten days, where for the present we are very comfortably settled in a little suburban bungalow. W—— continues to find men as unreliable as ever in regard to their descriptions of land. It seems that right here in the Rainier Valley south of Seattle the soil is very good, but that in other directions it is likely to be very poor. The land this house is situated upon is worth \$2,000 an acre. Good farming land uncleared is about \$200 per acre, poor land uncleared between \$35 and \$50. It seems to be generally admitted that there is usually no money in fruit or vegetables on account of glutted markets and competition with the Japanese. Poultry seems to offer the only chance, and that makes poorer land acceptable, although one wants to have some good land for their own garden at least. The worst drawback just now is the awful price of feed.

On our way here from Vancouver the boat stopped for two hours in Victoria on Vancouver Island. After getting something to eat, we had intended to take a walk, but the shrubbery around the magnificent public buildings held our attention until we noticed that one part was a museum. We took the kids in, and for the first time they

saw all kinds of stuffed animals and birds.

Both Vancouver and Victoria are dead since the war and likely to be "deader" the way things are going. Here in Seattle is quite a ship-building boom. I believe the city is likely to go ahead of San Francisco. You wouldn't have thought people would have built such a city—over 300,000—on such steep hills. They tried to lay it out on the usual scientific plan that works so well on the prairie, with the result that half the streets go perpendicularly up into the air at a grade so steep that horses are worthless. They are navigated by trolley-cars that climb up and then roll down, keeping their gongs ringing incessantly. Should something get loose "great will be the fall thereof." If a street happens to be so steep that no person can walk up nor an automobile conquer, then they have built stairways where one can climb to heaven. This isn't exaggerated. There is one of these stairways very near here up the side of a wooded hill which Ben said made him "too tired."

In all ways, in spite of our unsettled condition, I find this an extremely interesting part of the world. It is so noticeably the gateway of Alaska—to the Orient, to Honolulu, it brings the East so near. But after all, which is "the East?" Out across the ocean? Or back where you are? There is North and South and two Easts, but no longer any West!

Hope I shall hear from you soon.

With love to all,

H.

(To my sister E—)

8 Third Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Dec. 2, 1916.

Dear E—

You say Mrs. F— says it is cold here. That depends on what you call cold. I haven't seen much change in temperature since I left New England. I haven't been any colder than I was in Spirit River on the 15th of August. It was October temperature when we left Edmonton, and it remains the

same here—is supposed to remain the same all winter. When it is clear there are frosty mornings, but it is seldom clear. I am sure there have not been more than eight or nine pleasant days since we came. Rain or fog is the usual thing, and so much dampness in the air that the fences and trunks of trees and even the roofs of houses are often covered with moss. The kids get their feet wet but don't get cold. I see no difference in my own health, in spite of what would seem to be an unhealthy condition. There is no severe weather here, so that is something one doesn't need to dread. Men can get along without overcoats, and woolen underwear is not indispensable. The greatest drawback to so much rain is trying to get clothes dry!

We have no definite plans yet. The best farming district around here, called the Yakima Valley, which is a dry section where they have to irrigate, seems to have alkali water, and after our experience in Alberta with the effect of this upon the kidneys, we are glad we did not investigate the place. There is never any rain anywhere about here in the summer which makes it impossible to raise crops except on the low valley land or under irrigation. Land is held unreasonably high, but it has already gone down to about one-half what they asked a few years ago. Nobody is buying, and they are selling it on as easy terms as \$25 or \$50 down, and the rest on installments. But they haven't got us yet!

Be sure and let me know just how you are getting along.

With love,

H.

(To my sister-in-law, M—)

8 Third Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Dec. 17, 1916.

Dear M—

Your letter has just been received and you must think it funny that I have not written to you for so long—my only reason being that I was waiting to have something to tell you concerning our plans. I am glad to receive Mrs. R—'s

address, as I shall be able through her to learn of conditions in Canada this winter, and perhaps for years, if I can make her keep up the correspondence, for it will be interesting to know what might have happened had we remained up there. As we feel now, neither of us would for a moment dream of going back—it is rather as if we had found ourselves in prison and had gotten out before it was too late. We all know that farming anywhere, especially for one with little capital, is a tough proposition, though I would rather live on potatoes and salt than in the best of style if it were a question of being on a farm or W— working for wages. And I know he feels so—though he has really been looking for work for two or three weeks. There seems to be nothing that looks possible in the farming line, in spite of the fact that one can buy on such ridiculously easy terms, for it doesn't rain here in summer, and much of the land is worthless.

W— doesn't seem inclined, at present, at least, to go any further south, and the rent is paid here until the 7th of January. It looks as if we will probably stay here this winter, and I was thinking of sending the children to a school not far away, when a nurse came around inspecting all children because there had been quite a few cases of scarlet fever in this district. Of course I shall not send them now until after Christmas, but they may not go at all this year, as I understand there is some doubt of their being accepted so late in the season.

Prices here, taken as a whole, are, I believe, a little cheaper. Coal is worth from \$2 to \$5 a ton, according to the kind, though we don't use any. I don't know what wood is worth, because we are using dry wood already here in the cellar, for which we will have to settle with the owner, but if we staid here and W— wished he would be allowed to cut his wood for nothing. You see cleared land is worth so much more that the property owners, in some places at least, are willing you should take the wood off. Somewhat different from the conditions in the East! Lum-

ber is about half the Eastern prices.

I get milk delivered for 8 cents a quart; butter ranging from 33 cents to 37 cents for the kind we use; meat, I think, it quite a bit cheaper—Hamburg or Frankforts about 15 cents a pound; fish much cheaper, I am sure. I think we can get halibut or salmon at 10 cents to 15 cents a pound, but W— does the buying, and I don't always ask. We have not laid in any supplies until we know if we are to stay, so I do not know exact prices on flour or potatoes by the bushel. We get dandy bread—two 1-pound loaves for 15 cents, but it is expensive, and I must make it soon. If we are to be here long I shall have to make some investigations in regard to different stores—in a strange place one cannot always buy to advantage, for prices vary a lot.

I am sending a little box for Christmas which I hope will reach you before that day. The last of this week I shall take the axe and go out a little ways and chop down a tree—maybe red cedar or fir. I wouldn't buy one, but as long as I can get it for nothing—why not?

I am sending our wishes for a merry Christmas in the box, which I have endeavored to pack firm enough for its long transit.

With love to all,
H.

(To my sister E—)

1 Eighth St., Seattle, Wash.,
Dec. 22, 1916.

Dear E—

At last I can write and tell you all that we are soon to be settled. W— got track of a man in the Puyallup district—thirty or forty miles south of here—who is very anxious to sell his place at once, and because there are so few buyers in the market just now he will let it go on extremely easy terms. He has five acres, mostly bottom land, with a small house and shed, and as the land has all been worked several years it is in fine shape for a crop this coming spring. After the

other sections around here that W— had been to see, he was more than surprised to find such a really first-class farming locality, where the settlers are evidently doing so well.

This has always been considered the best agricultural district west of the Cascades, and land, which is held high enough anywhere around here, is fearfully high there, owing to the added advantage to farmers of being in a co-operative community, for the Puyallup and Summer Fruit Growers' Association, with the head of the canning factory at Puyallup as president, makes it possible for all members to buy grain and such things at wholesale prices, and sell much of their produce for canning purposes in case they do not have a ready sale in outside markets. More than that, the factory will actually sign five-year contracts to take certain fruits and vegetables, naming a definite price, supplying crates, etc., and even paying the freight charges within a fifty mile radius.

The greatest drawback, however, to this locality until now has been the danger of floods. Often a man owning a small tract might find, after the freshets had changed the course of the White River and flooded the several valleys in that section, that part or perhaps all of his little farm had disappeared. An inter-county river commission is overcoming this trouble by a \$1,500,000 flood prevention project, which, by the construction of concrete banks, will keep the White River in place. This is already half done, and people can now settle in security along the river fronts and cultivate many acres of land that have been neglected for years.

But the particular place that we are going to buy does not border exactly on any river, but is back to where the higher land commences—in fact, the buildings are on a narrow strip of slope that had to be included when the land was first laid out in tracts of a certain size. As this slope is a southeasterly one, it makes an ideal spot for a home, with the garden, flat as a floor, spread out in front. At the top

of the ridge behind, one gets a perfectly grand view, a winding river with well-kept farms on either side, then the distant woods, and still further off the snow-capped peaks of a few scattered mountains, Mt. Rainier the best of them all.

As the man wishes a month in which to move and get settled elsewhere, it will give us plenty of time to have our goods forwarded, buy other necessary articles, and be ready to move in the last of January.

Meanwhile, we can be busy with our plans, for now that we "know where we are at," there are a great many things to think about. In such a climate as this, with practically no winters, a man can spread his work over the entire year, and need never be rushed in the spring. I have seen men right now in December spading up ground in preparation for the spring planting.

Just as soon we we get settled, W— can go right to work on the land. Dressing or fertilizer of some sort has to be applied to all this soil for best results, but there is a sea-kelp—or something of that nature—that farmers can obtain that is excellent for most crops. We will raise some chickens this spring to run on the higher land, and set out two acres to strawberries, and in order to get the greatest returns from so little ground he will probably plant the other two acres to cauliflower—as you know he thoroughly understands its culture. We may keep a cow, hiring a pasture, but not a horse, as the work on these small acreages is mostly done by hand tools and the produce shipped to factory or railroad by local express.

Perhaps it is foolish to pay so much—\$2,200—for this tiny place, but if four acres will give us as much return as a hundred and sixty in some places, why isn't it a far simpler proposition, and one has to have practically no expensive machinery. There is no reason why we can't do as well as the others.

With love,
H.

(To my sister-in-law M—)
1 Eighth Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Dec. 23, 1916.

Dear M—

We have bought a place! It seems too good to be true, after so much disappointment and so many changes. It is down about forty miles south of here in the finest market-gardening place there is, and I am enthusiastic over it. Land is awfully high there, but in my letter to E— yesterday I explained the reason, and when you see her she will tell you all about it. I can't write you much concerning it just now, as I am very busy. It is only a small place—five acres—but there is a house on it, and we can move in the last of next month.

3 p. m.

Have just received the Christmas box, which arrived in perfect shape. We all send our thanks and are glad you sent it so early, as the mail is terribly late this year. The children already impatient to know the contents. They have a dandy tree I got yesterday.

In haste.
H.

(To my brother T—)
1 Eighth Ave., Seattle Wash.
Dec. 26, 1916.

Dear T—

If E—did as I told her and sent you my last letter, you know by this time that we have bought a place—that is, the first papers are signed, but there is the rest of the legal business to be gone through. We will be here for nearly a month more, so I am going to make the most out of Seattle during the rest of our stay.

The kids had a fine time with their Christmas things. Your letter came Saturday, but nothing else yet—the parcel post is nearly a week late. Will let you know as soon as it arrives.

We contrived to get two Thanksgivings this year by being in Canada on the 9th of October and back here by November, but I see no way to get two Christmases—sound like a hog, don't I? Well, that reminds me, have you seen in the papers that Canada is tearing up railroads to ship to England? Guess that railroad to Pouce Coupe will never get through!

Love to all and a Happy New Year,
H.

DRY BONES

Late August glares; a wagon filled with bones,
Strange harvest from the prairies, seeks the town.
The buyer pays a dollar for a ton.

The square, squat houses, the low shed-like stores,
Weathering unpainted, toe the littered street
That finds the railway station. By the track,
A fenced lot heaped with well bleached skeletons,—
Mountainous wreckage, shin and back confused,
Crowned with horned skulls grotesquely menacing.

So ends the buffalo. Five years since he tossed
In great earth-shaking herds his shaggy mane;
Now not one calf. Once furious bulls did roar
The challenge moving terribly to fight.
Dry bones—the price, one dollar for a ton.

EDWIN FORD PIPER.

The Divine Plan of the Ages

How Our Lord Will Reveal Himself at His Second

Presence on Earth

Part XII

TO-DAY the eyes of all civilized peoples are watching the trend of events and are noting the progress of the great world conflict in Europe. As they perceive that the clouds of war continue to gather and grow darker, they can see that the earth is rapidly becoming one vast battlefield. From every quarter of Christendom there comes the question: "What does it all mean? Is our present civilization, the product of centuries of toil and effort, to perish from the earth? Is the human family to become extinct by famine and the sword?" Nay, verily! Let us find the answer to this question in the words of Jesus: "Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom; and (there shall be) upon the earth distress of nations with perplexity; the sea and the waves (restless humanity) roaring; men's hearts failing them for fear and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth." "And then shall appear the sign (indication) of the Son of Man (the presence of Christ) in heaven (in the present ecclesiastical heavens—Christendom); and then shall all the tribes of the earth mourn, and they shall see (discern with the eyes of their understanding) the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and glory."—Luke 21:10, 25, 26; Matthew 24:30.

Thus the Master gave a vivid and forceful description of the consummation of the Gospel Age—of the time

when His Second Advent was to take place. We might multiply Scripture texts which set forth present world events; and in every instance the conclusion would be that our day marks the closing scenes of this Dispensation—the downfall of "the Kingdoms of this world," preparatory to the inauguration of the long-promised Kingdom for which we have been taught to pray, "Thy Kingdom Come; Thy will be done on earth, as it is done in Heaven."

At this juncture the question logically arises: "How will our Savior reveal Himself in the end of this Age? What will be the manner of His appearing?" The answer given by many is, "He will come again as a man, in a body of flesh, to reign as an earthly monarch." From this view we must dissent; for it is both unreasonable and unscriptural, as we shall proceed to point out. Incidentally we would here make mention of the fact that some of the noblest minds have been repelled from belief in the Second Advent of Christ by the claim that an earthly, fleshly kingdom with Christ and the Saints in regal state is to be established. We believe that they are quite right in saying that an earthly court and State would be beneath the dignity of Messiah and His Bride.

In other words, we should remember that at His Second Advent our Lord Jesus does not come to be subject to the powers that be, to pay tribute to Caesar and to suffer humiliation, in-

justice and violence. On the contrary, He comes to reign, exercising all power in Heaven and earth. Therefore, he does not come in the body of His humiliation—a human body, which He took for the suffering of death and which is inferior to His former glorious body. He returns in His glorious spiritual body, which is “the express image of the Father’s person;” for because of His obedience even unto death, He is now highly exalted to the Divine likeness and nature, and given a name above every name—the Father’s alone excepted.—Heb. 1:3; 2:9; Phil. 2:8-11.

Our Savior Now a Divine Being

Does some one ask: “What about the body in which Jesus appeared several times after His resurrection? Was not that a fleshly, human body? Was that not His resurrection body?” We reply: It is true that those bodies in which Jesus appeared after His resurrection were fleshly, but none of them could have been the glorious spirit body in which He was resurrected. The master merely assumed those human forms. He materialized and appeared in fleshly bodies to convince His disciples of the fact of His resurrection. His glorious spirit body was meantime veiled from their sight.

Our Lord said: “That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.” (John 3:6. St. Paul declares: “There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body.” (1 Cor. 15:44.) We must bear in mind the fact that our Lord is no longer a human being; that as a human being He gave Himself a Ransom for men, having become a man for that very purpose. (1 Tim. 2:6; Heb. 10:4, 5; 1 Cor. 15:21, 22.) He is now highly exalted to the Divine nature. Therefore, St. Paul said: “Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we Him (so) no more.” (2 Cor. 5:16.) Our Lord was raised from the dead a life-giving SPIRIT Being (1 Cor. 15:45), and not a man of the earth, earthy. He is no

longer human in any sense or degree; and hence we should not expect Him to come again as a human being, as at His First Advent. His Second Advent is to be in a different manner from the First, and for a different purpose. The Apostle John shows that “It doth not yet appear” to our human understanding what He is now like. Hence we know not what we shall be like when we are made like Him; but the Church may rejoice in the assurance that we shall one day be with Him and like Him, and shall see Him as He is (1 John 3:2)—not as He was at His First Advent, in humiliation, when He had laid aside His former glory and for our sakes had become poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich.—2 Cor. 8:9.

After our Lord’s resurrection it was simply a question of expediency with Him as to which way of appearing to His disciples would best accomplish His object of making known His resurrection and His change of nature. Had He appeared as A FLAME OF FIRE, as the angel appeared to Moses in the burning bush (Exod. 3:2), He might indeed have conversed with them; but the evidence thus given would have been far from as convincing as was the method He adopted, both to the Apostles and to the world at large to whom they witnessed. If He had appeared in the glory of the spirit form, as the angel did to Daniel (Dan. 10:5-8), the glory would have been more than the witnesses could have borne. Probably they would have been so alarmed that they would have been unable to receive instructions from Him. To no one except St. Paul did our Lord thus show Himself; and St. Paul was so overcome by the glimpse of the glory that he fell to the ground and was blinded by its brightness, which was above that at the sun at noonday.

Let us also remember that unless the Master could establish the faith of His disciples in His resurrection they could not receive the Pentecostal blessing. Therefore He spent forty days with them, watching over them,

appearing in various forms—as a gardener, as a traveler etc.—all to convince them first, that He was no longer dead, but risen; and secondly, that He was no longer a man, but a Spirit Being. This He demonstrated by doing exactly what the angels did. As they had appeared in the flesh; ate, talked and vanished; so did He. Then He ascended up on High, not as a human being, “a little lower than the angels,” but as a Divine Spirit Being, far above angels. There He received the homage of all the Heavenly host.

No Need to Appear Again in the Flesh

Thus it is seen that there was a necessity for our Lord's appearing in the manner He did to His disciples after His resurrection; but this necessity will not exist at His Second Advent. That at His Second Coming our Lord *could* assume the human form and thus appear to men, there can be no question. But such a manifestation would be out of harmony with the general tenor of God's Plan, as well as out of harmony with the Scriptural indications given, relative to the manner of His manifestation, as we shall see. Instead, it is the Lord's purpose that His Spiritual Kingdom shall communicate, operate and manifest its presence and power through human, earthly agencies. Just as the Prince of this world, Satan, though unseen by man, exercises a wide influence in the world through those subject to him and who are possessed of and controlled by his spirit, so the new Prince of Peace, our Lord Jesus, will operate chiefly through human beings, subject to Him and possessed of and controlled by His Spirit.

Ultimately All Shall Discern Him

If it be urged that several Scripture texts state that “every eye shall see Him,” we would remind the reader that seeing with the natural eye and hearing with the natural ear are not all there is of seeing and hearing. The text, “every eye shall see Him,” re-

lates not to the natural eyes, but to the eyes of understanding, so long darkened, confused, bewildered by error. Ultimately the true light shall shine; the true knowledge of the Lord shall fill the earth, and all shall receive a blessing thereby. “No man hath seen God at any time” thus; and yet all of God's children have seen Him and have held communion with Him. (John 1:18; 5:37; 14:7.) We hear God's call; and we *see* the prize, the Crown of Life which He promises to the faithful overcomer—not by natural sight and hearing, but by our understanding.

In this connection it is worthy of note that the Master said: “Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more.” (John 14:19.) When once we discern that He has been glorified—that He has been given a spirit nature again, and that He no longer has the human nature which He surrendered as a Sin Sacrifice—then we can see why the world can see Him no more, and why the Church must be changed by resurrection power before she can see Him.

Careful Bible study reveals the fact that four different Greek words are used in respect to Christ's Second Coming. One word frequently used is *parousia*, which signifies presence, not coming, in our ordinary use of the word. Over and over again the Scriptures tell of the Presence of the Son of Man in the end of this Age, and declare that during His Parousia the world will be unaware of it and attending to the ordinary affairs of life. Note our Savior's reference to this very point. In Matt. 24:37-39 He says: “As the days of Noah, so shall also the PAROUSIA (presence) of the Son of Man be.”

Let it not be overlooked that the point of comparison here is not between the coming of Noah and the coming of our Lord, nor between the coming of the Flood and the coming of our Lord.

The coming of Noah is not referred to at all. Neither is the coming of our Lord referred to; for, as already

stated, the word Parousia does not mean coming, but presence. The contrast, then, is between the time of the presence of Noah amongst the people "*before* the Flood," and the time of the presence of Christ in the world at His Second Advent *before* the fire—the extreme trouble of the Day of the Lord, with which this Dispensation ends. The people, with the exception of Noah's family, were both ignorant of the coming storm and *unbelieving* as to the testimony of Noah and his family; and hence "they knew not." This is the point of comparison.

"So shall also the presence of the Son of Man be." None but those of the family of God will believe. Others will know not until society as at present organized begins to disintegrate—to melt with the fervent heat of the Time of Trouble already started among the nations. (2 Peter 3:10-13.) The Lord's people will know of the Master's presence in advance of the world, not by some outward sign, but by the light of the Word of God. "Ye, brethren, are not in darkness that that Day should overtake you as a thief"—though it shall come as a thief and as a snare on all the world.—1 Thess. 5:1-6.

How Mankind Shall See the Lord

With equal clearness the Scriptures point out that the Presence of Jesus is to be made manifest to the world. He is to "appear," to be "revealed." His Presence is to be made known to the world so that "every eye shall see Him;" that is, that the eyes of understanding of the whole human family shall be opened to a realization of the great truth that Messiah's Kingdom has come into power, henceforth to rule the world, to overthrow sin and Satan, to uplift righteousness, to bless all the willing and obedient of humanity and to destroy in the Second Death all wilful sinners.

The symbolic picture represents the whole fabric of society—ecclesiastical, political and financial—as on fire. St. Peter declares that "the elements shall

melt with fervent heat"—the social elements. Concerning that awful trouble the Bible declares: "He shall be revealed . . . in flaming fire, taking vengeance." (2 Thess. 1:7, 8.) The fire is figurative of destructive forces, influences, such as war, famine, anarchy, etc. Thus it will be a consuming wrath, as indicated by the symbol, a fire which will leave neither root nor branch of evil systems, errors, oppression or of wilful sinners. (Mal. 4:1.) As these dealings become more and more apparent, men will begin to draw the inference that a new power has taken control of human affairs, and thus the Presence of our Lord as King of Kings shall be revealed to the world.

"The Time is at Hand."

Already the world sees the clouds of trouble gathering and darkening. They realize that now at work in the affairs of men is a power with which they cannot cope. From the present outlook the near future is dark and ominous to all who have sufficient intelligence to mark the trend of events. The poetess caught the proper thought when she wrote respecting the revelation of Christ's Presence:

"I see His flaming judgments as they
circle all the earth,
The signs and groanings promised to
precede a second birth;
I read His righteous sentence in the
crumbling thrones of earth—
Our King is marching on!"

Thinking men observe the persistency with which questions of right and wrong, justice and injustice, are forced upon their consideration, demanding an expression of their individual principles. Many recognize the glory and power of earth's new Ruler; yet because the clouds and darkness are around about Him, they do not recognize the King Himself. Men see "the clouds," and therefore "see the Son of Man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory"—the glory of justice and power; but they do

not recognize HIM yet. (Matt. 24:30.) The kings, emperors and czars of the world would no more give over to our Lord Jesus their power and dominion than would the clergy give over the spiritual control. The Divine Program seems to be to permit human institutions to wreck themselves in showing their own incompetency and opposition to the Divine arrangement. Thank God for the better Day beyond, when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His beams for all the families of the earth! Thank God that the Redeemer, full of sympathy, will be wise to know how deeply the plowshare of sorrow and trouble may 'go to prepare properly men's hearts for the rich blessings which His Millennial Kingdom will bestow! Thank God for the assurance that Messiah's Kingdom shall prove to be "the desire of all nations."

An increasing number of Bible students, all over the world, are convinced from Scriptural testimony backed by outward evidences that our Lord's Parousia began in October, 1874. The great enlightenment that has come to the world as well as to Bible students during the period since that date is accredited to the fact that we have been living in the dawn of the New Dispensation. Admitting that those who thus interpret prophecy are not infallible

in their interpretations, we must nevertheless concede that all about us to-day are signs which closely tally with what the Bible tells respecting conditions at the Second Coming of Christ.

Let us note some of these: Both St. Paul and St. Peter declared that the end of the age would be marked by a form of godliness which would lack power; that it would be marked by disobedience to parents, by headiness, by high-mindedness, by love of pleasure, by unreliability. (2 Tim. 3:1-5; 2 Peter 3:1-4.) The Prophet Daniel declares that in the Time of the End of the present order—in the time of the dawn of the new order—"many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased," and "the wise shall understand." Moreover, "there shall be a Time of Trouble such as never was since there was a nation." (Dan. 12:1, 4, 10.) Do not these things give God's people a ground for faith that we are now in the close of the Gospel Age and the dawning of the Messianic Age, when all the world is to be blessed by God's Kingdom? The only satisfactory explanation of the times in which we are living is that these are "the days of the Son of Man." Of course, many will scoff at the thought; but God's saintly ones are lifting up their heads and rejoicing, knowing that their deliverance draws nigh.—Luke 21:28.



Henri Bergson

By Charles Hancock Forster

GERMANY has found a spiritual antagonist in Henri Bergson, the man who stands for what is best in the life and philosophy of modern France. His recent utterances are prophetic of the new philosophy which will ultimately pull down and utterly destroy the false ideals which are making a bloody ruin of Europe.

This philosophy of tomorrow will regard our present material civilization as a magnificently and marvelously developed brute. Science and invention have equipped its great body with many strange devices, and each new device is an artificial organ which extends, in a manner outreaching our farthest imaginings, the power of the brute. It can fly in the air and it can dive into the depths of the sea. It speaks over leagues of space and it hurls its deadly missiles over stretches of miles. It breathes deadly gases from its nostrils, and the flash of its eye reveals the enemy lurking in the darkness. But the development of the soul has not kept pace with the abnormal growth of the body. The whispering of the little soul that lives within our modern world cannot be heard above the terrible crunching and grinding of the wheels.

Our civilization is a complex system made up of highly developed primal functions. Our international relationships and diplomacy are often merely

the latest stages in the evolution of tribal relationships, of primitive competition, jealousy and hostility. Commerce is merely the dickering of a Stone Age savage carried out on a big scale. We are on the scale of the twentieth century in body, but on the scale of the Stone Age in soul.

The future of the race depends upon the investment within the body of our material civilization of a soul large enough to harness and direct its wonderful mechanism, for without this higher spirit the great machine will get beyond our control, becoming the instrument of inborn, brutish impulses. It will turn upon us as the monster of our own making, bringing to ghastly ruin the things we dearly cherish.

There are two opinions in the background of men's minds in this age of crisis. The one is that the world has escaped from the control of the higher spirit, and the other is that our efforts to get it back under control will develop within the race a new strength of soul. The soul and the beast are wrestling together through this night, but the dawn shall be for the soul. Peace will bring into life a new and unheard of philosophy that will interpret life in terms that are strange to us, transforming our ways of thinking and transfiguring human relationships. The elements are melting in fervent heat, but out of it all will come a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness.



Overland Monthly

Notice to Reader
When you finish reading this issue, place a one cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping; no address. A. S., Burleson Postmaster General.

MAY, 1918

PRICE 10 CENTS



FOR YOUR WAR GARDEN

GROZ-IT PULVERIZED MANURE

If you have a garden, a lawn, a vegetable patch, or if you are a gardener, or florist or nurseryman, this will interest you.

The ordinary manure, which is so necessary to plant life, has many objectionable features, when used close to the dwelling. It is unsightly, has a disagreeable odor, draws flies and insects, etc., likewise it is too bulky to be used to the best advantage.

In its place, we offer you a highly concentrated, pulverized, natural animal manure, packed in sacks, light, dry, odorless, free from seeds and all foreign matter, with a plant food value of five times that of ordinary manure.

Realizing the demand for such a fertilizer, we have been conducting experiments for many years, and finally by taking a proper mixture of cattle and sheep manure from animals fed on cottonseed meal and cake and alfalfa hay (highly nitrogenous foods), and storing and ageing this material for several years under climatic conditions that remove the moisture but prevent leaching and fermentation, we have a natural manure which we pulverize. This we guarantee to contain plant food approximately as follows:

NITROGEN	-	-	-	-	2 Per Cent.
PHOSPHORIC ACID (P^2O^5)	-	-	-	-	1 Per Cent.
POTASH (K^2O) WATER SOLUBLE	-	-	-	-	3 Per Cent.

It is packed in 75-lb. sacks and sold under the name of

GROZ-IT PULVERIZED MANURE

There is no need here to dwell on the undisputed fact that animal manure is unexcelled as a fertilizer—we merely wish to point out a few purposes for which

GROZ-IT PULVERIZED MANURE

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(Note: After being spread on the grass and watered, the manure disappears, so that, while undergoing fertilization, the beauty of the lawn is not impaired.)

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Remember that GROZ-IT Pulverized Manure is aged for several years and will not burn your plants no matter in what quantities you use it—but as it is highly concentrated, a little goes a long way.

We sell GROZ-IT Pulverized Manure in any quantity from a sack to a carload.

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The Passing of the Aboriginal Indians of This Country



A Northern Californian Indian in his native worship dance costume.



Chief of a village of the Nez Perces adorned in his many tribal trappings.



Wastawana, a Bannock chief, an active adherent of the Nez Percés.



To-Ma-Son, or called Timothy, by the Whites, Nez Perce warrior.



An Indian boy togged in holiday garb.



Abraham and Michael, prominent educated leaders in the Flathead tribe.



A blind Flathead Indian in holiday attire.



Navat, a prominent Southern Arapaho, who took part in the later final battles with the whites.
He took land in Oklahoma, and died there not long ago.



Young Cheyennes in war costumes.



Hauling a net up to a barge to dump the catch of salmon. Note the fish jumping in the air in efforts to reach the water.

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Hauling in the seine.

Alaska, the Land of Plenty

By Richard E. Delaney, M. D.

THE writer had an opportunity last summer to study from observation the vast salmon canning industry of Alaska.

The part that Alaska plays today in helping to supply to the world, and especially in time of war, with an average of some thirty million dollars worth of fish food every year, including the salmon, halibut, herring and

cod, deserves a considerable attention. Instead of creating discussions in the newspapers and magazines about food economics and production, Alaska is losing no time to do its greatest share, for the size of its population, of packing some twenty million dollars worth of salmon, and that in a very short season. This, to say the least, is the biggest gold mine in Alaska.

Few seem to realize what vast risks and expenditures of money the sixty or more canning companies of Seattle are putting out in Alaska. The working expenses and equipment of these salmon canneries, of which there are eighty-nine in Alaska, can be realized only by people who have been on the ground and who have seen for themselves. There is no corporation in the world that invests more money before getting one cent of returns than a salmon canning company.

Including the various steam and gasoline launches required, tug boats, pile drivers, scows, doreys, fish traps, fish

Some of the canneries are equipped to pack as many as 150,000 cases of salmon in a season. Such a packing plant would cost well over half a million dollars. All the canneries manufacture their salmon tins right on the grounds before the salmon run begins. Even the process of can-making in itself is a sight worth while. Two double seamers will turn out as many as 100,000 tins in a day of ten hours, or about three tins per second. When one comes to consider the possibility of making airtight soldering of seams and bottoms by machinery the accuracy of the work at that speed will seem



Dumping the catch into a scow.

trap webs, tons of ropes, gearing of all kinds; wharves, ship ways, buildings and canning machineries, running costs of tugs, including all this and more, I say, the average outfit of a salmon cannery in Alaska would reach well over a quarter of a million dollars of expenses. And this would not include the employees' wages, the cost of food and coal, and the buying of salmon from fishermen who are not directly connected with the cannery.

marvelous. On account of the short season of the actual salmon run these canneries are equipped with the most modern labor saving devices.

A splendid feature of the canning process everywhere, and especially with the Libby, McNeil & Libby, the Northwest Fisheries and the Alaska Packers, that the writer has observed, is the precaution they take for cleanliness and air-tight cans.

The season of the big salmon run

when they come in by the hundreds of millions to spawn, varies according to weather and location on the coast. In Southern Alaska they commence in May, in Central Alaska in July, and in the Bering Sea about June 1st. When they do come, however, it means a sight of fish.

The system of catching salmon in Cook's Inlet and in a few places in the Bering Sea where the water is shallow, is with fish traps. In other parts of the coast it is with gill nets and seines.

and are fitted with tall towers or jins on which they hoist the five ton hammer and drop it to drive the piles in the ocean bed. The season over, these piles have to be taken out of the ocean bottom in rafts, towed to the cannery, and piled up on the bank. All this work is operated by steam power. Each of these scows are provided with comfortable living quarters and a cook who provides the best of food for the crew of eight men. To keep these pile driver machines and other scows from



Scows being loaded up from an adjacent fish trap.

To set fish traps for salmon, heavy piles from 90 to 115 feet in length must be driven about ten feet deep in the ocean bottom by regular pile driving machines.

The pile driver machines, three for each cannery, are huge scows some 80 feet in length by 35 feet, and of 100 tons carrying capacity. They have each a hundred horsepower engine,

being crushed by drifting ice in winter, each cannery in Cook's Inlet and Bering Sea, has a set of shipways built on driven piles from the water edge to a distance of several hundred feet at right angles to the shore. To connect with the ship ways there is a ship dry docking on the brow of the bank and at right angles to the ship ways again. A carriage of stout timbers

that slides on the ship ways and is operated by the pile driver engine, with no end of steel ropes and heavy tackle, moves the gigantic load up and down as easily as rolling off a log. Some thirty scows and several good-size tug boats are taken down the ship ways in the spring in this manner, and taken up again in the fall.

For that reason the outlay and expense for trap fishing are far more than for net or seine fishing. One of

while the big run will last but a week, the writer will state that just as the run begins a storm may come on, as it did this last July, and not only destroy most of the traps, but will prevent the fishermen from lifting the salmon for two or three days. During this short time the fish in the traps may become so overcrowded that, to save the fish from dying, the fishermen split open the web and let the fish escape. It is then that the salmon canneries along



Salmon trap picking up the salmon near the mouth of a river.

these traps, however, has been known to catch as many as 400,000 salmon in eight days, and to have kept the cannery busy all summer packing. The location alone of such a trap is valuable. One of these locations in Southern Alaska was sold to a canning company a few years ago for \$90,000.

To give the public some idea of the risks these canning companies are taking when operating in these waters,

this coast will suffer the loss of millions of dollars.

In addition to this, some of these canneries, after having spent several fortunes in building a splendid plant and providing good shelter and food for their employees, will be ruined by fire in a night of a season's packing. One of these fires happened to the North West Fisheries at Kenai, last June a year ago, just when they were

all ready for the salmon catch. Some eight such fires have happened in Alaska during the past few years, entailing the loss of some five million dollars. So everything is not all profit with these canning companies, taking one season with another. The North West Fisheries Packing Plant at Benai, however, has been rebuilt and is now one of the most modern and up to date in Alaska. It was all ready for the salmon run this summer. But pardon me if I am digressing for a moment.

Every minute of a short salmon run

ping, and everything on board is life and activity. It surely makes a great sight of fish, and is worth traveling miles to see this live exhibition. In this way as many as 100,000 salmon will be taken to a large cannery in a day.

The fish having arrived at the wharf, each cannery has a ladder-like flume some 60 feet in length that extends from a floating dock below to a tower on the wharf above. The salmon-loaded vessel is then brought to the bottom of the flume, while a dozen men with pews keep pitching the fish



Thousands of halibut caught on the side, and frozen in cold storage.

means thousands of dollars to the cannery. For this reason every cannery is equipped to unload the fish traps in the quickest way possible. For this they use a large dip net supported by an iron frame. One end of the machine is fastened to the side of the scow or the tug boat while the other end is dipped into the fish trap and operated or hoisted by a steam winch on board the tug. This system is called *brailing*. While this process is going on, there is no end of salmon tail flap-

into the elevator. An endless chain with brackets and operated by a steam engine on the wharf will keep moving the mass to the tower. From there the salmon finds its way into the cannery by gravitation, passing through a metal flume, its speed being aided by a constant stream of salt water from a steam pump. In this way 100,000 salmon can be discharged into the cannery in a few hours.

On account of the short salmon run, again, each cannery is supplied with



End of a salmon wheel, showing opening into which the salmon enter.

the most modern labor saving device known. One of these is known in the salmon canning world as the Iron Chink. Its name is derived from the fact that its work used to be done by the Chinese.

The person who invented this great modern wonder must have done some thinking and experimenting before he perfected the machine as it now stands. To begin with, it is used for cleansing the Red Salmon only, on account of the uniform size of this fish. Not only does it cut the head and tail in the twinkling of an eye, as its first operation, but it opens its belly and takes out its entrails and clips off its six fins all in one second. When this machine is in motion its whirring noise can be heard from all over the grounds. To add perfection to its work, one man stands opposite a belt that carries the fish, and adds a few finishing touches to some of the Reds as they travel automatically onward. The King salmon, which weighs all the way from a dozen pounds to sometimes seventy

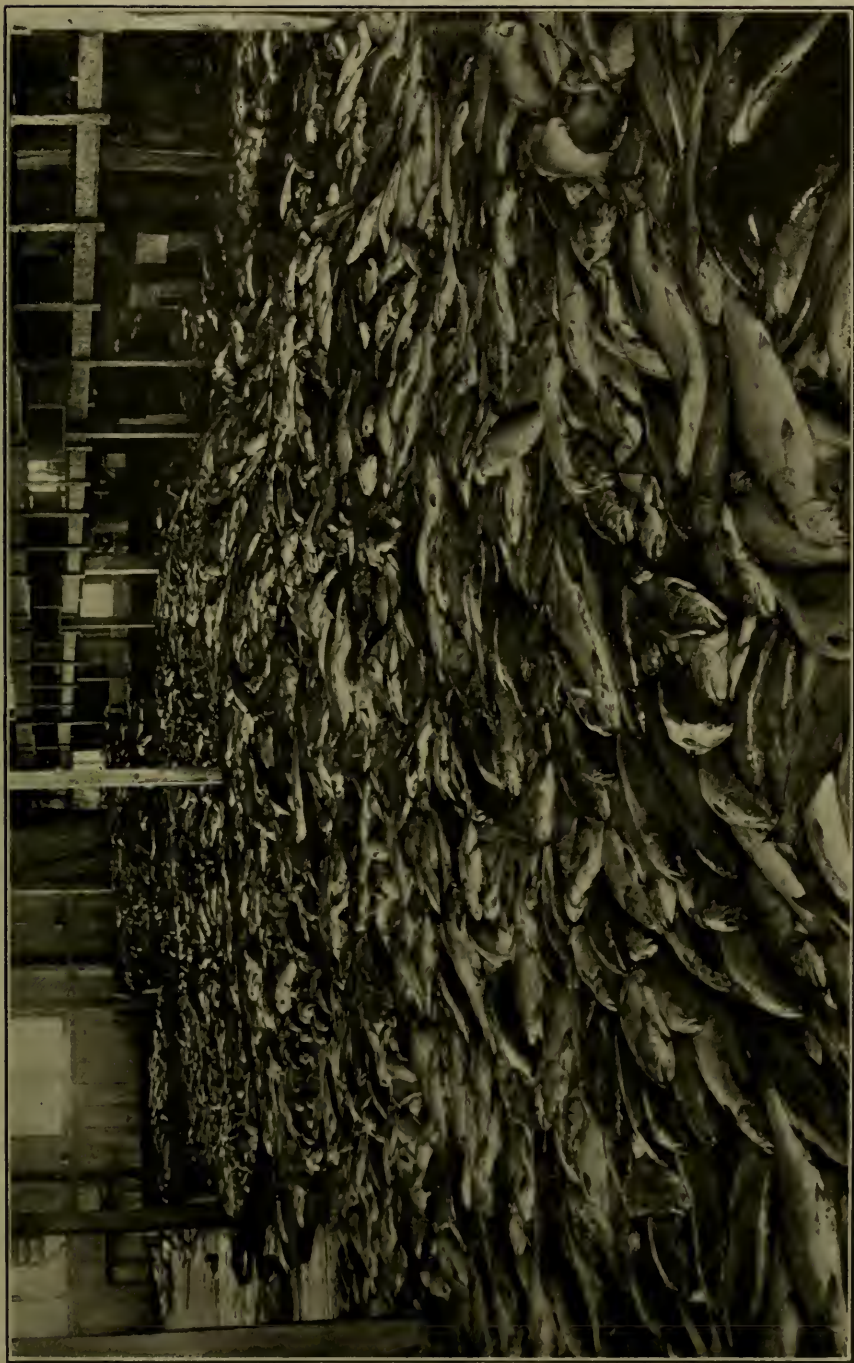
pounds, are dressed by hand, the backbone being removed.

There are various endless belts that keep moving the fish from one machine to another and carry the salmon or tins in their various stages of completion. When the cleaning of salmon is over, the entire floor of the cannery and the various machines are gone over with water, hose, and then hot steam, to disinfect every crevice for sanitary purposes. Even the wharf floor after the salmon has passed into the cannery is thoroughly washed over with the water hose. This prevents any odor or floating bacteria from contaminating the fish.

From the Iron Chink or fish cleaner the salmon goes up a short elevator and meets a set of circular knives that cut the fish into its proper length for the cans, and then it goes to the filling machines. This machine fills a one pound tin per second and does that accurately. The dice that cut out one pound of salmon through the pressed mass reminds me for illustration of the pop gun that I used to make with a goose quill and a piece of raw potato when I was a youngster years ago. The excised piece of potato is now represented by the one pound plug of salmon. The piston rod now shoots the plug to fit the one pound tin. As every salmon tin now rolls out and passes by on an endless belt an expert is at hand to see that every can is thoroughly full and up to the required weight. If he sees one not quite full, he adds a piece of nice, clean fresh salmon by hand.

For the sake of advertisement there are canning companies in the Puget Sound that fill their salmon tins by hand, employing an attractive lot of nice young women for the work. But from what I have seen in the canning process in Alaska, I cannot help but say that the filling of tins by machinery is just as clean and sanitary, although we miss the winning smiles, it is true, of these clean uniformed women with white aprons.

From the filler, then, the salmon tins pass through a sterilizing flume of hot



Raw material ready for the canning machines. More than ten thousand salmon are in this "dump."

steam by means of an endless chain which revolves horizontally. Next it goes automatically again to the double seamer machine, where it receives its air-tight cover. From the salmon cleaning to the capping of the tins there is a one pound can of fresh salmon finished for every two seconds per each double seamer. The average packing plant during the salmon run will turn out some 2,400 cases of air-tight tins per day. The most of them then must work a few hours extra in the evening.

From the double seamer the tins are placed into iron trays each holding 144 tins; these are packed in tiers of six high onto a truck for the purpose, and this is wheeled on iron rails into the cooking retorts. These are huge iron boilers some fifteen feet long by about five feet in diameter, and capable of standing a steam pressure of 120 pounds per square inch of its surface. One hour and a half in these steam retorts at a temperature of 242 deg. Fahrenheit, and a steam pressure of eleven pounds to the square inch, suffices to cook the juicy salmon thoroughly. That done, the trays are taken out and the tins are cleansed and dried by a steam bath. They are then laid out on a clean floor to cool, while an expert tester goes to work and tests every tin by hand to detect any leak. The tins are then stacked up on end in the warehouse waiting to be varnished, labeled and boxed up, ready for shipment. Each case of salmon contains 48 one-pound tins.

The salmon run in the Bering Sea waters lasts but three weeks, compared to three months elsewhere. All the canneries in those waters must make their cans and pack their salmon all in that short time. But their outfit of machinery and size of crew are double those elsewhere. The salmon packing in the Bering Sea must go on day and night, Sunday included. In fact, there is no darkness at night in that latitude during the salmon run. The best salmon fished in Alaska is reputed to be the Red Salmon, which brings the highest price. These are caught

chiefly in Cook's Inlet and the Bering Sea.

It is common knowledge here that the spawning season of salmon on this coast has seen the rivers so thick with this fish in the spring that the natives could cross the streams with boats only with difficulty. Lots of the salmon in their struggle to get up stream would jump out of the water and land in their dorys.

A curiosity in Cook's Inlet, also, in connection with the salmon fishery is the big difference there is between high and low tides, which ranges all the way from 20 to 50 feet, according to moon quarter and season. There is only the Bay of Funday in Nova Scotia that exceeds this tide in America. On account of this tide the cannery tug boats cannot always go in and out when they please, but must wait for the tide, and each boat must be provided with a book of tides from the Federal government.

An interesting sight in the spring is to see the fishermen dyeing the new trap web. The material used is coal tar. To hold such a large amount of web, which is about equal in weight and bulk to that of a good sized fish seine, a large square tank is provided. Barrels of jet black tar are poured into it, and a steam pipe from the main engine boiler of the cannery heats the contents till it has boiled a few minutes. On two sides of the tank are as many slanting platforms, which saves the tar drippings from the web as it is taken out. As the web is passed into the tank it is pulled out and drawn onto an open field adjoining. A long rope is extended to a distance of a thousand feet or more to a pulley in the field, while an engine on board of a pile driver furnishes the power. The pulling out of the web is done slowly, so as to give time to the web to soak well in the tar and drip on the slanting platforms. At certain distances apart the web is encircled with tying material. A dozen men or more in overalls and with hand hooks keep the web from training on the ground. Their slow walking pace as they



Twenty thousand salmon being dumped from seines into the cannery.

march on with their load gives them a mourning or funeral-like appearance. At the proper distance they stop and proceed to spread the web on the grass to dry. The average life of a trap web is about three years.

People who enjoy nicely canned salmon little dream of the cost of a salmon trap. Including the labor to drive the piles into the ocean bed in the spring, an ordinary size salmon trap will cost upwards of \$4,000. This fact will appear all the clearer when I state that in a fish trap there are four parts, namely: the pot, the two hearts and the spiller. The weight of the entire web fresh from the factory is about 2,000 pounds, and the price of the cotton web is about 40 cents per pound, or \$800. With this go 150 piles each from 80 to 100 feet in length, at an average cost of \$12 apiece, or \$1,800 for the lot. There are fifty rolls of wire netting at \$14 each for the trap leader. Seventy-five dollars worth of chains and blocks and tackles are required to hold the web to the piles, with \$150 worth of ropes. These figures are from a web boss of long experience. Now add all this together, and you have some idea of the actual cost of an ordinary sized salmon trap in Cook's Inlet and the Bearing Sea. But there are salmon traps in the Puget Sound that each cost as much as \$18,000. The gill net web, which is made of flax linen thread, could be bought at one time for 75 cents per pound, but since the European war began it now costs \$2.40 per pound. There is also an endless amount of expensive chains and anchors connected with the towing of piles and scows. The average size canneries that are equipped to can, say, 50,000 cases of salmon in a summer, will use from 15 to 18 ordinary size fish traps in a season.

In an interview with a much experienced web boss on the grounds of a cannery last summer, the writer was informed that regular fishermen make much better salmon trap men than sailors, who often make the excuse when handling the web like this: "Well, I

shall not be here next summer; let that chain, let that rope or let that pulley go to hell," and so much valuable gearing is lost. Or, again, when asked to do some work after six o'clock P. M. they are apt to say: "Well, that is not my work," and things to that effect. "Every true fisherman," says the web boss, "should have his heart and soul in his work, and such a man needs no watching. But the sailors, who seems to depend on something else for a living, is not so reliable."

Some magazine writers, who make a hasty tour to Alaska in summer, and visit a few of the canneries, would have the public understand that most of the canneries are to blame for paying the natives such small wages. From the writer's observations at Kenai for six months, and I was a physician there for two canneries, it is quite evident that these institutions are not all alike in respect to the treatment and wages the natives receive. For the sake of fair play to both sides of this question I feel compelled to state that I saw more imposition forced on the canneries by the natives than the canneries imposed upon them. In some instances there are canneries in Alaska that have been dishonest to the natives (See "The Survey" for July 1, 1916), but this will certainly not apply to the two canneries where I was employed. Here is one instance among many of natives' imposition on the cannery. A native was hired for the summer by the Libby, McNeil & Libby Co., at Kenai, to cook for three men in a gasoline tug boat, and to act as deck hand. His work was positively light. The company was paying him \$80 clear per month, and supplying him with the best of food and cooking utensils, with which to prepare grub for the men. One evening he overheard the crew remark that so many cans of evaporated cream used to last the men a longer time with the previous cook. On that account, next morning, the native quit his job and left the cannery in the lurch. It was difficult to know where to go and find a cook for that tug boat. The salmon run had already com-



Unloading the salmon from nets into the scows which carry them to the cannery.

menced, but that was not all. His brother, who was cook and deckhand on board another tug at the same wages, heard of native No. 1 leaving. Nothing would do, then, but what native No. 2 had to leave also and be idle awhile. Can you beat that for native stubbornness? And that is typical of the natives in Cook's Inlet and elsewhere. When commanded by a foreman of diplomacy, who has the patience to get their good will in a cheerful manner, they will make good workmen, but they must be handled with gloves. The trouble with the natives is, they have been spoiled by some of the residential white people into squandering their earnings for delicacies, and, in too many instances for adulterated booze at \$6 per quart.

We have any amount of agitators among the white people in Alaska who will put wrong notions into the heads of the natives in respect to wages. These white men are looking forward to selling the natives so much more trash for any extra wages the natives may get from the canneries. And that in spite of the fact that the two canneries at Kenai are selling flour and sugar and salt to the native employees exactly at cost landed at Kenai.

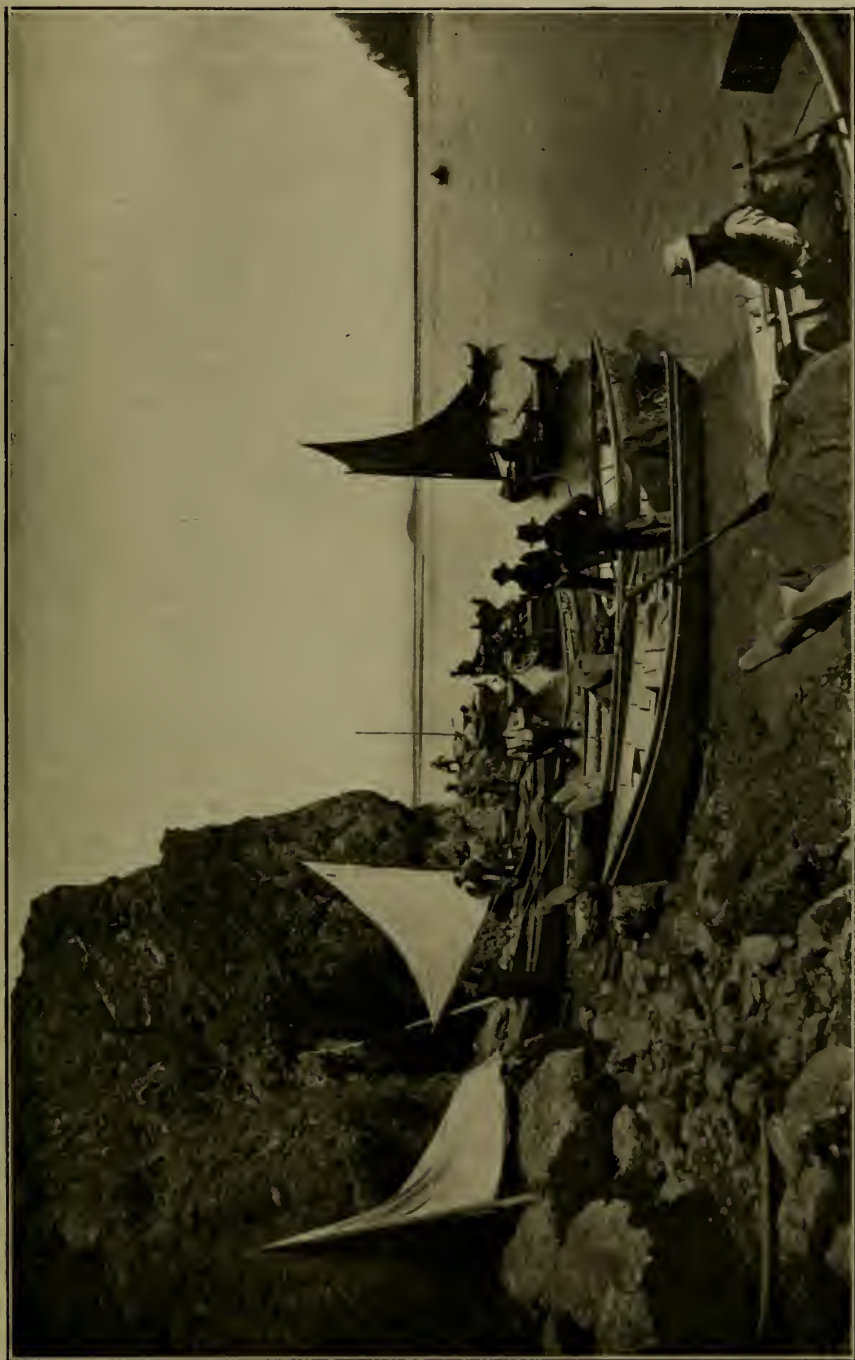
Moreover it is said (and I saw enough at Kenai to confirm the statement), that wherever the saloon is, the natives degenerate rapidly, in spite of the fact it is unlawful to sell or give liquor to the natives. In some parts of Alaska, past experience proves that when labor is very urgent, and fish are perishing, the natives cannot be depended upon, no matter at what wages, and that because of white men's agitation and the fickle mind of the native. Of course, the natives will live in squalor on the grounds, but that is no fault of the cannery, and they are well fed. If the native women and children work for the Chinese boss for little or almost nothing, in some canneries, as it is reported, it is the women who come forward of their own accord, but the women are not allowed to work for the Chinese boss at Kenai, and I saw where the women were getting \$2.50

a day at Hoonah, and at Yakutat, and elsewhere.

The Chinese, on the other hand, make splendid canning employees. They keep to their contract, they are industrious and tractable. One writer says that "the work goes on for six months at a killing pace." Nothing is further from the truth. The heavy rush of the salmon run, when most of the pack is done, does not last longer than two weeks at most. During the rest of the season the cannery crew does not work more than half the time. They can well afford to work from 6 a. m. till 9:30 p. m. with one hour at noon and 30 minutes after supper, during the rush of the salmon run, Sundays included.

The Chinese crew, which consists of a variety of nationalities, namely: Koreans, Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Mexicans, South Americans, etc., never work so hard during the day, but what you will hear them sing their songs in the evening or play on the guitar, mandolin or accordion. In spite of the strange contrasts they show in manners and customs and speech, they are a jolly crowd, and seem to have a good time. The sailors or fishermen, who are many miles away from home, namely Norway and Sweden, have no trouble in finding Russian sweethearts ashore, and one of the men became so amorous with half a dozen native girls that the school teacher of the village promptly reported the matter to the superintendent, who had the "gay old bird" removed to another fish trap, where his fishing would be for real fish. So that is one phase of cannery life in Alaska. And such is life anywhere, for that matter, where the influence of religion and home training is wanting, and where the same law of human nature prevails. Some of the fishermen remain in Alaska and marry native daughters to "live happily ever after."

The Chinese, from my experience among them, are a remarkable people. They will live and prosper where others would fail. They are splendid gardeners. No sooner landed at the cannery, if ground is available, before



A camp of salmon fishers preparing their seines.

the salmon run begins, when they will prepare soil for an extensive cultivation of onions, radishes, Chinese cabbages, turnips, lettuce and cauliflower. They will also fatten up some two dozen or more good-sized hogs during the summer. They bring the young pigs and a certain amount of pig food in the cannery ship with them in the spring, and get the balance of the pig feed from the table leavings of the various kitchens. They will plant a garden of truck vegetables in the very grounds the pigs were kept in the summer previous, and change the pig pens the summer next, as their system of crop rotation. They will butcher a pork every Saturday. This, along with a good share of steam-cooked rice, morning, noon and night, lots of fresh fried or boiled salmon, or halibut in season, and green vegetables from the garden, this, I say, will keep the Chinese and the rest of the cannery crew in good condition and at comparatively small expense.

I found the Chinese quarters at first extremely interesting. Most every man—and especially the Mexicans, South American Indians, and Japanese, will build himself an inclosure around his bunk so he can lock himself against any intruder. Time and again have I insisted on the unhealthfulness of the system, but all to no avail. It allows poor ventilation. With their scant supply of blankets, they find it cold to sleep on a board bottom in that climate in the early spring. To read by at night they use a candle in that small inclosure. To use kerosene oil in these Chinese quarters would cause danger of fire, which is serious near a cannery, and so kerosene oil in the Chinese quarters is forbidden.

With the small salary he gets a season, which is from \$200 to \$300 clear for six months, the average Chinaman will show more money two months after he lands in Seattle than the average sailor or fisherman, with \$600 for the season, will show two weeks after he lands at Seattle. So if the canneries can employ any amount of Chinese, Mexicans, Japanese, negroes, Filipi-

nos and stranded white men, who cannot or will not get away from booze, and that for \$200 a season with board and lodging, then who would expect the canneries to pay the natives any more wages? As a matter of fact, the Kenai canneries were paying the natives \$2 per day with good board and lodging most of the summer for cannery work.

Another kind of imposition I saw practiced on the canneries at Kenai deserves a mention. Fishermen, and men purporting to be mechanics, will sign a contract with the company at Seattle to stay with the cannery for the season, and will come to Cook's Inlet at the cannery's expense. No sooner landed when they will make the excuse to get away that some of the eggs at breakfast were not just right, and the other food is "abominable." Besides leaving the cannery in the lurch right there and then, they will demand their pay from the time they left Seattle to the minute of fault finding. But there is a law for the cannery as well as for the employees, and the superintendent does not lose his head. They will pack up their blankets, however, and leave for other parts of Alaska to work on the railroad, or go out hunting, and perhaps prospecting. I have seen dozens of these impositions by white men. Half a dozen Mexicans stole out one night, took two doreys belonging to the company, and never returned, after they had come at the expense of the company. This leaves the cannery in a difficulty to get men in time for the rush of the season.

From my observations on the grounds of two canneries I found that fishermen or employees who are inclined toward socialism are the biggest kickers against their employers, when they have only themselves to blame. On one occasion, for instance, when a bricklayer could not find any fault with the food, he took to criticising the kind of tableware served on the dining table. He noticed a chip off of some of the enamelled plates. So he went to the superintendent and showed him the plate. "This plate," said he, "is

not fit for any decent man to eat from." Of course the superintendent had to look wise and serious, and agree with the poor simpleton, in order to cause no friction.

In the course of a canning season in Cook's Inlet, it sometimes happens that fishermen will run no little risk of losing their lives by storms at sea, or by accidents in doreys on account of the tremendous tides. One Sunday evening, in June, a little before sunset, which was about 9:30 p. m, we saw the cannery superintendent and his aid, Captain Rasmussen, going on a dead run towards the wharf, as if for their very lives. All at once we were on the alert as to what was up. As we had occasion to see for ourselves in a few minutes, their running was indeed to save someones' lives. The wind had been blowing a gale all day, and the sea in Cook's Inlet was raging. To use an old figure of speech, "the waves were mountains high." Although in June, and it is daylight all night in that latitude, the sky became as black as ink, the night very dark, and made one feel that the end of the world had come. When we saw those two old salts jump on board a small gasoline tug and make way so quickly, a number of us took on a run through the woods, and made for the beach. Sure enough we saw danger ahead. One of the pile drivers, that was anchored where it had been driving piles all the week for a fish trap, had broken loose from its mooring, and was drifting parallel with the shore, but heading towards a rocky landing. As luck would have it, the Northwest Fisheries across the river, a mile down stream, had one of their large tugboats on hand. No sooner informed of the danger by the Libby superintendent, the big tug got under way at full speed for the scene of danger, the small tug of the Libby, McNeil & Libby Company following. It was a sight to watch the proceedings from the shore, as we sat in the long grass in the woods. Practically every plunge of both tugs would bury them under water, but only to emerge for another dip. After an hour

or more battling with the waves, the big tug finally passed a line to the pile driver and began towing her to a place of safety. All wet through and through by the dashing waves, the various crews reached the Libby wharf at midnight. The moment the pile driver had started adrift, the crew had set to work to raise steam in the engine boiler, and, for an hour or more, the pile driver whistle kept shrieking its loudest call for help before it was finally heard. Had it been in the middle of the night the crew of eight men might have been lost in such a furious sea, and the pile driver would no doubt have been smashed on the rocks—as it has happened.

In conclusion the writer would say there is no place where the fact that capital and labor should work hand in hand is better illustrated than in this fish industry. Without the capitalist, fishermen would have a hard time to travel this far on his own resources, to provide himself with food, shelter, fishing gear and find his own market, to say nothing of seeking medical and surgical aid when necessary. All these things are provided by the canning companies operating in Alaska. They also help to develop the country to some extent. They give work at good wages to thousands of Americans, and to as many natives and Orientals. And they feed and shelter them well. This the writer has seen for himself.

Two of the canneries that feed their men the best in Alaska deserve a mention here, as it is said that a good soldier must travel on his stomach. These are the North West Fisheries and the Libby, McNeil & Libby Co. at Kenai. As the latter are one of the largest and best canners of fruits, vegetables and meats in America, they provide their workmen at Kenai and elsewhere with the same kind of food of their canning product that the royal heads in Europe and the millionaires in America are using. Both companies employ first class cooks.

Besides that, fishermen employed outside the regular crew are supplied with gill nets, fishing gear of all kinds,

and even fishing boats. They are paid this year 30 cents apiece for king salmon and four cents for the red. Notwithstanding the fact these fishermen do not risk one cent of capital and have no risk from fire or storms, which is not the case with the canneries, some fishermen will clear a thousand dollars in the short season of three months from their salmon catch. From what I have seen on the grounds, the capitalists are certainly doing their part in this industry. So the petty jealousies we so often hear expressed by a certain lot of habitual kickers do only harm to the person who looks at labor in that one-sided way. The wages paid

to the regular fishermen of the cannery is a percentage on the number of cases, in addition to a regular salary. The total wages per fishermen would average about \$100 per month clear for six months.

Alaska, therefore, plays no small part in giving to the United States the reputation that its people are the best fed on earth. And when one comes to consider the enormous amount of food fish found in these waters and put up for future use in such a way that, when consumed, it is just as fresh as if it had just been taken from the ocean, then Alaska may well be called the Land of Plenty.

Capturing the Great American Condor

By Gladys Belvie Whitaker

The naturalist of this article is Dr. L. N. Blackledge of Orosi, Tulare County, California. He formerly practiced in the town of Piru, near the region where the adventure took place. Mr. Blackledge has furnished many natural history specimens to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C., and also been field naturalist for some of the large private collections. He vouches for the truth of the Condor descriptions in this article.

A CRAGGY world of sheer black cliff and dark, gloomy canyons lay before them. It was the wreck of a blasted land, split into a thousand jagged pinnacles, and a safe hatching ground for the rarest of birds, which hunts the bleakest, most solitary spots for its nests.

It was a cloudy spring morning of 1902 when the Naturalist's party breakfasted at their camp above the narrows of the Piru river. The Piru

is a rapid stream which rushes through the wilds of Ventura to the mid-southern coast of California. The camp was pitched on an almost inaccessible plateau towering far above the foaming river.

It had taken two days of gruelling, perilous climbing to reach this base, for a raid on the nests of the Condor, the largest of birds on the American continent. And still another thousand feet above them loomed a bulky cliff,

seamed and scarred with the erosion of all the storms since time began.

The party consisted of the Naturalist, two white camp helpers, an Indian, and his fourteen year old daughter, Juanita, and to the little Indian girl belong the chief honors of the expedition. Besides the necessary camp supplies, they were equipped with axes, a portable detachable windlass, and a thousand feet of light cotton rope.

They devoted the first day to searching out a trail to the dizzy ledges above their camp, and Juanita proved true to the best traditions of her race, in the qualities of bravery and stoical impassiveness. Tall for her age, she was lithe as mountain cat, and possessed climbing strength wonderfully developed. Always in the lead, she invariably pointed out the one possible route of ascent. At times she climbed almost perpendicular walls, carrying a rope, which she would make fast to aid the men in the ascent.

After tremendous toil, the party gained the flat crest of the peak on the second day. The rope ladders which had been provided for the unscalable spots, were left in position for the return journey, and nearly four hundred feet of the ropes had been used for this purpose.

"Look you! Look you there!" cried Juanita, breaking a silence which had lasted all morning. She stood with calm, brown, untroubled eyes, leaning outward over the edge of the cliff, with one hand pointing down.

The Naturalist, old climber of a thousand adventures, approached, and peered over the edge more cautiously. One of the white camp men, lying down at full length, took one shuddering look, and crawled backwards from the dizzy view. Juanita, with arm outstretched over the drop of a thousand feet, retained her upright position.

Nearly five hundred feet below them a full-sized Condor, afterwards identified as the female, disappeared into a wind cave, by the side of a terraced projection of the rock.

The Naturalist's eyes glistened; though he had hunted, trapped and

taken all kinds of wild animals, and collected rare and venomous snakes, this was his first Condor hunt.

"Me go down and see nest," announced Juanita briefly. The Naturalist turned to her father, for it seemed a deadly dangerous business.

"Juanita, the best; no Indian climb like her," he said proudly.

The preparations for the descent were begun at once. Steel bars, four feet in length, were driven into the soft sandstone, and the windlass firmly secured, with the roller projecting over the edge, to prevent the rope from wearing through. A rope sling, holding a grooved seat, through which the ropes passed, was placed in position.

A half gale of wind, coming in from the Pacific, now blew across the face of the cliff, but without hesitation Juanita took her seat, carrying a stout stick to fend herself off the cliff. Also, she carried in her belt a five-cartridge revolver and a hunting knife for defensive purposes.

The two helpers manned the windlass, while Juanita's father held the improvised brake, powerful enough to hold, if the helpers should let go the handles. The Naturalist, his nerves steeled by the chance of success, now stood upon the edge of the precipice to act as signal man. So the descent began.

Several tense minutes passed, for in places the angle of the cliff made it impossible for Juanita to reach the rock with her stick, and at such times she could not keep herself from turning steadily around. Fortunately, after the first two hundred feet, the cliff seemed to be almost perpendicular.

Steadily unwinding, she was lowered safely, until all the rope had been paid out, and the naturalist thought the expedition must fail, for the terraced rock by the nest projected out fully fifty feet below the Indian girl. But Juanita had lived her fourteen years of life in such country as this; and her father had said no Indian could climb like her.

The Naturalist saw her leave the seat and continue slowly down, cling-

ing by hand and toe to the cracks in the rock surface. After deep suspense, a faint yell of triumph floated up. She had located the entrance.

The giant bird, frightened at the human voice, flew heavily to a ledge of rock some two hundred yards across the canyon, where it very calmly watched the subsequent proceedings. Juanita entered the cave, but returned in a few minutes and commenced to climb up to her seat. She reached it safely and signaled to be drawn up. The ascent was accomplished quickly, and the Naturalist learned that the cave nest was a cavity about ten feet in depth, and that it contained but one egg.

This was good news, but as the party was organized to catch a live Condor, he resolved to wait patiently until the bird was hatched and in condition to be moved alive. They returned to their camp for the night, and reached the lowlands late on the following day.

During the next six weeks, the nest was revisited three times, before the Naturalist decided that the young Condor was developed enough to permit its safe removal. But they took longer ropes to keep Juanita from climbing, with a five hundred foot gulf yawning below her. The parent bird always flew away and watched the operations without attempting to offer fight.

The Naturalist kept the baby Condor until it reached the age of three months, when it had attained the weight of eighteen pounds. At first he fed it upon tainted scraps of meat, but experiments proved that it preferred good meat, when given a choice.

Before its wings were feathered, the odd youngster devoted many hours in the flapping exercise so often observed in adult birds.

The young Condor was sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, and the Naturalist showed the scien-

tific spirit, by merely charging the nominal fee of one hundred dollars, which barely covered expenses. As late as five years ago the bird was still alive, though the officials reported that it was crippled, having broken one of its wings.

Five years later, the Naturalist captured a young feathered Condor on Hopper Creek, which lies in the same district; this was also sent to the Smithsonian Institute. Six nests were visited in all. Each nest was hidden in perpendicular cliffs in almost inaccessible districts, and could only be reached from above by means of ropes. On one of these visits, an egg was procured which went into a private collection, for thirty-five dollars. This egg has since been quoted at three hundred dollars. The Condor is approaching extinction.

The great American Condor formerly roamed from Mexico to the wild coast of Oregon, between the coast range and the ocean, but in the last twenty years has not been reported outside of the Ventura region in California. Specimens have been captured with a wing spread of nearly fifteen feet.

There have been many legendary accounts published of perilous combats with this giant of the air, in which it used beak and claws ferociously, but such adventures are pure fiction, though they appear occasionally in the best magazines. *The Condor possesses neither beak nor claws.* This is a truth known to all good naturalists, and it is strange that the narrators of these heroic tales have not yet been branded as Nature Fakirs.

The Naturalist of this article, in years of Condor hunting, has never seen a bird of the species show fight. The plain truth is, Nature provided the Condor with a straight bill and a clawless foot, almost the exact counterpart of the turkey buzzard of the plains.

“Stick to It, Lads”

By D. A. Davidson

IT WAS on one of these Harvest Excursions that we found our way out to the West. Our homes were down by the Atlantic, but as we had heard and read so much about the vast and bountiful wheat fields of the prairie country, we longed to look upon them in reality.

We were only a couple of days in the town, where we bought our tickets for, when we engaged with two old farmers, who were neighbors, to work for them until freezing up time. As we were willing workers, our employers soon took an interest in us, and we consequently got along well together.

One day our employers suggested that we take up homesteads, as some land was available about 20 miles away. A few days afterwards they drove us over to the locality where these homesteads were. After looking around for some time, we found two adjoining upon which were remnants of sod buildings. These we filed upon, and our employers were good enough to allow us to go and fix up the sod buildings to make them habitable for the winter, as we had to remain on the land six months in each year, in order to prove up our claims. My friend decided to batch it with me, and we would thus not only be company for each other, but would economize in the saving of fuel, as well. When threshing was over, these farmers furnished us with horses and outfits to enable us to get in our winter supplies, and if we wished to look after the horses we could have the use of them until the following spring. This offer we readily accepted. We also purchased from them two pigs, which they said would add heat to the sod

stable and help to keep the horses warm.

Twice a week we went to the wood country, which was several miles off, to get wood. As mostly all the dry wood had been gathered by other settlers, we were obliged to take a good deal of green poplar that was left. The weather finally turned bitterly cold, and we were therefore obliged to abandon the wood hauling.

My sod shack that we were to live in for the winter was about 10 by 10 feet on the inside; contained a board floor; home-made bunk that two could nicely sandwich into, underneath which we stored our vegetables and provisions; a small cook stove; small table, a couple of boxes for shelves and two small boxes for seats. There was one light of glass, 10x12 inches, for a window. The pole rafters that held up the sod roof acted as our wardrobe by driving nails into them here and there, to hang our clothes on, and incidentally pots and pans on.

We had nothing to do now only to look after the care of our horses, cut fire wood and cook our meals, so that time passed slowly away.

The cold was now getting intense, and our sod shack was plainly showing signs of it, as it assumed a white coat of frost over the inside of the walls, no matter how we fired up. In the mornings the temperature would be much the same as that outside; our vegetables became frozen, and everything else that could freeze would be frozen when morning came, as our fire would go out during the night. Our dry wood was fast being consumed, and although we tried to save it all that we could by mixing in some green with it, it was soon exhausted, and then we

were left to the mercy of the green wood alone, which smouldered and smoked, and threw out but little heat. Tired of hugging the stove with one side comfortably warm and the outer side freezing, we agreed that I go to town and secure a load of coal. I started for town the next morning. The trails were broken and in very good shape, so that I reached town in good time, only to find that there was no coal to be had in the place. Some cars were expected in the next morning, so I was obliged to stay over and await their arrival. A number of others were also waiting for coal, and this number was being augmented hourly, so that when night came the stopping place was filled to its capacity. Some told stories, some sang songs, while others related their pioneer experiences, and thus the fore part of the night passed away pleasantly. The coal did not arrive, however, the next morning, but about 2 p. m. the train carrying same hove in sight. An hour later I had the quantity allotted to me. This train was also to bring supplies for the one store that was established in the town, but no supplies were on board. As we wanted meat, flour and groceries, I did not know what to do, so returning again to the merchant I succeeded in getting from him a half sack of flour, a pound of tea and a can of syrup. Butter, sugar, meat and lard there was absolutely none to be had, so I had to start home without them. When I was a short way on the trail, darkness overtook me, and now lay before me a lonely journey of about 20 miles, with the thermometer some 40 degrees below zero. As I journeyed along I was frequently aroused by the yelping or barking of the prairie wolves. They did not concern me in the least, as I was now too well accustomed to their cries. There was no moon, and the night was dark. There seemed to be a dark wall surrounding me on all sides, which reminded me of a tall forest of trees. Hour after hour passed by, and from the landmarks I began to realize that I would soon be

home. Another half hour brought me to my door. After the horses had been attended to, and a coal fire had made the shack more comfortable than it had been for weeks before, I acquainted my friend of the misfortune at not being able to secure the provisions we required. As we had no butter, lard or meat, we decided that something had to be done, so agreed to kill a pig, and that without delay. After mustering together all the pots and pans that we could get upon the stove, we set to work thawing snow, as our shallow well had frozen to the bottom, to get hot water to do the scalding with. When the water was hot we soon dispatched one of the pigs, which we dragged into the shack, where the boiling water was applied to remove the hair. This wasn't a success at all, for when all the hot water was exhausted, the hair was stuck there just as firm as ever, and it looked as though we might be thawing snow and scalding hog for the next fortnight without any very good results. We thought of skinning it, but as the water we used was fast beginning to freeze on the floor, we had to abandon that idea, and set to work at once removing the entrails or pork, entrails and all would be one frozen body. We succeeded fairly well at this job, and as we were hungry decided to have some fresh fried pork, and in a few minutes the pan filled with meat was on the hot stove. After satisfying ourselves with all the pork and such other stuff as we had to go with it, we were at a loss to know where we should put our pork. If we put it outside, the wolves would have it in short order, and where it lay it was decidedly in our way. As our appetites were satisfied and we were feeling in better humor, we let the porker stay where it lay, and we turned in to have a good sleep after a long day and eventful night.

When we awoke it was well into the forenoon, and the atmosphere within was bitterly cold. One glance at the floor certainly told that some tragedy had taken place. The balance of the

day was spent cleaning up the shack; the carcase of the pig we managed to tuck underneath the bunk. Things soon settled to normal again. One day a settler called to see if we would give him a hand at helping to kill and dress a pig, but as the weather was still cold he was at a loss to know how he could get the hair off, as the water would soon cool in the open. We told him of our scheme of bringing it into the shack, but omitted to tell our failure at not getting the hair removed. This appealed to him and likewise to everyone else who were similarly situated, and for years this method of dressing hogs in this neighborhood was resorted to.

The remainder of the winter passed with but little change. We secured work with the same farmers for the coming spring, but before going to work killed the remaining pig, salted the carcase down and locked it in our shack for future use.

As we required some breaking done to comply with our homestead duties, we were on the lookout for some one to do it, and do it cheap. Finally a party who heard about it came to us and made such a reasonable proposition that we could not help accepting it. He had just arrived from the States and had brought his stock with him. He had taken up a homestead close to ours and wanted the use of our buildings, and as his ready cash amounted to 35 cents, we let him help himself to our pork barrel and to any other stuff that was about the place that he could make use of. We came over the following Sunday to see how he was getting along. He was right on the job and going fast with an outfit that consisted of two mules, which he had hitched in the lead, and two bronchos, all attached to a walking plow. He was a tall, lean man, whose usual stride was about equal to two of the average man's, and he was making the outfit travel to keep out of his way. He had provided himself with a long willow, to the end of which he had attached considerable length of barbed wire, so that he could reach

the mules' ears with it when they showed symptoms of slackening their speed. As we watched him make a round, we began to realize why he could cut prices if he could but continue the clip he was going at. I never saw sod turn over so fast from a plowshare as I saw it turn from his. We asked him if he didn't know it was Sunday. He said he didn't have time to reckon up the days of the week; he would do that in spare time, but he hadn't any of that on hand just now. However, his outfit went through with the work ahead of contract time.

We put in the spring and summer working for the two same farmers. When the season's work was over, we returned to our shacks, to find them in a very dilapidated condition; the gophers had bored them full of holes, and from the inside they looked as though a quick-firer had been at them from all sides. A few days fixing up and we were satisfied that they were in as good shape as they were the previous fall. We were again favored with horses by the same farmers who also furnished us with seed for our breaking. We got the man with the mules and bronchos to do the seeding for us, and to do more breaking, so that everything was going along as well as it could be expected. When fall came we found ourselves with a nice quantity of grain of our breaking. This was more encouraging, and with double the amount of acreage to seed the next year and plenty of seed to do it with, we were beginning to feel as though we were making some progress.

The winter passed a little more pleasantly, as quite a number of settlers had come in, and an odd party was given and an occasional concert or fowl supper at a school house that had been established 7 or 8 miles away. The next spring we went to work again. We got our seeding done as before, and more breaking done. About the middle of July, as our work was slack, we came home to do what we could about our places. Our crops were looking fine, and every prospect of a

heavy yield. The weather was extremely hot, but we had plenty of rain up to now, so that the crops wanted warm weather. We were digging and hauling the few stones we could find on my place when we noticed a small white cloud in the sky. It looked strange to us, as we had never seen a cloud of this color before. The atmosphere was extremely sultry and oppressive, with hardly a breath of wind. Presently we heard something like distant thunder, which we soon realized was the real thing, and at every peel it became more distinct, and seemed coming nearer. The horses became fidgety and wanted to get away; in a few minutes we were on our way for the stable, as we could tell by the almost continuous peels of thunder that there was a storm coming, and coming fast. Lightning flashes were appearing from different parts of an enormous black cloud that arose in the southwest and seemed to widen as it ascended until it threatened to form a canopy over the whole earth. The peeling of the thunder and the flashing of the lightning were now almost continuous; the air became cold and squally, blowing in gusts first in one direction and then in another, until finally in the distance we could hear thumping like the stamping of thousands of animals' hoofs, in a stampede. Neither of us had seen a genuine hail storm, but we were soon to witness something that surpassed anything that we ever imagined might take place. With a violent gust of wind and rain the storm broke upon us. We got under cover of our sod shack as quickly as we could, but with the first downfall of the hail, or rather heavy pieces of ice, like broken icicles, our shack was but a frail protection. The larger pieces of ice went through the sod roof as though it was paper, and brought down sod and earth galore on top of us. Our only safe place was under the bunk, and under it we went in a hurry. Will I ever forget these few minutes of imprisonment; imagine to yourself the row that was going on in our little shack as the pieces of ice

knocked our pots and pans about, and what condition the place was in with water, ice and mud. The storm lasted but a few minutes, but it seemed much longer than that to us, crowded underneath the bunk into very small quarters. As soon as it was over we crawled out to find several inches of water, ice and mud on the floor. We ran for the stable to see how our horses had fared. They were in a deplorable looking state, as the sod roof was knocked in on top of them and they were as frightened as scared cats. We were afraid to look at our crops, but face it we must, so we went to each of our fields where the grain but a few minutes before looked so promising. So violent had been the storm that the hail and ice had almost totally buried the straw into the earth. What were we to do now, our sod shacks knocked to pieces, our crops ruined, what little provisions we had destroyed, our clothing and bedding soaked with water, no place to sleep, nothing to eat and very little money. What were we to do, we asked of each other. We were twenty miles from the farmers we had worked for; we must go and see them; were they hailed as well as we; these were questions we asked ourselves. To put in another winter in our shack, and in the meantime work hard and earn money to keep us and buy seed grain and feed, pay for our seeding and run the risk of being hailed out the next year, this was too much. We thought of all the money we had earned and which was sunk in these properties, which now lay desolate: the miserable winters we put in, in the shack, while we might have been earning money and enjoying ourselves. Why should we endure further hardships and take any further chances. I suggested that we pack all our belongings into the wagon, and set out for our farmer friends at once. Inside of an hour we were all packed and on our way with empty stomachs and clad in wet clothing. The trails were wet and ice was plentiful in the low spots; scores of ducks lay dead upon the sloughs, as we passed them.

having been killed by the ice and hail. Presently the sun began to appear, and as our clothing became dry, our hearts seemed to lighten. We conversed but little as each knew the other's thoughts and feelings. As we neared the homes of the farmers, we noticed that but little hail had fallen, until we finally lost track of its wake. Darkness came on before we reached our destination, but from the sound of the horses' hoofs we could tell that no rain or hail had fallen in these parts. Upon our arrival we related our misfortune to our friends, who sincerely sympathized in our losses.

We told them what we intended doing; abandoning our homesteads, selling our few belongings and going out to work. The old farmers listened without saying a word until we were through. With a laugh, the one old man said: "Is that all the sand you lads have in you? Why, I have been hailed out, frozen out, dried out and sheriffed out, and if I hadn't stuck to it through all that, do you think I would have this section and a half of land, with these buildings and all the stock I have, clear of debt, and money to the good, if I hadn't stuck it." "Yes," rejoined the other farmer, "and where would I have been had I not stuck it? I went through hardships equally as many as those of my neighbor, but now I am independent. You lads are worried and feeling bad to-night: go to your beds and to-morrow morning we will have a chat."

Morning came, and with it the sad

reflections of the previous day. After breakfast the farmers got us together. One opened the conversation by asking us if we felt any the worse for our ice-cold bath, and so on, to see what humor we were in. When they had jollied us for a time, one said: "Well, boys, we have decided to fix you up to a good start. Take two outfits with you; take all the feed you require for them and provisions for yourselves; lumber to put roof on your sod shacks, and go and plow all the land that you had seeded to grain, and which has been hailed out, and we will see you through for seed next spring and such other necessities you may require to keep you going until next fall, when you get your crop off, or until you do get a crop off your land, that is, provided you 'Stick it, lads, stick it!'"

To refuse so kind an offer as this we could not, so the next day we returned to our homesteads with the outfit and supplies. We fixed up our shacks, done the plowing and were back to the farmers' homes within a fortnight.

The three following years were most favorable to us. At the end of that time we had gathered a nice bunch of stock about us, had good buildings, telephone connection, a railroad had been built close to our land and a station and town had been established within a short distance from us. Our lot was then a happy one, but would such have been the case had it not been for the advice of these old farmers who said: "Stick it, lads; stick it."

HOW STRANGE

How strange that we, perambulating dust,
Should be the vessels of eternal fire,
That such unfading passion of desire
Should be within our fading bodies thrust.

ABU'L-ALA.

The Coupling

By Homer Eon Flint

WHEN the general manager's special pulled in that morning I would have given it little attention, ordinarily; the general manager was always running here and there unexpectedly, just to keep the boys on the look-out. But when I noticed that the brakeman limped painfully as he stepped from the coach I instantly sensed a story.

"You should never forget," the city editor had told me the first day, "about the cub reporter who was sent to cover an Italian convention. He returned an hour later, looking discouraged. The editor waited awhile, then asked him for the story.

"'Wasn't any story,' the cub replied glumly.

"The editor looked incredulous, and the boy explained: 'Well, everybody was there, and the convention was just ready to open, when something happened that stopped it all.' He hesitated, and the boss asked for more.

"'Oh, the Black Hand again. The place was blown up.'"

So I had gotten into the habit of prying into almost any little out of the way incident, and frequently uncovered peculiar motives, queer characters and astonishing sequels. Sometimes the story would prove tragic, sometimes humorous; almost always it was dramatic. In this particular case I had to call on a score of people and use up two days, together with half a foot of scrip, before I got all the facts. Here goes to piece them together:

It isn't likely that you remember Pete Tyler's case. He was sent up fifteen years ago for a little peculiarity in the way he conducted freight business. It seems he had a delightful habit of inducing certain shippers

to report losses that never occurred; then, when the claim was adjusted. Pete would split even with said shippers. Morgan, who is now the general manager, was then assistant to the claim agent; he guessed the truth, and was the moving cause of Pete's giving up railroading to make a first-hand investigation of prison conditions. Pete never liked to have things forced on him. He decided to retaliate when able.

Also, it was about this time that Mrs. Darby took special notice of the twins. Eddie and Eva, aged eight, not only resembled one another strongly, but their dispositions were almost identical. People were always saying: "What a gentle boy Eddy is!" and: "Isn't Eva the cute little tomboy?" Of course, it was largely due to their being brought up together, but that is not what interested Mrs. Darby.

For instance, Eva might, in a burst of affection, arouse the cat's emotions by some such personal touch as lifting it bodily via its tail. If the cat should acknowledge same by caressingly imbedding its claws in Eva's epidermis, it would make no difference where Eddie happened to be at the time—he'd know it. Each was extremely sensitive to anything unusual which befell the other, whether it was painful or pleasurable. Mrs. Darby often kept tab on either invisible twin by simply watching the one which happened to be in sight.

Now we can better understand the events of recent years. Just previous to the incident of the limping brakeman, Eddie Darby had worked his way to Red Butte station. He had the day trick. It was really a lonesome little place, because the town itself was lo-

cated half a mile away, on the county road. When the C. & C. built its line, it went to considerable expense to cut in through the village; but Eddie's company, the N. S., still held the traffic because of its transcontinental connections.

Eva had finished Normal some time before, and because of her father's friendship with Morgan, had been taken into his home as governess for his three boys. She still retained her vigorous love of strenuous fun, and was beloved by her charges and their parents.

As for Pete Tyler his term was nearly over, thanks to good behavior. But he had the poor judgment to let one of the guards see how much he, Pete, despised him, the guard. With the result that a charge was trumped up against Pete and an additional six months added to his visit there. Having grown tired of the cooking and scenery, Pete decided to leave the place; and while I was refused any details as to how he managed the thing, I gathered that it was based on the weakness of a certain guard, a different one, for certain objects of value which Pete was pining to present him with.

I learned that Pete traveled many miles away from the prison, disguised as a sack of potatoes, without the knowledge of the man who drove the wagon. That is, the driver knew nothing of Pete until he came to his senses. Evidently Pete had ripped open the sack, slugged the driver from behind, changed clothes with him, and deposited him by the wayside. Then Pete had driven blithely on to a station and seen the potatoes safely shipped, after which he vanished. Having had so much company forced on him of recent years, you understand, he just yearned for solitude. But he remembered Morgan.

Morgan had a difficult problem on hand. You know that Western banks have a big demand for gold coins, while those in the East handle little but paper. However, tourists to both sections bring money of the kind current

at home; and ever so often East and West find it necessary to exchange paper for gold. These shipments do not run into sums large enough to warrant a newspaper splurge, and a specially guarded train; but a few hundred thousand dollars is enough to engage the interest of certain gentlemen of Pete's disposition. They have their own ideas as to how such wealth should be distributed.

So Morgan, who had dealt with similar problems before, decided to ship the paper by freight. That is, he allowed this to become known to a small but select group. On the other hand, he made arrangements for the cash to proceed in the superintendent's car, attached to Eighty-six; and he confided these arrangements reluctantly to a still smaller and still more select group. Nevertheless, he finally decided to take the shipment with him in his own one-coach train; and to cover the matter thoroughly, took his family with him for the trip.

Prison life is apt to make a keen man's wits razor like. Pete Tyler knew something about these shipments by previous experience; he also knew how to get under the wings of "those outside." He hid with these folks for several weeks, long enough to get rid of certain traits and aspects which the last fifteen years had given him. As soon as he felt that he could pass for a different man, he again interested himself in railroading.

Not that he slunk around the yards, avoiding observation. He knew better now. It was a kindly old gentleman, accompanied by a dear little boy, who wandered around the trains nearly every day and admired the choo-choos, and incidentally learned a lot on the side. Nobody suspected that the old codger was Pete, nor that the cute little tad was 'Frisco Fannie's devilishly clever daughter.

That is, nobody but the detectives, who suspect everybody on general principles. One of them, whose name I had best withhold, made it a point to take special notice of those who look lease like criminals. It was his creed,

his sole method. It often led to embarrassment, but occasionally it worked.

One evening Pete reported to the bunch: "Morgan let it out that he was goin' to send her by freight." Each seemed to know what "her" meant. 'Frisco Fanny sniffed disparagingly.

"Which means, o' course that she goes some other way," she deduced. Pete's suspicions needed no further confirmation, however; he nosed around even more innocently the next morning, with the result that he got wind of the second plan and came to suspect a third. Somehow he credited Morgan with uncommon sagacity, nearly equal to his own.

As a result, his friends, with the exception of Fannie, who wasn't much on the rough stuff, took up a secluded position in a desolate spot far down the line, about half way from Morgan's headquarters to our city. They were in wire communication with Pete, and provided with means to stop any train. They judged that mere signals would not touch the engineer in this case; also the track would be inspected a few minutes before the train passed. Perhaps it would be a track-walker, maybe a bridge inspector, possibly a leading train. No matter: the track would be tested, they knew. In short, it was a case for dynamite.

When Morgan and his family boarded the train, the astute Pete, who knew better than to look for any open shipment of plainly labeled money, decided that the folks were rather more excited about taking the trip than a railroader's family should be. Pete especially observed the oldest boy's painfully restrained manner as he handed the porter an ordinary tan suitcase. Too ordinary, thought Pete. Far too ordinary for the general manager. Next minute he was consulting with his friends at the desolate spot down the line. Morgan's special unostentatiously pulled out.

"I'm going to take a chance." suddenly remarked that nameless detective with a single creed, to nobody in particular, and strode out of the gen-

eral manager's office, down the stairs and onto the platform. The innocent elderly gentleman with the dear little one was chuckling at the child's delight over the pranks of a cute old switch engine, when this disgusting detective sauntered up, touched Pete on the sleeve, and said:

"Come with me!" Pete decided that it was neither an invitation nor a suggestion, but unpleasantly like a command; yet, relying upon his make-up, he acquiesced with a beaming face, as though he was eager for some new adventure.

He got it. Once secluded in the office, he was unceremoniously scrutinized from head to foot, with the result that many discolorations, configurations, moles, warts and the like were located, enough to identify Pete pretty thoroughly. They looked into records for several years past, and within ten minutes knew exactly who Pete was. And they guessed pretty easily why he was there. These few men knew Morgan's secret.

Pete declined to talk. Knowledge is power, he reflected, as they tried their best to find out how much he knew. However, he knew they were likely to lock him up as a safety first measure; and when one of the detectives carelessly turned his back on the apparently helpless old fellow, Pete Tyler swiftly jerked the man's automatic from his hip, and at the same time leaped to his feet.

"Hands up!" he requested savagely. He paused only long enough to see that all had complied, then backed carefully to the door. Opening it with his free hand, he remarked that he would probably drill anybody who aspired to follow him. Next second a clerk grappled with him from behind; there was a brief struggle, and a sharp report. The clerk let go of the ex-convict's wrist as Pete crumpled up limply and slid to the floor, gasping.

"Through the lungs," explained a detective a few moments later. The doctor glanced at the spot where the wicked hollow-joint bullet had come out. It was a fearful hole. The doc-

tor daubed some cotton on Pete's lips and frowned judiciously.

"He'll last about half an hour," he figured. Everybody involuntarily glanced at the clock. Then they started in horror as the dying man raised up on his elbow and laughed, a dreadful croaking laugh that brought a fresh flow of blood to his lips.

"That's—plenty—long—enough," he muttered, and dropped back, a little mocking smile on his pain-drawn face. They bombarded him with questions, and this time he answered freely. Especially about Morgan and the dynamite. He seemed to take great delight in associating the two ideas.

The chief despatcher told them what Pete already knew. Morgan's special had just left Red Butte, and there was no other station between there and the place where Pete's hidden friends were waiting.

It had been a pleasant meeting at Red Butte. "You must come and see us on your first day off," the general manager himself had said to Eddie. The boy longed for a change to the general manager's office with its better prospects of advancement; perhaps this would lead to something! He kissed Eva boisterously as the train moved on, and hopped off feeling like a king.

"Morgan has orders to pass One on Siding Ten," muttered the chief despatcher hopefully, as he rushed a call to Banning, the next station beyond Red Butte. But One, usually a little late, had passed Banning five minutes before. There was absolutely no way to reach the endangered train in the usual way.

Next they 'phoned up and down the right of way for a convenient farmhouse. As luck would have it, the only rancher who was near enough to the line to flag the train did not answer. And there were no available aeroplanes.

With some vague idea that the C. & C., the rival line, might have a station that could act, the despatcher examined a map of the parallel road. He found no station, but discovered some-

thing else that sent him flying to his table with an inspiration. He called Eddie.

"Take Speeder; hurry to bridge over C. & C. line, transfer speeder to that and go through their tunnel." He had seen that the newer line ran under the hills which, at that moment, Morgan's special was laboriously climbing. It was a shorter route.

"Proceed to their bridge over our line, drop down to that and try overtake Morgan at Siding Ten. Life and death." The despatcher got Eddie's swift O. K., glanced at the clock and his sheets, and shook his head dubiously.

"It's up to Him, now," he said; and somehow they all understood that he didn't mean Eddie.

Within two minutes Eddie was under way. I need not remark that the people in the special were as ignorant of their danger as the Kaiser. But the man who was breathing his life out, there on the floor of Morgan's office, kept glancing at the clock now and then, kept smiling at the detectives with that sure, mocking smile.

"Too late," he muttered, once, then closed his mouth firmly, resolved to save his strength until the end. He would not cheat himself of his triumph. But he did let his eyes gleam, and his mouth sneer.

"Damn you!" the nameless detective burst out, wildly; then, ashamed, brought Pete a glass of water. Pete refused it.

When Eddie's speeder reached the cross-over, he brought the machine to an abrupt stop and tugged it quickly to the edge of the embankment. He had all he could do to prevent its being smashed on the ballast below, but that "life and death" gave him double strength. He jerked the wheels onto the C. & C. rails and started off with a rush. In less than half a mile he reached the tunnel.

Had Eddie known that he was going to encounter the freight, he would have gone just the same. But the despatcher did not think to look that up until after he had sent Eddie on his flight;

and when he learned definitely that Eddie must meet that train in the tunnel, he nearly went crazy. They had all they could do to hold him in the chair.

But he under-estimated Eddie, whose peculiarly gentle disposition had made him unusually thoughtful. The instant he saw the yellow gleam of the light ahead, he remembered that the train was coming down-grade. With one motion he stopped his engine and threw on the brake; he even dragged one foot. He toppled the speeder bodily over to one side and leaped after it, not one second too soon.

They stopped the freight, on seeing him, but he was back on the rails as soon as the caboose passed; and not waiting to answer their shouts, on he flew towards daylight. He breathed easier as he reflected that he would not have to dodge another.

As he made the second transfer, back to the N. S. line, he recalled that Morgan would have to pass One on Siding Ten. Also, he knew that Eighty-six, on whose time Morgan was also running (Eighty-six was the pathfinder, you see) would be on the same siding with Morgan. Moreover, One was generally late. There must be some slight delay, he argued to himself, as he studied his watch. There was a chance.

And while Pete went on smiling that mocking, sneering smile, and Morgan and his wife watched Eva and the boys uproariously combining play and study, four of the most desperate men out of prison waited for Eighty-six to pass, so that they could run out and place a certain parcel in that cut, and dash back into hiding again. And Eddie Darby made the most of the down-grade, narrowly escaping capsizing at every curve.

Morgan was mildly surprised when One flashed past the siding on time. It was unusual, indeed. But Eighty-six promptly pulled out; and waiting only until the five minutes were up, on went Morgan's train right on schedule.

And Eddie, chancing everything on

One's lateness, thought he had several minutes to spare. He rejoiced in his speed; and then whizzing around a curve in a deep cut, he saw One dead ahead.

The shriek of her brakes was ringing in his ears as he jumped, a fifth of a second before the pilot tossed his speeder fifty feet to the right. As Eddie crashed against the bank, his shoulder blade snapped like kindling; and next second agony was blotted out in darkness.

At that instant Eva Darby, starting to her feet, cried out in pain and clasped her shoulder spasmodically. The Morgans turned to her in alarm, to find her blinking confusedly. Then she cried wildly:

"Something terrible has happened to Eddie!"

Morgan already knew something of the twins. He saw that this was an extraordinary case; and with his precious cargo always in mind, naturally he connected the two at once.

It scarcely needed Eva's anxiety to prompt what the general manager did next. He stopped the train, ordered out the emergency relay, passed guns to the crew, and as soon as the brakeman had swarmed up a pole and connected with the wire, called headquarters without delay.

"Thank ——!" The despatcher could not finish, but sobbed like a child as he shakily sent the general manager the story of what he had escaped. When the news reached the detectives, Pete was still alive, looking up expectantly with that same little twist to his lips.

Somehow they hated to tell him that he had failed. And then, while they looked at one another and hesitated Pete gave a deep sigh, and died.

Well, that is why a quartet of gentlemen watched Eighty-six go past, placed their contribution on the track and then waited and waited, wondering why the special didn't come. They waited a little too long; the sheriff and some other fellows stopped their auto a little later and argued with them, quietly.

I hear that Eddie goes into the general manager's office as soon as he gets out of the hospital.

Oh, yes; the brakeman sprained his foot, sliding down that pole. That's how I found out, you know.

THANATOS

I stood upon a rocky promontory and heard the sea
Tell in its solemn monotone its story of grief to me;
And ever and anon the affluent surges, with muffled roar,
Seemed groaning like Creation's funeral dirges upon the shore.
And as I listened with my soul a-sighing, it seemed to me
I heard the untold throngs in anguish crying their pain to me.
And from this symphony of sorrow--stealing to higher float,
Anon a solo o'er the chorus pealing—a single note.
High over all I heard an anguish dinning that chilled my heart,
That universal groan, with its beginning Creation's start;
And all that consummate Edenic passion rolled over me
Like bodies of great waters in the fashion of stormy sea.
I heard the prophetess her notes high swelling, bereft of joy,
Weep o'er each palace, tower and wall and dwelling of Priam's
Troy.

A voice in Ramola, that of Rachel, weeping her heavy lot
Because of death among her children reaping, and they were
not.

I heard, nor did the tone from others vary, or sorrow cheat,
The ploughman who once sang of Highland Mary in accents
sweet.

And he of Cambridge who got as his guerdon the brow of care.
Sing of the Midnight Bridge and of the burden he could not
bear.

And he who sang as if he e'er was covered by deepest pall,
As if his joyous mem'ries ceas'd and hovered round Locksley
Hall;

Yet sing his lifelike shades of evening falling, the one faint star,
And the clear accents of his pilot calling across the bar.
And as I listened to old Ocean's wailing of sorrow's rhyme,
The pride of life, the joy of life seemed failing. I said to Time,
If God is Love, why this unending sorrow? If God is Peace.
Comes there to man no joyous, glad to-morrow when death shall
cease?

Read me the riddle—give a soothing lotion—the mystery speak!
What was it: tears, or just the spray of ocean that wet my cheek.
And then a chorus like an inundation, the solos still
From every European tribe and nation, from vale and hill.
And as I staggered at the mournful clangor, and strove to pray,
I seemed enthralled, encompassed by death's languor, and
swooned away.

Finding the Kernel

By Max Wayne Emeryle

MISS MOLLIE was fat and forty. She had taught school till she got jolly well ready to stop, then she retired from the principalship of a high school to the seclusion of a bungalow overlooking Puget Sound. There she went on with her writing, the side line which had interested her for so many years.

"Can't teach all day and write at night. It simply can't be done!" she used to say, but there were Saturdays and vacations, and she really did have a good start, you know, or she would never have dared to quit her job with only five hundred in the bank. Still, that would run her bungalow nicely for a year, and she had life certificates in three States. She could go back to teaching if it didn't pan out.

Miss Mollie put down her book and yawned. Having no clock to wind and no cat to put out, she merely switched off the light and pattered up to bed. Miss Mollie never locked up, and she didn't believe in peeping into the closet or looking under the bed. She had dabbled a little in a lot of "isms," and believed implicitly in the power of suggestion. Moreover, she wasn't afraid of anything on earth. She used to say there isn't anything in the world so dangerous as a gang of bad boys, and the only way to outwit them is to keep cool. And believe me, Miss Mollie had had her troubles with gangs.

"The Nest" was a square room built on top of the woodhouse, all windows on three sides and flooded just then with moonlight. Her big writing desk loomed up black in one corner, but the typewriter on the stand near by caught the full rays of the moon and glittered back. Miss Mollie brushed out her scanty hair, slipped into a nightie and

stretched out to pleasant dreams. Her couch headed due north, and just came up to the window sills. But Miss Mollie was a splendid sleeper, and she was off before she had time to revel in the beauty of an incoming tide and snow-capped mountains in the distance.

Suddenly the snoring ceased and she opened her eyes. She could *feel* that some one was near her. A board creaked on the stairs outside. Slowly the door swung open and a man entered the room, a slight, wirey-looking man who wore a black mask and clutched a revolver.

"Good evening, Sir," Miss Mollie had a wonderfully full, rich voice.

"Sh-sh—" hissed the mask. "Just keep still, old lady, and you will not be hurt."

"Oh, don't be scared. There is nobody in the house but myself." She switched on the reading lamp at the head of her bed and sat up.

"That will do for you!" the deep bass voice warned, and the revolver pointed her way. "Up with your hands."

"Can't I lie down and stretch them up over my head?" she snuggled under the covers. "I would take influenza if I had to sit here till you found a fortune in *this* room. I presume it is money you are after."

"And it's money I am going to get. Here, bark up. Where do you keep it?"

"In my strong box, of course. If I give you minute directions will you hurry and go? You broke right into the middle of my dream. Rather inconsiderate, don't you think? Why, we had just wandered away from the rest of the picnic party and were carving our initials on the big maple by the

spring. He was telling about an ad. in the Times, calling for five hundred blue roses at a dollar apiece, and I'm dying to know what they wanted with them."

He turned from her in disgust, and began to tumble the papers about on the big desk.

"Here!" There was command in her voice that made him jump. "Don't mess up my papers. Can't you see I just straightened them out yesterday? Go over to that window seat in the corner and lift up the lid. That's right, put the sofa cushions on that chair. Now scratch down in the back right-hand corner—under the blankets and quilts—clear down to the bottom, and you will find——"

"Hands up!" the command rang out sharp and clear, and Miss Mollie stood in the middle of the room, her mouth square across and a shiny pistol covering the man.

"Back over there and take that rocking chair," she ordered. "Guess I'll trade guns. Mine isn't loaded." She picked up his revolver from the pile of sofa cushions and a rippling laugh rang out. She sat down at the desk.

"No you don't!" the hand was very steady on the trigger and she drew the telephone conveniently near. The man settled back into his chair again.

"Ever told you how I learned to shoot?" Miss Mollie spoke in her usual sweet voice: "You see, I was visiting up in Northern Minnesota one summer, and an old chief promised to give me an Indian name if I would shoot him a mallard. My friends played a mean trick on me, and had me out for days shooting at hell divers. Know what they are?"

The man nodded.

"By the time I could hit a hell diver I was a fairly good shot. By the way, you remind me somehow of that bird yourself. Suppose you take off that mask and see if it won't improve your appearance."

Reluctant fingers untied the strings.

"Why, Boy!" Miss Mollie sat and looked at him in astonishment. "Why,

Boy, I didn't think you'd do it!"

After a long time Miss Mollie took a roll of bills from a drawer and offered it to him. Flinging out his hands with a gesture of despair he covered his face with them. She put the money back and rose.

"It must be nearly midnight," she was very matter-of-fact. "Take this candle and I will show you to your room." She threw a kimono around her and he followed her down the stairs and into a neat bedroom in the bungalow.

"Brother John was here last week, and as luck would have it, he forgot his nightshirt," she drew it out of the chiffonier and turned the covers down deftly. "That door leads to the bathroom, and the water will be hot in plenty of time for a comfortable plunge in the morning. Good-night, Boy. Pleasant dreams." She laid his revolver on the table and went out, closing the door gently after her.

Next morning Miss Mollie and Boy lingered over a breakfast of poached eggs and big, luscious strawberries, with the dew still on them. They talked and talked. Finally they pushed back their coffee cups and talked some more. About ten o'clock they left the house and walked briskly toward the street car. High up in the Craig Building they knocked at the private office of Judge Donald.

"Why, Miss Mollie, this is a pleasure!" The judge's face beamed as he shook hands with them.

"I'll take your word for it, Mollie," he was saying an hour later. "You know boys. Nobody knows them better. I beat you out at that once, though," he laughed.

"When did you do all of that, George?"

"That time Jimmie Kelley stole the birds' eggs. Remember? Well, I'll take this Henry Norton, if you say so, and if he really does want to study law now is his chance. Sue needs some one to help her about the house and run the car for her, and there's plenty of room for him right there with us. Of course, I wouldn't take just any Tom.

Dick or Harry that happened along, you understand, but with Miss Mollie standing sponsor for you, young man, you've simply got to make good. Have you known him long, Mollie?"

"I feel like I have known him all his life," she smiled. "I know he is brave, for I have seen him under fire, and I have no hesitancy in telling you that you can trust him."

So it was settled, but as they were leaving, the judge called Miss Mollie back for a private word.

"Of course his parents are all O. K. —the right sort of people, you know?" he asked.

"Bluest blood ever," she assured him: "Both been angels for twenty

years. That ought to make them eligible for the grand-bumper-degree in most any society," she went laughing down the hall after a young man who had squared shoulders and earnest eyes.

That night Miss Mollie was brushing out her scanty locks before her mirror.

"Jimmie Kelley," she mused. "That is just it! When he took the mask off, Boy's eyes had just the same kind of shame in them that I saw in Jimmie Kelley's eyes that time he stole the birds' eggs. Now I wonder what kind of a tough old bird that kid thought I was, way up here in this odd little nest!"

MY COUNTRY

I sing of thee, my native land,
In strength and beauty thou dost stand,
The pilgrims' hope, the patriots' pride;
For thee they wrought, for thee they died.
I sing the land that gave me birth,
A friendly land to all the earth!

I sing thy fair and broad domain,
Thy valleys rich with golden grain,
Thy mighty rivers' quickening tide,
Thy lofty hills that treasure hide;
I sing thy cities' wealth and power—
Our favored nations' precious dower.

I sing thy faith and large increase
In knowledge, virtue, justice, peace;
Thy gates swung open wide and free
In welcome to humanity.
I sing thy trust in man and right,
In reason's power and freedom's might.

I sing, O God! thy bounteous hand
Which still hath kept my native land,
Whose mercies o'er all peoples poured,
By all invoked, by all adored,—
O may its blessing ever rest
Upon the land I love the best!

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

A Chinese Wedding

By W. W. Brier, Jr.

SEE, Ah Moi! What a fine pin for the coil of your hair!"

But Ah Moi was not interested in buying jade jewelry for her hair. She was gazing out of the shop window, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. What was her husband going to be like? It seemed to her not just the fair thing to expect her to love a man whom she had never seen. Miss Cameron, the mission superintendent, had told her of the long courtship a white man had to pay his prospective bride. Why were the Chinese and Americans so different in their hearts? Was not a Chinese maid, after all——

"Ah Moi!" came her mother's insistent voice; "look at this stone. Shall I get it in a brooch for you? The man says it will make a beautiful setting for a long brooch pin."

"Yes, have it set for me, if you wish. I'll leave the choice of a pin to you."

The bridegroom, Woo Tun Li, was of a far different turn of mind. He went gaily down the street, whistling an American air with the characteristic spirit of Young China. Had he not seen his betrothed, as she sewed on her wedding garments near a convenient window? She was indeed pretty, a fitting wife for a Woo to take before the priest. So Tun Li went on down to the market to see about the abalones he had ordered for the wedding feasting. Finding they were large and tender, he had them sent up to his home, while he went on to Hop Kee Chang's. Here he found one of his young friends trying to sell some dried ulua to a woman who was dickering about the price in expressive Chinese. Tun Li had little difficulty in persuading the lad to be one of the ushers at the party

preceding the feasting. Was there ever a Chinaman who would not attend a wedding of his most casual friend, and serve in any capacity at the ceremony?

Back to the yard of the Woo home hastened Tun Li, where in the curious kerosene tin stoves charcoal fires were blazing away. In the cauldron above one of these was being cooked rice, in another a sort of soup, known as "birds' nest soup," in another sharks' fins, a dozen different kinds of Chinese dishes in all, under the capable supervision of Fook Ding Hee. Fook was what an American would call an expert caterer, and his specialty was handling wedding feasts. It was no small task to prepare a twelve course dinner for not one nor two nights in succession, but three or four nights, and for an indeterminate number of guests. But Fook was in his glory, as he ordered his assistants about, and drove the crowd of curious children back. The smells were strange to an outsider, but sweet to the nostrils of Tun Li. This was where he was spending the greater part of the twelve hundred dollars his mother and he had hoarded up for the happy even of his marriage. Some of the dishes, for a single dinner, were worth five or six dollars. The cakes he sent to the bride's parents were worth a month's hard-earned wages, but it did not seem any hardship to him. It was a custom handed down from generation to generation, what his fathers before him for centuries had done. And what a paltry price to pay for such a treasure as the heart of Ah Moi!

The first night of the feasting started with a studied effort at fitting decorum, but some spirit of levity moved Ding Hee to point out Tun Li as he

vainly tried to cover his confusion at the unexpected qualities of apricot brandy. The boy—for he was only twenty-two—had not tasted so strong a drink before. This was his first night of revelry, and he blushed with shame at proving so unsophisticated a host. The laughter that greeted his rosy countenance started off an evening of merriment that ended only with the midnight's coming, long before any one had suspected how late the night had grown.

On the following afternoon a quieter celebration took place in the same rooms among the women. Here little Ah Moi served tea and rice cakes to the many relatives and invited guests. Little suspected the guests how her heart was beating madly when Tun Li's name was mentioned. Once she was listening too intently in the hope that she might catch a comment about his appearance, and poured tea for a guest who had asked for a cake. The long ordeal of serving the women at an end, Ah Moi hurried back to her home and sought a short rest before she must go to pay her respects to her future mother-in-law. After the wedding she was to become a part of her husband's family, and must take the place of a daughter in the household of the Woos.

The second night was a repetition of the first, but it was three o'clock before the guests finally rose and laughingly said their farewells to the youth who had so well entertained them. Tun Li breathed a sigh of relief as the last one disappeared in the auro of light outside the doorway, and turned wearily to his sleeping quarters.

All the next afternoon and evening Ah Moi served both the men and women of the wedding party, who had

come together for the first time. This was her wedding day, and she was decked out in a richly embroidered cloak of blue silk, with a great, golden dragon done on the back in gold. All of the gold and jade jewelry her mother had purchased glittered on her hair, and in her eyes shone the two lights that showed her excitement. Rarely did she offer her eyes to a guest, but kept her head bent over the serving tray as she offered the melon seeds, tea and cakes to the members of the party. As the hour drew near for the ceremony, the guests began to practice the accustomed wedding jokes, to which the girl must submit. It was Fong Chang who finally capped it all by proposing the final test.

"Give Ah Woo four melon seeds from your lips!" he cried, amid the delighted laughter of the guests.

Splitting off the husk of a seed with her teeth, she placed the meat between her lips, and glanced hastily at Tun Li for the first time as he came up to her hesitatingly. He took the seed with his white teeth too hastily, and it dropped to the floor. Another attempt was more successful, and with much laughing at their expense, they transferred the other three seeds. Ah Moi never so much as raised her eyelids during the test, but a high spot of color showed in each cheek, and she turned hastily away after it was over. Tun Li thought he caught the flicker of a smile in her first glance at him, and he was happy.

Late in the evening, without announcement, the priest entered and said the brief ceremony that united the couple. Then, as they were hastening out to the automobile—but that is not a part of the wedding ceremony.



The Making of a Hero

By Eleanor Fulkerson

GABRIEL GONZALES lounged gloomily along the Calle Commercica, the principal thoroughfare of Juarez, and came to a listless halt at the corner of the street leading to the Bull Ring. It was fiesta season in Juarez, and on this particular Sunday afternoon the Calle Toro presented a scene of rare animation. On either side of the dirty, unpaved little street from the Calle Commercica to where the adobe bull ring bulked whitely in the sunshine, stretched an unbroken line of gayly decorated booths containing gambling contrivances of every imaginable kind, from the most elaborately constructed roulette wheel to the rude, home made device with "cinco ventavos" as its highest stakes. Interspersed with the booths were numerous provision stands with strange-looking, queer-smelling Mexican dishes, while at frequent intervals piles of sugar cane and great bags of huge, unroasted Mexican peanuts were heaped on bits of dusty carpet. At the end of the street near the bull ring, the most pretentious of the gambling devices, housed in a rudely constructed shed, carried an additional appeal in the shape of a quintette of Spanish dancers from Mexico City, and the strains of the orchestra accompanying them came faintly to swell the hubbub in the street. The bull ring had not yet started to fill, and the mass of black-eyed, swarthy-skinned natives together with a few curious on-lookers from El Paso, the American city across the Rio Grande, surged back and forth before the stands, chattering and gesticulating as they elbowed nearer the wheels.

To the ears of Gabriel Gonzales, staring moodily at the scene before

him, came the strains of the Toreador, and a moment later the bull fight procession turned into the Calle Toro. At the head of the procession came the band in soiled uniforms much too large for them, but playing as only Mexican bands can play. They were followed by a youth bearing the gayly hilted "bandarillos" which were to be used in the day's conflict. A grotesque mock matador ambled after on a pessimistic little gray donkey, while at the end of the procession came the real matador mounted on a gaily caparisoned but somewhat emaciated steed, and brave in velvet and gold lace.

At the last named individual, as his eyes encountered his own, Gabriel Gonzales directed so ferocious a glare that the intrepid matador squirmed in his saddle and pressed closer on the heels of his burlesque counterfeit. Another moment and the procession was swallowed in the crowd, leaving Gabriel still frowning angrily after it. And reason enough there was for Gabriel's frown, for this same gorgeously clad matador was the hated rival whose star was apparently in the ascendant in their common suit for the hand of the much-admired Guadalupe Sanchez.

Guadalupe was a round-faced, bright eyed maid, with a predilection for gay apparel and a consuming passion for heroes. That was where Pedro Zarilla with his increasing notoriety as a rising young matador had won his ascendancy over his less prominent rival. As active youths, the two had taken part in the amateur bull fights in their native town, in which, three bulls having been previously dispatched by professional skill, a fourth with blunted horns is let into the ring to be taunted and tortured by any one who cares to

take a hand. Pedro, taking readily to the dangerous sport, had early shown the sureness and agility which had brought him to his present proud position, but Gabriel, contrary to all the traditions of his race, cherished a secret sympathy for the badgered bull—an unseemly weakness which had prevented his following in the other's footsteps. As long as Pedro was an obscure, comparatively insignificant amateur, Gabriel's suit had progressed favorably, but since the other had become a regular matador, the fickle Guadalupe, yielding to her admiration for heroes, had unblushingly transferred her favors to him.

The sight of his brilliantly clad rival brought forcibly home to Gabriel the utter hopelessness of his suit unless he too could win laurels to lay at Guadalupe's feet. How to win those laurels! That was Gabriel's thought, and the outlook seemed wholly gloomy, when suddenly a hand was laid on his shoulder and a friendly voice sounded in his ears.

"Well, Gabriel, have you enlisted?"

"Enlisted?" Gabriel turned with a start to face the speaker, one of his old-time companions whose society he had of late rather avoided.

"There's a couple of fellows in from the Chihuahua way who report a band of Zapata's men camped just over the ridge, and about ready to move on the town. Lopez has only about one hundred and fifty men up at the barracks, and he's out hunting for recruits."

Gabriel waited for but one word more. "Where is Lopez now?" he demanded eagerly.

"In the plaza offering two pesos and all the toquila they want to everybody who will join him," returned the other. "Think the job would suit you?"

But Gabriel, the light of a dawning hope in his eyes, was already hurrying off in the direction of the plaza.

The next day was one of great activity in the barracks in Juarez. With great difficulty, Captain Lopez had succeeded in swelling his numbers to three hundred, but half of them were absolutely green men and inadequately

armed. Uniforms were not to be thought of, and the occasional blue jacket with the diagonal white stripes of the Federal army only brought into greater prominence the miscellaneous garb of the others. The enemy were expected to attack from the mountain to the west of the town, and on the precipitous path which wound down its slope, the sole cannon of the Juarez garrison, after having been with difficulty hoisted to the square tower of the old adobe church, was trained. At his earnest request, Gabriel Gonzales was placed in charge of the cannon.

Impatiently, Gabriel awaited the expected assault, picturing to himself, meanwhile, the discomfiture of his rival when the fair Guadalupe, succumbing to the plaudits heaped on one of the saviors of his native town, should throw herself into Gabriel's arms. Early Tuesday morning the embryo hero, from his tower where he had spent the night anxiously straining his eyes through the darkness for the gleam of a possible signal fire, saw the advance guard of the invading force straggle into sight over the brow of the ridge. A shout from below told him that the enemy had been sighted from the barracks, and eagerly he awaited the command to fire.

Captain Lopez, however, was in no hurry. Glass in hand, he was viewing the enemy's line as it crept down the mountain side. At first sight it was not a formidable force, the motley array of sombreroed figures slouching along the trail. Their costumes were even more varied than those of Lopez' men. Red flannel shirts pressed on the heels of faded blue overalls, and were in turn followed by breezy suits of unbleached muslin; but the men were well armed and fairly bristled with cartridge belts, every one wearing at least two. An occasional gaunt, sure-footed Mexican pony indicated the presence of a few officers who, like the men, wore huge straw sombreros with perhaps one or two additional cartridge belts in recognition of their superior rank.

Already the invading force outnumbered

bered twice over the little garrison defending Juarez, and increasing numbers were still straggling into sight over the ridge. Captain Lopez had no very violent patriotic leanings, and, seeing his little force so hopelessly outnumbered, his course of action was speedily determined upon, and shortly afterwards the approaching bands sent up a shout of triumph at sight of a white flag waving from the church tower where Gabriel Gonzales had vainly hoped to cover himself with undying glory. And when Gabriel descended morosely from the tower he found the citizens of Juarez with the capitulating garrison, including Captain Lopez, himself, busily engaged in bedecking themselves with some bit of scarlet in token of their sympathy with the cause of the revolutionists.

The sun was shining brightly on the scrubby palms of the San Jacinto plaza in El Paso, when, some time later that same morning, Gabriel Gonzales, fleeing from the scene of his disappointment, threw himself upon one of the iron benches near the alligator pond and stared gloomily at one of the huge reptiles which had just emerged from the pond for a sun-bath on the grass of its enclosure. Never before had life seemed to him so empty as at this particular moment. His hopes, raised to such a pitch earlier in the morning, had been so irrevocably destroyed that he could see no gleam of light ahead. Guadalupe would marry Pedro now, that was certain, and as for Gabriel himself——. For a moment he looked desperately at the alligator, as though contemplating putting an end to his blighted career by furnishing that lethargic beast with an unaccustomed meal.

Plunged in the gloom of these dark thoughts, he did not at first observe a rather unusual commotion on the other side of the plaza. When the confused sound of voices, babbling in his native tongue, finally penetrated his consciousness, he arose and lounged moodily off in that direction.

A moment later he halted in unqualified astonishment. Grouped in

one corner of the plaza and surrounded by a curious crowd, was a band of Mexican soldiers, about half of them in Federal uniform and the others in ordinary Mexican garb, but all fully armed. They were apparently under the direction of a big, determined-looking American, who was giving instructions with the aid of an interpreter. Gabriel remembered to have heard that all Mexican revolutions were financed by Americans, but he had never supposed that the financiers took part in the movements themselves.

As he watched the party, hope, so lately crushed, sprang new-born in his breast. Here, perhaps, was the longed-for opportunity. What mattered it whom they were going to fight or why. Glory alone was his quest, and on which side or for what principle he fought, Gabriel now cared little. The band of Mexicans fell awkwardly into line, holding their guns at every conceivable angle, prepared to move off. It was Gabriel's last chance. Desperately he rushed forward and plucked at the interpreter's sleeve.

"Take me with you," he stammered, imploringly, as the Mexican turned on him sharply. "I want to fight."

The interpreter, moved perhaps by his pleading tone, spoke briefly to the big American while Gabriel tremblingly awaited the result. He drew himself up and assumed his most martial air as he felt the American's keen eyes upon him, and his heart leaped exultingly when the interpreter, coming back, ordered him shortly to "Fall in!"

Serenely unaware of his destination or the cause he was pledged to support, but with a firm resolve to do or die in the last supreme attempt to wrest his coveted laurels from the grasp of Fortune, Gabriel Gonzales, with his companions, led by the big American, took the Rio Grande road out of El Paso.

* * * *

Guadalupe Sanchez, having declined Pedro Zarrilla's suggestion of a stroll along the Rio Grande, was sitting on the door step of the little adobe house where she lived with her mother, when

she became aware of Gabriel Gonzales coming toward her. A trifle piqued, perhaps, by the contented air which her recently despondent suitor had worn since his return from El Paso the evening of the surrender of Juarez, three weeks before, Guadalupe feigned not to see him until he stopped in front of her. He was dressed with great care, with a rose in his lapel, and a new band on his sombrero, and the air of confidence with which he invited Guadalupe to walk over to El Paso with him was so overpowering that the girl rose without a word, and, drawing her red scarf over her sleek black head, set out meekly at his side.

Before the Palace Theatre, near the Little Plaza in El Paso, Gabriel paused and fished a couple of soiled tickets out of his trousers' pocket.

"I thought maybe you'd like to see the show," he said, speaking for the first time since they had left Juarez, and without waiting for her reply, he led the way into the darkened theatre.

The show was just beginning, and on the screen "The Guerrilla Chief's Revenge, a Mexican War Drama," was announced in fat black letters. With a sigh of content, Guadalupe settled back to enjoy the picture, but an instant later she sat bolt upright in astonishment. There on the screen, charging boldly in the midst of a band of his countrymen was Gabriel Gonzales. Breathlessly Guadalupe gazed. Forward in an irresistible attack swept the valiant little band, driving the enemy in confusion from the rugged pass where they had taken refuge. A smile of triumph was on the pictured face of Gabriel Gonzales—he was blissfully unaware that it has elicited from the big American the sharp admonition: "Tell that little black Mex. to stop his damned grinning"—and a smile of triumph wreathed his lips in the darkened theatre as he felt the fingers of Guadalupe Sanchez steal timidly into his own, and realized that his quest was won—that at last he was a hero.

IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

When the snow is off the mountain

And the fog is off the sea,

Then the sunlight and the starlight

Sing their tender songs to me:

Songs of noonday hallelujah,

Lilting melodies of night,

Stir the soul in every fibre,

Soothe the soul with second sight.

When the orange trees are blooming

And the roses bend the vine,

Then the fragrance is as incense,

Savor sweet of sacred shrine:

Incense redolent and virile,

Passion-touched with breath of balm

Thrilling every sense of being,

Making life a dulcet psalm.

'Tis a joy to live and linger

In this tuneful land of light,

Where the cares of life are softened

And the future outlook bright.

Just to live, and love and worship

Where the date palm lends its shade,

And to feel that you have answer

To the prayers that you have made.

EDWARD ARMINIUS HOTCHKISS.

Jerusalem and the Ninth Crusade

By Paul Holding

ALL the Christian world has just thrilled with the news that Jerusalem, ancient capital city of Palestine, is now in British hands. What sights and sounds greeted the eager men in khaki who have at last gained entrance into this city, which has been in Moslem possession ever since 1244, the meagre reports give one small chance to conjecture. Have the flaunting Turkish flags, with their stars and crescents, the flowing garments and red fezes of the dark-faced inhabitants, quite given place to the sombre uniforms and bronzed faces of the men in the British ranks? Recent events will at least recall to many a one-time visitor to the Orient, in days of peace, the picturesque scenes and the interesting associations which held him spell-bound.

In the days before the war, travelers to Jerusalem were in three classes. First of all, there was, perhaps, the idle tourist, a man of wealth, who, before returning to Italy or the Italian Riviera in the spring, boarded a little vessel which took him from Cairo to Jaffa. Eager for amusement and excitement, this tourist probably found little of either; and, after a few days of disappointment and wondering awe at the crowded streets, dirty gulleys, seething masses of strange races, all about him, scornfully left Jerusalem, fancying that, in every respect, it is inferior to Cairo.

Secondly, there were the religious pilgrims, many of whom fully expected to find all the places exactly as described in the Bible. They silently accepted everything the Dragoman told them, piously moved about the city without questioning a single legend, and departed as comforted as some me-

dieval palmer. The most devout were the Russians, many of whom made the journey to Odessa on foot, and tramped in great droves all the rising, dusty road from Jaffa.

The third class of visitor was more intelligent than the preceding. He knew his Bible from more angles, he had assimilated a deal of church history, he knew the doubtfulness of many of the legends, yet he wanted to study upon the spot the changes in that religion whose development may well be called the wonder of all ages.

Practically every one enters Jerusalem from Jaffa, its seaport. The forty-one miles may be traversed by carriage, upon donkeys, or upon camels. Occidentals eschew these two beasts, except when absolutely unavoidable; and, if the day be dry and windy, as so often in Palestine, it is wise to go up by train. The tramway out to the Pyramids has made this mode of travel less surprising in its effect upon the visitor. The train, drawn by a locomotive made in Philadelphia, wheezes along for almost four hours, so that the passengers have time to ruminate upon the fact that over this same route Solomon brought the cedars of Lebanon, to construct the temple. A station is close to the place where lived Delilah, who shore Samson of his hair and glory. Then up and up climbs the narrow gauge train, through a steep, rocky gorge, until it comes out upon the plateau where David defeated the Philistines. In a short time, the station outside the city is called, and cabs and barkers remind one that Jerusalem is as much alive to-day as ever. The approach is not too inviting, for, outside the walls of the original city, extensive suburbs have grown, in which

houses are not constructed of the clean white rock of the older buildings; but where trim rows of gardens and uniform red-tiled roofs make one believe he is in some regulation German village.

These inconsistencies and contradictions are merely a beginning in a land where, upon entering a sacred place, the Arab keeps on his hat but takes off his shoes. Books are read backward; the men wear petticoats, while the women cover their faces; ladies are not first; carpets adorn the walls, pictures the ceilings; men dance together.

The walls of the inner city are pierced by a wide breach which might, symbolically, have served as the entrance of the British troops, for it was made in 1898, when the German Emperor visited Jerusalem, in order that his carriage might pass inside the city. Wheeled traffic has not helped the condition of the inner section. The absence of the rain for months, the fine, white dust into which the roadbed is ground, the sharp gusts and the steady three days' sirocco, make life at times almost unbearable. And when it does rain, the deep, soft mud is even worse. This visit of the Kaiser stirred up another marked change in the city; the entire town was cleaned up! That was in 1898, and since no one of so great importance has entered Jerusalem in the years that intervene, there has been no pressing need of another cleaning up.

The Moslem, so scrupulously clean within his house, naively dumps everything he does not need just outside his door. Thousands of scavenger dogs do the best they can, but they are too overfed, as it is, to serve as efficient street cleaners. It must have been better in Biblical times, when the refuse was thrown into Gehenna to be burned. A municipal incinerating plant, on a large scale, will be one of the needed things in a recovered Jerusalem. The newly arrived Westerner begins to understand why the Jews made so much of odors and were so grateful for perfumes. Even today

they have special thanks for sweet smells.

It is impossible to gain any single impression of Jerusalem. The suburbs are larger than the city itself. Biblical accounts of the center of Judaism, written for people who were entirely familiar with its topography, are too meagre to be exact and too indefinite to help identification of details now, after lapses of 2,000 and 3,000 years. The Queen of Sheba left no record of her visit, so we have no real knowledge of the city of Solomon's times. Yet it must have been a new local habitation for the people who, until then, had been almost entirely wandering shepherds, to whom the command, "To your tents, O Israel," had a realistic meaning. With all the superlatives of description, lavished by Biblical scribes, could the Temple of Solomon have been so marvelously impressive as the products of those great builders, the Egyptians and the Greeks? In general appearance, it was likely Phoenician, while Nehemiah's was Persian. To-day not even its site is assured. The four hills of the modern town which, to some Biblical literalists, are still seven; the obliteration of valleys by centuries of deposits of rubbish; the levelings consequent upon military operations, have practically wiped out the ancient city of glory. What is considered the Temple space is now occupied by a Moslem mosque, entrance to which is denied Christians, though the Muhammadans, with commendable magnanimity, have allowed masses in various portions of the open space before the Temple, and sold to the Jews the comforting privilege of weeping, wailing and praying beside the Temple wall.

How could the city preserve its appearance, ravaged, destroyed, rebuilt, captured, converted, deserted, neglected, as it has been repeatedly? Even David had to capture it to possess it. Babylon carried off its citizens. Although Alexander the Great entered it peacefully, without molesting the Jews, the Egyptians later captured and razed it. Herod rebuilt it and renamed it,

trying to make a great center of it. Theatres and gymnasiums flourished. When the Romans, under Titus, conquered it, Jews were forbidden to reside within the city. In 637 the great Muhammedan leader, Omar, took the city. Although he had the Temple restored, he allowed the Christians to retain their churches. This Moslem rule lasted until the dramatic capture of the city by the Crusaders, in 1099, with the subsequent establishment of the Latin kingdom of Jerusalem. Then Godfrey of Bologne turned all the Moslem mosques back again to Christian churches. Rather strangely, the holy sites had little or no interest for either Christians or Muhammadans. For the former, Rome was greater, for the latter Mecca. The Crusaders, however, burned with zeal for all the sacred places. Then sprang up those supposedly assured identifications, and those intense rivalries for possession or privilege, which have darkened the splendor of the city's religious fervor and even precipitated great wars. The present struggle has recalled so much of past history that it is not out of place to remind readers that the strange flare-up between east and west in 1853, known as the Crimean War, really began with Russia's demand of control over Greek subjects in the Holy Land. Most striking of all was the alliance which resisted Russia's presumptions; England and France joined with the barbarian Turk to restore the balance of power.

For the modern visitor, furnished with some general knowledge of Jerusalem's change of masters, there will be poignant emphasis at every turn in the miscellaneous conglomeration of sects provided for and nationalities in control. Between 25 and 40 languages are spoken. There are a Russian cathedral, a French hospital of St. Louis, German schools, an Abyssinian church, an Anglican church, a Moravian hospital, the printing establishment of the Franciscan friars, the United Armenian Church of the Spasm, a Turkish school and museum, Muhammadan mosques, the American School of Ar-

chaeology. In the cloisters attached to one church, the Lord's Prayer is inscribed in only 32 languages!

Any hope of converting the Moslems to Christianity seems entirely futile, in view of published reports. They are too close to the missionaries' teachings. They are keenly observant of the discrepancies between the occidental's preaching and his practice. They have themselves no great liturgy, but they feel that the mosque is God's house. They are never ashamed of their religion. They carry on their devotions before the entire world. While, on the one side, there are three orders of nuns in Jerusalem whose rules order them to pray for those who will not pray for themselves, the Muhammadan Muezzin, at dawn, cries in a clear voice to all the awakening faithful:

"God is most great. I testify there is no God but God! I testify Muhammad is God's messenger. Come ye and pray! It is better to pray than to sleep. There is no God but God!"

The difficulty of converting a Moslem is admitted by laborers in the attempt itself, who, however, can always succeed in making their efforts charitable. In a period of seven years in Jerusalem, nine adult Moslems became Christians at a gross cost of \$60,000 apiece.

Similar to the Moslem in western eyes, yet, in reality, quite distinct from him, is the Jew. Just as Christianity has to come back to the land of its inception, as a guest to plead for its recognition as a son of the house, so the Jew, once the owner of all the land, has gradually returned to find himself a stranger among the peoples and a foreigner in the country. Yet here, as in every other district on the globe, rebuffs and revilings do no more than indifference would. Gradually, practically unnoticed, because he is always a retiring personality until he has won his controlling place, the Hebrew has returned in ever swelling tides. In six years, their race increased tenfold, until, of the 60,000 dwellers in Jerusalem, 40,000 were

Jews. Recently the influx has been stimulated by the Zionist movement, sponsored by numerous prominent rabbis. Not all Jews are in favor of this wholesale return to a land left so many centuries ago. The great English Rothschild said, in this connection, that if the kingdom of Zion were established, he would apply for the post of permanent Ambassador to London.

Two details of Judaism always intrigue the outsider. As one approaches the city, he passes under successive wires stretched across the road. If he inquire, he will learn that these marks are exactly 2,000 yards apart, to indicate the limits of the Sabbath journey beyond which, according to Hebrew law, one may not travel. The second is that no Jewish house is ever entirely completed. Some one stone, usually in a conspicuous place, is unset or unplastered or unsurfaced in perpetual commemoration of the fact that the Temple is destroyed.

One wonders how the Turkish officials felt, at the necessity of their keeping order in places in which they feel no religious veneration, yet in which they respect the traditions of a great past. The division of privileges within the Church of the Sepulchre itself only further exemplified the strange heterogeneousness of the population of Jerusalem. Certain periods were reserved to westerners, who were allowed in the church strictly on time and herded out upon schedule, while a rapid examination was made of the

premises to see if any holy relic had been purloined.

With all its peculiarities, Jerusalem is—well, itself. Without the fanaticism of Mecca, without the romantic stories of Baghdad, it yet has more to pride itself on than any other city of Palestine. There are as many different Jerusalems as there are different Romes. A Greek theatre of modern melodrama vies with a German amusement hall. A woman wearing gaudy blue beads, to frighten away the devil, draws aside to let a Parisian society leader pass. The Anglican curate, in discreet alpaca, pales beside the magnificently bedecked Greek patriarch, draped in black headdress and loaded with heavy jewels. East and West here seem to have met in the person of a well-to-do Turk, tortured in French shoes, English stiff shirt and suit, yet wearing upon his closely cropped head the obligatory fez. The donkeys, who are the street cars of the Orient, trot lazily along; the water carriers slouch around the countless corners; dogs dodge everywhere.

One wonders what fate is now in store for this ancient city, to which belonged the name Urusalem, 500 years before the time of David. The Allies have recently declared that they will support the attempts of the Jews to establish a national home in the Holy Land. Perhaps more justice than we dream of now may come from this appalling conflict. One of its significant results may be a Jewish republic established in Palestine, with its capital in Jerusalem.



Conscription of Wealth: Right and Wrong Ways

By Theodore Cooke Taylor

MUCH is being said and written about the "conscription of wealth" for the purposes of the war. It is pointed out truly that a government which seizes the persons of its citizens for the defense of the country has a fortiori the right to seize the property of its citizens for the same purpose. But those who are calling the most loudly for the conscription of wealth usually ignore two important considerations.

In the first place, whereas conscription of persons, in our country and time, has only just been introduced, conscription of wealth, in some forms and to some extent, is already part of our national financial policy and has been in operation for many years past. In the second place (and more particularly), quite apart from any question of equity and as a mere matter of expediency, it is worth inquiry whether the wholesale conscription of wealth in the form of capital would enable us more quickly to win the war. The writer makes no pretense of great acquaintance with economic theories, but believes that there are practical reasons for suspecting that wholesale conscription of capital would postpone, if not prevent, our final victory.

In this article it is assumed that the true wealth of individuals and of communities is indicated, not by the money measure of their possessions, but by the degree in which they can command what they desire and require. It is assumed, for example, that a British workman under normal conditions would be rich, compared with a millionaire dying from hunger on a raft

at sea. It is assumed that if the cost of living has doubled and wages have only increased by 50 per cent, the wage receiver is poorer and not richer. It is assumed that if the whole world charged and paid for everything twice as much as at present, no one would be either richer or poorer, that if twice as much as now were produced of everything worth having, the world would be twice as rich, no matter how low prices were.

As the measure of wealth, actual or potential possession of the necessities, comforts and amenities of life is taken. An available abundance of commodities rather than the ownership of high money values, is taken as the object at which to aim. In considering different forms of wealth, whether in capital or income form, we must keep in mind, not names but things, not tokens of value but utilities. In a word, we are to consider real and not nominal wealth.

For the sake of clearness we must draw a distinction between capital and income. Metaphysicians may find pleasure in confusing their own and other people's minds by maintaining that capital and income are the same thing. So, in a sense, they may be, but the form of an article may be as important as its essence. Ice, water and steam are different forms of the same substance, but the distinction between these various forms is not unimportant. For example, cold water in a boiler may be quite innocuous, but the same water turned into steam acquires an explosive quality highly dangerous to people in the neighborhood. It is

quite easy to set "puzzles to beginners" as to what is capital and what is income.

We may regard a new machine as part of the income of the whole community that produces it, of which income the machine-making employer's share is the profit he makes upon it. But the same machine becomes part of the capital of the textile manufacturer who buys it with money which may be the savings out of his income. When the machine is finally thrown on the scrap heap, it is open to its owner to treat the money he receives for the old iron as income and spend it on consumable goods, or on his own pleasures. But to the extent to which such a man diminished his capital he would be so much poorer afterwards. Thus to diminish capital, without recognition of it in the balance-sheet, would be bad business and unsound finance.

There is a real distinction between capital and income, without the clear recognition of which no sound business can be properly carried on. One may admit, therefore, that many forms of capital, originally income, may be treated as, and in a sense become, income again, without invalidating the broad, practical distinction between that form of wealth, more or less stationary, which we call capital, and that other form of wealth, mainly for consumption, which we call product or income.

Mill defines capital as "wealth appropriated to productive employment." Income we may regard as that product of the intelligent employment of labor and capital intended for the most part for human consumption (in the wide sense), but which, according to the use to which it is put, may become, in its turn, capital again producing income.

1. The existence of the income-tax, with its exemptions and graduations, and the institution of the super-tax constitute a partial conscription of wealth. It is true that this conscription is of income and not of capital (except in so far as the restriction of the accumulation of capital might be so considered.) This vital distinction

between the taxation of capital and the taxation of income should be carefully noted.

But with the institution and extension of the death duties, we have had for twenty-three years past an avowed conscription of wealth in capital form. Here, again, however, there is a notable and significant qualification. The slice of capital taken by death duties is not taken from the individual, but from his estate when it passes at his death into other hands. So long as he lives he receives, subject to more or less heavy income-tax, the income from all his savings. His motives for self-denial and saving are not weakened by the prospect of government confiscation of them—during his lifetime at least. The feeling of possession (not necessarily ignoble, when qualified by a due sense of stewardship) remains to him during his working life, as a motive for the endeavor and self-denial without which neither individuals nor communities will build up any capital at all.

Up to the present at least, conscription of wealth in the form of capital has taken place only when property has passed, at the death of the owner, to some one else. But it would be affectation to deny that, for many years past, the death duties have effected conscription of capital on a considerable scale, and that the graduated income-tax and super-tax form together a substantial conscription of the wealth of rich people. These two forms of conscription of wealth—graduated income-tax with super-tax and death duties—must of necessity be the chief sources to which the Chancellor of the Exchequer can look for the substantially increased revenue he will require. There is, of course, an imaginable rate of income-tax beyond which the Chancellor could not go without destroying the stimulus to earn income. Probably in the case of the excess profits tax, now at 80 per cent, the practical limit of its yield has been reached. Theoretically, we all ought to be willing to work hard to make excess profits go entirely to the govern-

ment. Human nature, however, being what it is, the stimulus of retaining for oneself only one-fifth of profits made in excess of pre-war profits is undoubtedly in many cases very weak. There is not the least doubt that the excess profits tax, excellent as it is in principle, has in many cases tended to extravagance, carelessness and waste, and thus toward national loss. It is arguable that as much revenue might have been secured, with more economy in the businesses of the country, if we had had, instead of the excess profits tax, still higher income-tax and death duties. At all events, there is very little indication that either the five-shilling income-tax or the increased super-tax has diminished the tax-payers' endeavor to make money, or their disposition to save it. On the contrary, there is reason to believe that the gradual rise of taxation has stimulated efforts to secure additional income wherewith to pay it. If this be the case, these taxes, though they may be burdensome upon the payer of them, are a sound proposition from the Chancellor of the Exchequer's point of view.

2. The same result could not follow conscription of capital in the owner's lifetime. When we are asked to confiscate 10 or 20 per cent of a living man's capital, whether in goods, machinery, buildings, shares or debentures, we are up against a vastly different proposition, one which, if attempted to be carried out, might bring down the fabric of British credit with a crash. No one has a right to play with our national credit. It is a factor absolutely necessary for winning the war. Already the mere talk in irresponsible quarters of confiscation of capital in a man's lifetime is having a bad effect upon the sale of National War Bonds. No more insidiously pro-German and anti-British campaign could be waged than to spread the notion that any British government would confiscate a living man's capital.

What would be the effect of any widespread suspicion that the British government, at the very time it sought to borrow a man's money, were con-

templating the confiscation of his capital? There could be no guarantee, of course, as to when one 10 per cent "capital tax" would not be followed by another and another. Would that kind of thing secure larger voluntary lending to the government of the money it needs? Would it be calculated to dispose the United States to keep lending us their money? Would it encourage our solvent allies, who have borrowed so largely from us, to pay back what they owe as soon as they are able? Would it be a good example for our own Dominions? Surely such a scheme would be bad policy, if not worse! But it would be impracticable also.

A fallacy widely current is that we can largely pay for the war out of capital. Reflection will show that this can be done to a limited extent only. Let us suppose that there were no private ownership and that the State owned everything. Let us imagine that the State, for the purposes of the war, took any and every commodity it required without even the formality of taxation and payment for goods. What is it that the State requires for the purposes of the war? What would the State take? Just the things it buys now, food, clothing, equipment, munitions, ammunition, transport. Are these things capital or are they income? Every one of these items is the result of the co-operation of three factors—capital, labor and intelligence. They are income, thus produced, not for capital purposes, not for the purpose of being reproductively employed, but for the express purpose of consumption or destruction. They are not what Mills calls wealth appropriated to reproductive employment. Only to a limited extent does the government legitimately employ capital in waging war.

You cannot feed soldiers upon fields and barns. You cannot clothe them with cotton bushes, sheep flocks, spinning-mills, looms and sewing machines. You cannot arm them with blast furnaces and machine shops. On the other hand, in order to keep up your

income you must efficiently maintain your capital. If you were to consume all your flocks and herds, if you were to wear out your machinery, vehicles, roads and railways without renewal, that would be to consume or destroy your capital. Your income in food, clothing and transport would soon diminish. That way ruin lies.

But, all the same, it is mainly from the world's income that the world-war is being fought. True, machinery is not being replaced, roads are not being repaired, as much as they should be, and, to a limited extent, we are wasting our capital by wear not balanced by renewal. True, into the waste of war there is going much of our income which, under normal conditions, would be going as new capital into buildings, machinery and other producing items. Income, which in normal times would be going as new capital into buildings, machinery and other producing items. Income, which in normal times would be saved and become capital, is not being so saved. By so much, our capital, not being increased is, and will be for some time to come, less than it would have been but for the war. But it remains true, that, in the main, the material cost of the war is coming out of the world's income.

How is it then that we are not going so heavily into debt? Note that, although the war is being fought out of the world's income, that does not mean that it is being fought entirely out of our income. Until the United States of America came into the fray, it was largely her income, and that of smaller neutral states which, supplementing the income of the belligerents themselves, provided the "sinews of war." In exchange for large slices of the income of the United States in the shape of goods, we first gave up great masses of securities representing former British ownership of American capital. Latterly we have been given paper promises to pay back, out of our future income, the equivalent of the amount of the United States' present income in goods supplied to us for war purposes.

Now that the United States is spending on the war on her own account so large a proportion of her income, she has so much less to lend to us. At the same time, while the war is costing as much as ever, our own true income-producing power is diminished. How then are these requirements of ours to be met?

It is notable that Germany's power of resistance remains formidable still. Notwithstanding that her conquests have provided her with some food and other things, considering that she is hemmed in from the high seas, if she were spending in normal ways as large a part of her income as we are, by this time she would be nearer final defeat. That she is not exhausted shows that a much larger proportion of her income is going into effective and a much less proportion into unnecessary expenditure than is the case with us.

The great thing, therefore, is to get British people to spend less in order that their government may spend more, or even keep on spending as much as now. There are two ways in which that would help the government in fighting the war. More buying power would be at the disposal of the government, and it would diminish competition in the world's markets for the articles our government must buy for carrying on the war. For example, if each of 200,000 private citizens refrained from buying an unnecessary suit of clothes costing \$25 each, and lent the money to the government, the government would have a million sterling more to spend than it would otherwise have had and so much more clothing material would be left wherewith to clothe our soldiers.

As regards woollen clothing it may be said: "Does not the government control the stocks and prices of wool?" Yes, that is so, but it should never be forgotten that the very justification for the government doing so is that we have to import (as in the case of so many other things) a large proportion of the wool we use, and that the steady sinking of ocean-going ships by German submarines pro tanto restricts our

supply of wool as of other commodities.

The material part of the cost of the war is being provided mainly out of the world's current income, its income not in coins, bank notes and bank balances, which are not really the world's income at all, but out of the world's real income in the necessary commodities of all kinds, in food, clothing, transport, equipment, munitions, ammunition. True, many of these kinds of income are not adding to the world's wealth and permanent well-being. But that is not the point. They are the forms of income we require now.

The government, then, for its fighting purposes, requires various commodities which are really income. Only to a small extent does it really require capital. If it were to confiscate, say, an engineering shop or a cloth factory, it could do no more than continue the production of the commodities which constitute that part of the national income which it requires. The question is, would such confiscation reduce or increase the national income in the required goods?

What we now require most is the maximum production of commodities at the minimum cost to the nation. It is, therefore, worth while, before joining in the cry for "conscription" of capital, to ask whether, by a transfer of the ownership of the capital factor of income production from private to public ownership, the volume of production would be lessened or increased. As the war is being provided for out of income in commodities and not out of capital, and must be increasingly provided for out of our own income and to a less extent out of other people's income, the crucial question for us (dropping for the moment all consideration of the rights of private owners) is, should we have more or less income or goods wherewith to fight the war if our capital were State-owned rather than private property? That is the real issue which the advocates of "conscription of capital" are pressing upon public attention. Should we have more food, both for civilians and for

soldiers, if the government owned and managed all the farms and gardens of the country? Would farmers and market gardeners produce more food as civil servants than as private traders? Would government control of all our producing industries increase their productiveness to a greater extent than it increased their cost?

It would be wrong to disparage the value of the able services rendered to the State not only in time of war, but in time of peace, by its civil servants. But surely it cannot be pretended that under ordinary circumstances and in times of peace the many wants of the community, ministered to now by wholesale and retail traders, could be supplied as economically, expeditiously and efficiently by the State as by private traders. Apart from those industries which are essentially monopolies, and in times of peace at least, the more direct personal interest of the individual trader and his greater freedom of action, because not tied by red tape, give him an enormous advantage over the government official. Except in such services as are monopolistic in nature, this advantage is reflected in better service to the community than would otherwise be the case. Since the many more or less necessary interferences by Government with the course of trade during the war, innumerable illustrations have been afforded the British public of the diminution of efficiency, economy and expeditiousness which seems inseparable from State management and control.

The question then arises, does a state of war so modify the conditions of agriculture, industry and commerce as to make government management more advisable than it usually is? Undeniably the authorities of a besieged town are justified in largely suspending the ordinary laws of supply and demand by seizing all supplies of food and doling them out in the way best calculated to prolong the lives of the inhabitants. Similarly, in a country besieged as our country partially is, through Germany's gradual destruction of the world's shipping, the government

is justified in taking such measures as shall best distribute and make last out all our supplies of food, clothing, etc., necessary to human existence. (It may be noted, by the way, that this policy has nowhere been held to justify the appropriation of the individual's stock of food, etc., by his own government without payment for the same.) And further, where the consumer has not the protection of the full operation of the laws of supply and demand, as in a besieged town or country, the government may be justified in checking and controlling prices charged to the consumer for many articles which it does not seize. But does this involve or justify the taking over by the State of the manufacture of the thousand and one commodities and the supply of all the many services required by mankind even during war?

Is the State, in addition to prescribing the prices of wheat, bread, potatoes, milk, butter and cheese, to enter upon the business of producing them? Let us for the moment assume, for the sake of argument, the correctness of the collectivist theory that communal ownership of food production might ultimately mean cheaper food. We must assume, also, that the transformation of private into public ownership would be a process of some magnitude and complexity. Is the present time of war a favorable opportunity for such an experiment?

Whatever be the faults of the system of individual ownership of the means of food production, it is in existence. To change it would be a gigantic operation. To do collectivists justice, it may be that they are not consciously proposing to effect such a change at the present moment. But the proposal now made and being strongly pushed in some quarters practically amounts to the same thing in principle, but limited in extent.

It is gravely proposed that as the national need for money is so great and the national debt already so heavy, what is called a "tax on capital" should be levied. It is recognized that while some traders may have surplus money

out of which they could pay, say, a 10 per cent "tax" on their capital, the great majority of traders may not possess surplus cash resources. In such cases it is proposed that they should give up one-tenth of their business to the government, which would then become a partner in all such businesses to the extent of one-tenth of their capital. Not only every railway and engineering works, but every manufacturing firm, however large or small, every farmer, merchant and shopkeeper, every barber and milk dealer, who could not find cash enough to satisfy the government 10 per cent capital tax, would henceforth have to recognize the government as the owner of one-tenth of his business, with, of course, the right of some one on behalf of the government to share in the control and direction of that business. For of course partial ownership by the government must mean partial control by the government. Was ever anything more absurd proposed by men outside a lunatic asylum? And at a time like this, too, when the successful management of war matters is taxing to the utmost not only the directing brains of the country, but also the war depleted permanent staff and the enormously swollen temporary staff of the country's civilian servants!

So far as material things are concerned, the war is being waged by means of the world's income in goods currently produced. As our prospect of borrowing the goods income of other nations diminishes, a greater share of our own income must be devoted to our war needs. To help us to win the war, our government should have greater command not so much over the capital of its citizens as over their income. Taxation of capital is not what the country needs. It is a greater share—that is greater taxation—of the income of the country that the government requires.

No doubt a considerable proportion of our national income is the capitalist's share of the joint product of capital, labor, and management. Let the State take, if necessary, a larger share

of the capitalist's income from investments, with due regard, of course, to the rather large class of good citizens living on small incomes derived from the investment of savings. Such taxation is, in fact, the conscription of wealth in the particular form—viz., income that the State requires for the time being. To that extent, and so long as such taxation lasts, the income benefit of the owner's capital is taken away from him. But he is left in possession and control of his capital and with the strongest possible motive to make the best use of it in the hope by and by of redeeming it from a part at least of the burden of government taxation. Pray leave the owner what the lawyers call the "equity of redemption!" In nine cases out of ten, the owner of the capital will make much better use of it, untrammelled by government control, than as a servant of the government. He will work harder, he will deny himself more, as an owner, than as a government servant. The "magic of ownership" is no phantom idea, played out already. Rather it is an old idea that has to be played into modern industry in one form or another.

A serious feature of the present situation is the inequality of the sacrifices being made by some members of the community as compared with others. The war puts money in the pockets of one set of traders and ruins others. Tommy, who faces mutilation and death, has much lower wages than Jack who stays at home. Jones saves all he can and lends to the government, Smith acts on the principle, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." Unquestionably, if all citizens saved their money, as some do, the government would never lack "silver bullets." Unquestionably also, if all citizens "wasted their substance on riotous living," as do others, we should be beaten in the war because bankrupt.

The government will have to make

still greater efforts to divert the nation's individual daily expenditure from nationally disadvantageous to nationally advantageous lines. There are two possible courses before it.

One course for the government to take would be, through some authoritative committee or other, to decree what kinds of expenditure were and what kinds were not, to be deemed luxurious and unwarrantable, and then to proceed to suppress the condemned trades and occupations. A pretty prospect truly to open out before any government! Whatever may be said for and against the alcoholic liquor trade, if we cannot agree as to what to do about that, what prospect is there of an agreement about other trades?

But there is a simpler and more automatic way of diverting the nation's individual expenditure from unnecessary lines into the necessary ones. The government may, by drastic increase of legitimate taxation, so restrict the spending power of individuals as automatically to stop, or largely stop the demand for luxuries. That plan would leave to every individual the choice of his own form of self-denial. It would be more consistent with British character and create less friction than the enactment of irritating sumptuary laws, by a not necessarily omniscient government.

Let Mr. Bonar Law be as bold as, or even bolder than, Mr. McKenna was, when he raised the income tax and instituted the excess profits tax. Let him use his taxing power, not by "taxing capital" to discourage thrift and lower national credit, but by taxing now misused income to divert it from nationally wasteful to nationally defensive purposes. If he so does, no doubt the wasters of all classes will raise a howl, as they always do when their selfishness is interfered with. But all that is sound and unselfish in the nation will respond, as it always does, to calls upon its patriotism.

Ysabella

A Romance of Spanish California

(Continued From Last Month)

By Clarice Garland

Author of "Spanish California Mission," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

*A Fandango to Visiting Sea Captains
at Casa de Estudillo. The
Wishing Well.*

AFTER the departure of Governor Echandia to Monterey nothing occurred to disturb the serenity of the midday and midnight siestas of the commandante and the dons, nothing, unless the loud voices of Don Pio Pico and Lieutenant Domingo Carrillo over a game of cards awakened the slumber of the garrison.

"Gracias! Another game?" asked Lieutenant Carrillo amiably.

"No more, Lieutenant! You have won half my cargo of sugar already," replied Don Pio.

"Just one more deal of monte, amigo, and you may win your cargo back again."

"Have your own way," assented Don Pio hopefully. Again the cards were shuffled and dealt. Cautiously the lieutenant played and won. Pio Pico threw down his cards in disgust.

"You tempt like the devil," growled the don.

"Thou wast unable to withstand temptation; I shall give thee a penance by taking the other half of thy cargo," declared the officer.

"Get thee behind me, Diablo!" exclaimed Pico.

"Do not awaken the echoes in the Presidio, amigo. It were a pity to disturb the slumbers of the just," retorted the lieutenant.

"Then never shouldst thou sleep, but

always have an eye open for an ace or a trump card to win a cask of wine or a cargo of sugar. I pronounce thee also a penance. Never shalt thou sleep! When every one in the pueblo is lost in slumber thou shalt be haunted by the memory of forbidden siestas. Unnumbered aces shall dance before thy unwinking eyes till they ache and ache forever!" shouted Pico, storming out of the Presidio.

"The saints defend us! What was that noise?" mumbled one of the garrison.

"Only Lieutenant Carrillo and Don Pio Pico at a game of monte. Dios! Don Pio hath thunder in his voice."

"That is the only kind of thunder in this region," retorted his companion, reclosing his eyes.

"I will make the climate here so warm that Lieutenant Carrillo will want to flee to a cooler one in Mexico," muttered the young aristocrat, descending Presidio Hill to his home.

The hoof-beats of a horse broke the sabbath stillness around the plaza. Pio Pico blinked his eyes. "Ha! What do I see? Not aces, nor trump cards, but that American sea-captain and he is no trump. If he thinks so, the governor will have him pitched into the bay as food for sea elephants," muttered the young Spaniard.

In the interval of social quietness succeeding the fiesta of the double wedding, Captain Fitch secured the interest of Father Martin in his merchandise. He made an exchange of New England manufactured goods, cottons,

furniture, imported silks and jewelry for hides at a great profit. One hide bought in California for two dollars was sold in Boston for more than double that amount. These hides he was obliged to put through a curing process to prevent injury by moths in their long voyage around the Horn.

"The hides I bought at the Mission must be soused in the ocean and dried on the beach. Then they must be stowed in the hide house until we have a complete cargo," advised Captain Fitch. "Forty thousand hides will give us a great profit in Boston. And Mr. Welles may be satisfied then with the result of my business venture. It was a narrow chance. If Virmond had not taken me under his wing, this would have been a lost cause," confided the master to Mr. Hatch.

"Aye, sir!" responded the mate. "But Virmond might not have taken an interest in you if you were not a likely specimen of a man."

"Virmond understands men. He certainly is a character reader," admitted Fitch. "I strongly condemn Bradshaw for running away without having his cargo examined according to the laws of the port. Don Estudillo, the Collector, told me that this little port took over \$30,000 in customs receipts a few years ago."

"Splendid harbor! Wide and deep, and completely land-locked," affirmed Hatch. "It ought to be worth something to the town."

"Yes. If Echandia would give the liberty of the port as Governor Luis Arguello did when in office, there would be some business done here. The Mission is a great store-house, and the padres sell goods that they take in exchange for hides to all the people who have money to buy them. If Spain were as powerful and energetic now as when she found and colonized this Western Hemisphere," continued Fitch, "there would be better defenses and more business on this coast. As it is, we must sail north to San Pedro, Santa Barbara and Monterey, and call at all the Missions. They are very rich in flocks and herds."

"Aye, sir! Shall the hide-house be finished first?"

"Yes, Mr. Hatch, finish the hide-house first! I am going ashore this evening with Captain Barry, the master of Virmond's brig, to attend a dance given by Don Jose Estudillo. This dance is given in honor of shipmasters who have arrived recently. It seems as if business at the Customs Office is improving. I understand that the governor has allowed ships to enter unfortified ports."

At sunset, Don and Dona Virmond, with Captain and Mrs. Barry, took Captain Fitch and pulled for the shore. At the big rock, horses and vaqueros awaited the pleasure seekers.

When the party from the harbor arrived at the plaza the windows of Casa de Estudillo were blazing with the light of many candles within the sala. Don Jose Estudillo, a gentleman of fine dignity and presence, was receiving his guests.

"Senor Virmond, you are as welcome as the eleven hundred dollars duties that you paid me yesterday for the tallow you are taking to Callao," welcomed the host, genially.

"Every little helps," responded Virmond. "My wife and I at your fandango, my gold in your treasury, and my tallow in Callao," he laughed. "My shipmaster, Captain Barry, you have met, and Captain Fitch. He may have some gold also for your coffers. He was buying all the hides at the Mission, I believe."

"Most welcome, both guests and their gold," assured the host. "Ah, Captain Duhart-Cilley, I am delighted that you favor us with your presence."

"The pleasure is mine. A social atmosphere after life on board a brig is most delightful," responded Duhart-Cilley, master of a French brig on a voyage of discovery. "Allow me to present to you Captain Beecham, master of the English brig Blossom."

"Delighted to entertain you, Captain Beecham. What do you find to interest you in California?" inquired the host.

"Your missions are vastly interest-

ing, Don Estudillo. I had the pleasure of visiting several of them further north, and I found them wonderfully efficient. The friars were heroic beyond belief during the past sixty years in entering a wild country and winning the savages to Christianity. I have observed the Indian neophytes closely, and I think they lead much happier lives than when roaming over the hills gaining a precarious livelihood. And they were without the satisfaction of that spiritual attainment which lifts man above the level of the quadrupeds."

"I am glad you think so, yet I dread to think of the result when the control of the Missions is taken from the padres," responded the collector in a cautious undertone.

"Captain Placiat, you also favor us, although your ship, *Comete*, left one thousand dollars at the Port of Santa Barbara in place of San Diego," welcomed the host.

"Ah, here is Captain Williams from his American brig, *Clio*, sailing from Boston! Be sure, Captain Williams, that you do not run the gauntlet of Fort Guajarro like your friend, Captain Bradshaw!"

"Not I! I stand at my post and pay my duties like a man! Bradshaw was no friend of mine," answered Williams heartily.

"The master of the brig Brooklyn from Boston, made a good record last year. The super-cargo left three thousand dollars in payment of duties," informed the collector.

"I hope he will not be the only one from Boston who makes a good record," volunteered Fitch.

"Look to your laurels," replied the host, genially.

The enticing strains of the violin sounded from the upper end of the sala. Don Joaquin Carrollo, with his inimitable art, drew dreamy waltz measures from the strings of his beloved instrument.

Don Pio Pico and Senorita Ignacia Alvarado moved in graceful circles to the rhythm of the music.

Estefana Pico and Joaquin Carrillo,

Jr., formed another constellation among the dancing stars. They were followed by Captain Fitch, and Senorita Ysabella Carrillo, who waltzed lightly around the room. "You look sad, Senorita Ysabella," remarked Fitch.

"I miss my sister Dolores," returned the girl. "I went to the Wishing Well today with my brother, and made a wish that I might go to Monterey some time and visit her," she confided wistfully.

"Where is the Wishing Well? I would like to go there myself and make a wish, also," declared Fitch in a low tone.

"It is under the willows by the river's brink," answered the girl.

"Will you make a wish at the Wishing Well tomorrow, Senorita Ysabella?" asked her companion, earnestly.

"My sister Benicia wants to make a wish. I will take her with me to the Well tomorrow at noon," replied Ysabella, impelled to answer like a fate. In fact, deeds make one's fate.

Strangely, soon Fitch forgot the ride to the millrace, but more strange were the ways of Acteon.

Don Estudillo arranged a contra dance and led out Dona Feliciano Virmond. The middle-aged dons followed suit, and the stately dance, with its frequent waltz movements, was in full course.

Ysabella turned to her younger sister, fourteen years of age. "Benicia, mia, would you like to go to the Wishing Well tomorrow?"

"Of all places, yes! Let us make up a party!" suggested the younger girl. "Ignacia, all hail for the Wishing Well tomorrow!"

"The Wishing Well! The Wishing Well!" echoed Estefana, clapping her hands softly.

"Are we left out in the cold at your pilgrimage?" voiced Pio Pico anxiously.

"The more the merrier! Numbers may compliment the Oracle into showing prophetic favors," replied Ysabella wisely.

"We will take luncheon at high noon under the shadow of the temple of the Oracle," volunteered Estafana, "and I will persuade mi madre to accompany us as duena."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed Benicia. "You may come, too," she said graciously to Fitch. The captain bowed deeply with his hand on his heart in apparent beatitude, as if the queen of the revels had deigned him a special favor. "Most delighted with your ladyship's invitation," he responded gallantly.

Light wine and sugared pastry were passed to the guests in the intervals of the fandango. The dancers revived from their lethargy of three weeks, since the departure of Governor Echan-dia and his cavalcade with the bridal couples, and assumed their usual appearance of vivacity. In the small hours the party broke up with many expressions of friendship and regard from the visiting sea captains. They appreciated the flow of soul, although there was no special feast of reason at the dance, unless it was a business reason.

Shortly before noon on the following day a carreta, or wagon, drawn by oxen stopped before several houses at the plaza. Baskets containing cold, jerked beef, cold chicken, boiled eggs, tamales, tortillas and fruit were placed in the carreta which creaked and rumbled on its solid, log-disk wheels under its load of delicacies and duenas.

Dona Dolores Bandini and Dona Eustaquia Pico chose to ride in the carreta in which they placed cushions. The señoritas and caballeros rode their horses. The distance was only a few miles, but no one thought of walking when a horse was to be obtained at the corrals. Many peals of laughter sounded from the riders and shrieks of dismay echoed from the ponderous carreta as its ungreased axles shrieked to heaven, or when it lurched over a stone or rounded a shelving curve by the river. At last the picnic party reached the Wishing Well. The caballeros tethered their horses to the trees, and the duenas spread a snow-white

cloth on the flower-sprinkled grass amid the sweet odors of wild sage and the carol of innumerable birds.

"To the Wishing Well! To the Wishing Well!" called Benicia. "The one who reaches the Well first gets the wish granted first."

With one accord the young people made a dash for the Well. Benicia reached it first, and kneeling on the brink, gazed into its pellucid depths. "The Oracle has retired to her cave in the mountains," informed Benicia gravely. "We must entreat her presence by offerings and tokens of our regard." And she playfully began gathering wild flowers, which she bound with a wisp of grass and laid at the edge of the Well.

"Seest thou any signs of the Lady-of-the-Well?" asked Pio Pico, with a voice of pretended anxiety. "I never would dare to play another game of Monte with Lieutenant Carrillo if her ladyship denied me her countenance."

"I see blue sky in her hiding place, also green treetops. Perhaps she is playing at hide-and-seek in the branches and laughing at us," suggested Estefana, reflectively.

As the party ran forward Ysabella's foot was caught in a wild grapevine, and she would have fallen if Captain Fitch had not grasped and held her. The señorita's face flushed, and her hands instinctively caught Fitch's sustaining arms; then she pantingly withdrew herself as she regained her footing.

"Oh!" exclaimed the girl; "my ankle is sprained. No. No. Señor Fitch," she murmured, pushing her companion away from her.

But the captain was young and ardent, and the flower-like face was close to his. Ysabella's lithe form trembled in his arms. In the impulse of a wild moment, he bent over and pressed a kiss on her red lips. Then he stood up trembling with the shock of his emotions. "Carísima," he murmured, "forgive me! I could not abstain—so near to paradise to be denied!"

The girl's luminous eyes opened and flashed an embarrassed glance into

those of her companion, and he trembled with the sweetness of the forbidden fruit.

"Please go, *Senor Fitch*," entreated *Ysabella* faintly. "It is a crime if the *duenas* should see us together."

"I cannot leave you hurt and unattended, *Senorita Ysabella*," insisted *Captain Fitch* in a tone of authority. "I will assist you to the *duenas*." And taking the girl's arm, he helped her over the rough places while she gasped when she stepped forward on her injured foot.

"Let me carry you to the *carreta*," urged the young man, noting his companion's pallor.

"No, no, *Senor Fitch*; the *duenas* would disapprove. We shall reach them in a moment," and she faltered painfully along, assisted by the captain.

The man and the maiden were each conscious that a strong and subtle element had suddenly sprung into being; it dominated and held them together. Fate cast her invisible but powerful net around them, and blind *Acteon* cut the web previously woven around the young man.

Two tall yuccas, or Spanish bayonets, nodded to each other on their long, high stems. They held their cream white blossoms closely clustered as they stood guard over the river's brink. "A man and a maid," whispered the flowers, "are learning the secret of the world. They have found the key that unlocks the happiness of the universe."

Dona Eustaquia, who was placing some delicacies on the banquet cloth, glanced through the drooping branches, noted her niece's predicament and proximity to the foreigner, and raised her hands in dismay. "What is the matter, *Ysabella*, mia, and why are you walking alone with the foreigner?" she questioned reprovingly.

Captain Fitch raised his hat deferentially. "*Senorita Ysabella* met with an accident," he explained in halting Spanish. "I could not leave her alone and unable to walk, *Senora Pico*."

"*Gracias*, *Senor Fitch*," replied *Dona*

Eustaquia politely but curtly, and taking her niece's arm, she led her to a little distance and placed cushions, which *Fitch* brought from the *carreta*, on the ground. Then she assisted the girl to be seated, and thereafter kept a watchful eye on the young man as she helped *Dona Bandini* to set out the banquet.

Ysabella, half ashamed and wholly frightened, reclined on cushions, pale and distraut. "What would *mi madre* say if she knew?" she thought. "Shall I tell her? No, never!" she uttered aloud, thinking of her mother's sternness of etiquette, although this flagrant violation of Spanish propriety was not her fault.

"What did you say?" inquired *Dona Dolores Bandini*, noting *Ysabella's* exclamation.

"Nothing," replied *Ysabella*, shrugging her shoulders.

Captain Fitch looked across the banquet cloth at the object of his adoration. "I must have her or perish," he thought. "This is the reason why I am not hurrying north. Here is my lode-stone. Her eyes are like twin stars, and her lips hath the sweetness of the wine of life. She is modest and discreet withal. I cannot part with her. I must have word with her." Taking a note book from his pocket after luncheon, the captain penciled a few words, twisted the paper and tossed it to *Ysabella*.

The *duenas* were packing and stowing the remaining provisions in the *carreta*. And the young people again consulted the Oracle of the Well.

Ysabella looked fearfully around her and then opened the missive:

"*Carisima*: I love you beyond utterance. Will you give me permission to write to your parents, asking their consent to our marriage?"

Captain Fitch stood at a little distance from *Ysabella*, leaning with studied carelessness against the trunk of a tree.

Ysabella's magnificent eyes flashed a radiant glance, and a smile transfigured her exquisite face like marble features when flushed with happy life.

"Yes, Captain," she murmured, and drooped her white eyelids over her tell-tale orbs. Then a shiver ran down her spine and a black cloud appeared in the horizon of her happiness. "What would the governor say?" she thought. "I thank the saints that he is far away today. 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' I would like to make a wish at the Well." And she dragged her lame foot to the brink. It was deserted. She knelt and bent over the water below. "Kind lady-of-the-Well," she whispered, "show me the face of my lover."

It could not be possible that Fitch would be far distant from Ysabella. He saw her bend over the water, and stepping to her side he knelt and clasped her hand in order not to startle her. Bending over the water their faces were reflected side by side in its clear surface.

"Our Lady-of-the-Well has answered my wish," confided Ysabella, softly.

"And mine," echoed Fitch significantly. "Ever and ever side by side," he voiced earnestly.

"Ever, forever," breathed Ysabella, startled by her own temerity. He helped her to stand, and she retraced her steps to the duenas.

"Was your wish granted, Benicia?" asked Ignacia. "Yours was the first, you know."

"The last shall be first," quoted Fitch in an undertone to Ysabella. She smiled tremulously, as he helped her into the carreta for the homeward ride and followed on horseback with the riders.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Betrothal of Senorita Ysabella Carrillo and Captain Fitch.

In the history of free-masonry, Don Cupid stood without a rival. He entered with conscious grace where'er he elected to visit, was entertained sumptuously by delighted host or hostess, and departed with his sheath filled with freshly pointed arrows for

future conquests. A smile, a dimple, a flash of his seductive eyes and a tender hand-pressure were hieroglyphics in the code of his soft language and heavenly power, they were enough. He was welcomed with open arms and warmest greeting.

Thus it was with Captain Fitch, who ever had avoided the amorous cherub. Dan Cupid caught him this time, however, and enslaved him with his magic arts until his host felt no desire for his uninvited guest to depart. "Stay with me always, kind Cupid," quoth he. "There will be reserved always for thee the downiest couch and the daintiest viands in my home."

The sly little don slipped away so quietly, however, that the host knew not of his departure. And by the magic of his art he enveloped his personality and the glamour of his presence around the formerly fancy-free Fitch forever.

Captain Fitch was twenty-six years of age, and Senorita Ysabella was now nineteen years old. What did a difference of seven years matter in this case? The die was cast and the meshes were woven around the hearts of the lovers that bound them together forever.

The master of the Venture came out of his cabin with a letter in his hand the morning after the picnic. "Order the boat lowered," he directed the mate, who repeated the order to the boatswain in the forecabin. The captain stepped into his boat and was rowed to Virmond's ship. "I must trespass on your kindness," he urged to the owner of the Vulture.

"I am ever at the disposal of my friends," replied the host, genially.

"I elect you ambassador at the Court of Love," explained Fitch. "Will you serve as officer of the day?"

"El diablo, my friend! What now? Are you putting your head into the lion's mouth?"

"No, only my heart in a fair lady's hand," declared the visitor.

"Bad enough! Bad enough! Is the fair lady, Senorita Ysabella, the object of your regard?" quizzed Virmond.

"Yes," replied the captain, definitely.

"Worse and worse! The governor will have you imprisoned if you gain possession of the object of his regard. Charge of theft! See?" Argued the host.

"Has the governor declared himself?" questioned Fitch.

"No, I believe not," admitted the visitor.

"'All is fair in love and war,'" returned Fitch. "And the lady has given her consent to an engagement with me."

"You have not let the grass grow under your feet," complained the don.

"Very well! As I am answerable for your good behavior in San Diego I will see that my commission is fulfilled properly according to the code of Spanish etiquette." Virmond took the offered letter and put it in his pocket. "If you were not a young man of education and culture, with a good business position and ability, I would not sponsor your advance in an aristocratic Spanish family," declared Virmond, decidedly.

"Thanks, Guardian Angel, your wings are white!" responded Fitch, leaving the Vulture. "Au revoir, kind Ambassador."

Virmond smiled whimsically and joined Dona Feliciano in her cabin. "Our American friend keeps me busy in San Diego," he confided to the wife of his bosom, as he related the object of his guest's call.

Ysabella reclined in her room, resting her sprained ankle, when Virmond called ceremoniously on her parents. He delivered his protege's written offer of marriage, asking consent of Don and Dona Carrillo. "Captain Henry Delano Fitch is a young man of good birth, a graduate of Harvard University at Boston, and his parents are people of means. This I have taken the trouble to inform myself by looking over his private papers, which he offered as hostage for his good behavior here," asserted the ambassador. "Also Captain Williams, master of the *Clio* now in the harbor, knew his father, a retired sea captain of excellent reputation."

"I would prefer my daughter to make an alliance with a husband of her own race and religion," objected Don Joaquin, with a pardonable racial prejudice. "However, I will consult with Dona Ignacia, my wife, regarding the proposal of Captain Fitch," he continued judicially, hoping to gain time anent the return of Governor Echandia, who had been strangely dilatory in obtaining the promise of his daughter's hand. "At least, they might have been betrothed before the departure of his Excellency, and thus averted the threatened advent of an American son-in-law," thought Don Joaquin, who was much perturbed by this sudden action of Captain Fitch in actually proposing to become his daughter's husband.

Dona Ignacia listened to the adulations of Captain Fitch by her visitor, and, although filled with silent wrath, managed to appear gracious and interested in the powerful don's plea for the obnoxious foreigner who even was attempting to find entrance to their home and family as a cherished relative. And in a courteous manner she received the farewells with her husband of the pleni-potentiary from Mexico City.

Ysabella suffered some anxiety regarding Governor Echandia's sentiments toward her that caused disquietude of mind and subdued her subtle, effervescing happiness. In her sister Benicia she could not confide. The pellucid depths of her young mind were yet too shallow to harbor such a State secret.

The result of the conference caused uncertainty in the minds of both the most interested parties. Ysabella made lace with industrious fingers while her ankle recovered from its injury. Her mind was confused by visions of a blonde Norse Viking who rescued her from distress. Then a frowning, wrathful governor cast the Norse god into the narrow confines of a prison with a board couch and iron-barred doors for disputing possession of herself.

Dona Ignacia sat in her daughter's

room with folded arms like a lawyer cross-examining the opposing witness. "Do you like this foreigner, Ysabella, mia?" questioned the mother.

"Yes, madre mia," replied the witness.

"It is strange that you should prefer him to Governor Echandia, my daughter!"

"The governor has not spoken. He is not sure of his regard," declared Ysabella with wisdom beyond her years.

"The persistency of the foreigner and thy waywardness are thorns in my side," complained the mother. "To prefer a foreigner, who is a Protestant, is beyond my ideas of propriety," continued Dona Ignacia.

"Did he not write that he would embrace the Catholic religion?" asked Ysabella pointedly. "I cannot explain why I am so drawn to him," confessed the girl, "but I am very happy in his society, much more so than with Governor Echandia. I loathe his ceremonious aloofness, his dismal frowns! Madre mia, madre mia, I beg you not to give me to him," entreated Ysabella with tears.

"I desire only that which is for your best interest and happiness," replied the mother. "A young girl's mind is inexperienced, and she often would make a foolish and unhappy alliance if not rightly guided by older heads. It shall not be my fault if you run home after marriage with doleful tales of your married life." Having expressed her mind on this subject Dona Ignacia left the room.

Ysabella smiled reflectively and shrugged her graceful shoulders significantly. The smile and the shrug meant much to the objects of her thoughts. Her mind was divided between joy in possible happiness with her American lover and anxiety over Governor Echandia's reception of the announcement of her betrothal and his probable action. He was known to be of a jealous and revengeful nature, and in his official capacity no one could measure the reach of the strong arm of his authority. Then a physical mis-

ery pervaded her being as she thought of the consequences of marriage with the governor. Her mind became a stage on which the governor met her with frowning visage, clutching arms and gloating eyes. A physical repulsion that increased to poignant anguish of body seized her in a vital grip, as she thought of an approaching possible union with the gaunt commandante general. "I cannot, I cannot!" she exclaimed aloud, as if her mother were insisting on her acceptance to an expected marriage proposal of the governor. Convulsions shook her frame and contorted her features, and her spirit writhed in repellant agony. "No, no!" she uttered, raising her hands in protest; "it is asking too much! I cannot forfeit my happiness for the bauble of social honor and a lifetime of misery!"

Ysabella's parents did not make known their decision regarding their daughter's matrimonial fate, hoping her feelings might change. Thus the week was one of feverish anxiety on her part. Would the matrimonial scales weigh in favor of her foreign lover, or would they not?"

Don Virmond reported his interview with Don Joaquin and Dona Ignacia to Captain Fitch with some misgivings. "It is quite plain to me that the Carrillos would prefer the governor as a son-in-law," he confided to the captain. "It is difficult to prophesy what the result will be, if the senorita most interested should object seriously to a union with Governor Echandia. The young lady has considerable spirit, and will not submit meekly to the commands of her parents where her happiness is greatly involved," remarked Virmond, with characteristic insight of human nature.

"Senorita Ysabella hates the governor," confided Fitch anxiously.

Captain Fitch rode back and forth to the Mission bent on concluding his business arrangements with Father Oliva. He invited the missionary to visit his ship and inspect his cargo. The friar, who was a shrewd business man, made a list of desired articles to

be exchanged. And the price of Boston goods was rated very high on account of the exorbitant customs duties in California. Then there were the hauling and exchange of goods, the overseeing of which consumed all of the time and much of the energy of the captain. He awaited the end of the week with gnawing impatience.

At the end of the allotted time of

uncertainty and anxiety, in spite of the solitary meditation and a limited diet of bread and water, Ysabella's feelings remained unchanged. And Don Joaquin Carrillo went on board the Venture and called on the master. "I bring the reply to your marriage proposal, Captain Fitch," he said regretfully, producing the letter of consent.

(To be continued)

"O WHAT SAW YOU"

O what saw you in Flanders
Fighting for the king?
Rain and mud and rain and mud
And never another thing.

O what saw you in Babylon
Fighting for the king?
Sun and sand and sun and sand,
And never another thing.

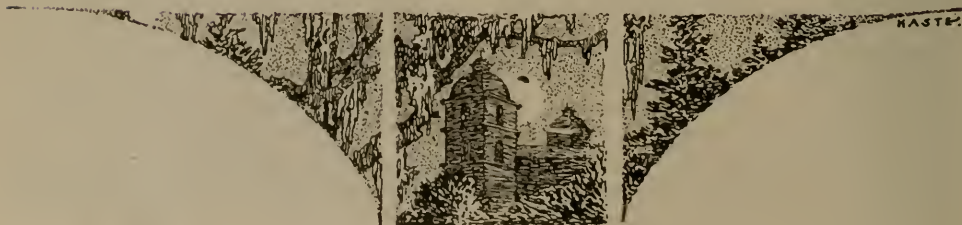
Are there no burns in Flanders,
No tumbling burns that sing?
Are there no braes in Babylon
Bonnie with broom and ling?

There are no burns in Flanders,
No tumbling burns that sing.
There are no braes in Babylon
Bonnie with broom and ling.

Then I'll not go to Flanders
Nor yet to Babylon,
But keep to my own country's
Clean rain and kindly sun.

Who will may dream of Bagdad
And sigh for Samarkand—
I'll live content with the windy bent
Of green Northumberland.

WILFRED WILSON GIBSON.





Lowering a torpedo to go on board a submarine at the torpedo station, Newport, R. I.

The Torpedo, the Weapon With a Mechanical Brain

By Lillian E. Zeh

Photographs by Lillian E. Zeh.

AMONG the formidable and most ingenious weapons of modern naval warfare is the cigar-shaped shell of glittering steel, the automobile torpedo—a steel fish with a mechanical brain, alive and throbbing to the utmost limit with the most wonderful of human mechanism, capable of diving like a porpoise, steering itself, and, at the speed of a

mile a minute at first, ploughing invisible through the sea to a distance of over four miles or more, capable of attacking and destroying a floating armored fortress, a giant \$8,000,000 dreadnought, and then disappearing in its own ruin. These remarkable underwater demons of destruction are predicted by leading naval experts and strategists to play a prominent part,



Close view of giant 21 inch torpedo. Range 8,000 yards. The war head in the extreme front is stored with 300 pounds of explosive.

with disastrous results, in the conflict on the high seas in the present great European war.

Probably of timely interest to the reader will be the realistic views shown on these pages, especially the one depicting a torpedo in actual flight at the moment of leaving the tube on board a destroyer, together with a brief description of the wonderful mechanism as well as an explanation of just how the steel monster is fired and made to plunge into the depths and dart as straight as an arrow to attack the vitals of the mightiest of battle-ships.

This self-propelling fighting machine, with a mechanical brain for diving and steering itself, is a cylindri-

cal shaped shell of steel, with tapering lines, 22 feet long and 21 inches in largest diameter, weighing 2,000 pounds. It is divided into three main parts, the war head or front section that holds the explosive charge of 132 or more pounds of wet gun cotton, the air flask or central chamber, and the after-body or tail, containing the engine, steering gear, rudders and propellers. The head of the torpedo is of hammered bronze. One of the ingenious and vital bits of mechanism, at the extreme point, or "nose," of the war head, is in the shape of a small propeller for preventing the premature explosion of the torpedo, which it accomplishes by locking the firing pin. When the torpedo is fired



The bow of the submarine, showing how the outside tube cap opens the moment the torpedo is discharged from the inside.



Making the torpedo. On the right is seen the war heads. One thousand different and delicate parts form the complicated interior mechanism.



Charging the torpedo with compressed air, the motive power for operating the turbine engine during its flight.



The torpedo in flight, just fired from tube and on its way to attack. Range 8,000 yards.

from the ship and enters the water, the revolution of the propeller releases a "sleeve," which uncovers the firing pin, putting it in position to strike the detonating primer the instant the torpedo finds its mark, in this manner setting off the heavy charge of explosive against the vessel's bottom.

The second or central section is the air flask occupying more than one-half the total length of the torpedo. In this reservoir is stored the compressed air for driving the torpedo. The flask is tested to stand a pressure of 3,000 lbs. to the square inch, although only 2,250 pounds is the amount used in action. This air chamber is to the engine of the torpedo what the boiler is to the reciprocating engine of a steamship.

In the tail end is located the wonderful turbine engine that drives the two propeller blades. By a new superheating scheme of the compressed air, vast heat expansion and energy are generated. The turbine runs at a speed of 1,000 revolutions a minute, but this is reduced by gears to a speed of 900 revolutions for the propeller. This develops 130 horsepower, enabling the torpedo to travel at the rate of 35 to 40 knots. Its speed at first is nearly a mile a minute and the extreme range is 10,000 yards. In the tail end is installed the mechanical brain of the weapon—the little gyroscope that one could hold in his hand, and which is as delicately adjusted as a chronometer. It is the soul and heart of the death dealing monster. When properly set it automatically controls, steers and keeps the torpedo in posi-

tion during its line of flight to the ship to be attacked. If the torpedo runs amuck of its course, either to the right or left, the gyroscope—a veritable pilot and human-like steersman—with automatic hands operated a lever attached to a pair of rudders, throwing them up or down and to the right or left, causing the torpedo to return to its proper and original straight path.

It is said that in the neighborhood of 1,000 different pieces of steel, brass and bronze form the network of the delicate, ingenious, automatic adjustments of the interior mechanism. On board a destroyer, the torpedo is fired from a tube about 20 feet long. The tube has a spoon-shaped mouth, well greased inside, so as to allow the torpedo to slide out easily and strike the water in a horizontal position. Before shoving the shell home, the air chamber is filled with compressed air to furnish the motive power that operates the engine during the run. For launching the torpedo out of the tube, a small impulse charge of compressed air, or a cartridge arranged on the top, is employed. Upon striking the water the torpedo sinks to the required depth, five or six feet, and the two propellers are started and immediately drive it at a mad pace straight towards the enemy's ship, a foamy wake marking its pathway.

The latest type of 21-inch torpedo, as shown in the accompanying illustrations, is both a complicated and expensive machine, costing over \$6,000 each, and requiring more than a year to build.

THE CARAVAN OF DEATH

If you will do some deed before you die,
Remember not this caravan of death,
But have belief that every little breath
Will stay with you for an eternity.

ABU'L-ALA.

The Benefit of Doubt and Scepticism

By Thos. O'Shaughnessy

THE growth of civilization is solely due to the progress of knowledge. And the progress of knowledge depends on the number of truths discovered and on the extent to which they are diffused. It is impossible for civilization to progress without scepticism; although the very name is an abomination to the ignorant; because it disturbs their cherished superstitions, and imposes on them the fatigue of inquiry. They confuse scepticism with atheism; though the two are not only different, but incompatible. Henry Thomas Buckle—the great historian—concludes: "That no single fact has so extensively affected the different nations as the duration, the amount, and above all the diffusion of their scepticism. In Spain the Church, aided by the Inquisition, has always been strong enough to punish sceptical writers, and prevent, not indeed the existence, but the promulgation of sceptical opinions. By this means the spirit of doubt being quenched, knowledge has for several centuries remained almost stationary; and civilization, which is the fruit of knowledge, has also been stationary."

The acquisition of fresh knowledge must precede every step in social progress; the acquisition of which must be preceded by inquiry, and therefore by doubt; because without doubt there will be no inquiry, and without inquiry there will be no increase in knowledge. Knowledge is the product of labor and sacrifice, and must be sought. Men will not incur the labor, and make the sacrifice, for subjects which they believe they know. They must doubt the perfection of their knowledge before they will try to improve it. On any subject that we are certain, we make

no further inquiry; doubt must intervene before the investigation can begin; hence doubt or scepticism is the necessary antecedent of all progress. Until doubt begins, progress is impossible; for they who do not doubt will not investigate or tolerate. If all men accepted without doubt the doctrines of any party or sect, it is certain that there could be no further progress. Doubt creates, while authority produces degeneration by stifling inquiry. An error is fatal only when it is hidden from the light of investigation. Error always precedes truth. Only for doubt we would still believe thunder to be the voice of an angry god, and lightning the flash of his sword.

If the perfect belief of past ages continued, and no one had doubted, we would still believe in the existence of giants thirty feet high; of centaurs half man and half horse; of mermaids half woman and half fish; of armies flying through the air; and in numerous other nonentities which scepticism has destroyed. While to doubt meant to be burned at the stake progress was impossible. Who cannot call to memory many times he has been mistaken in his own judgment: then why should he not afterwards distrust or doubt his own opinions? The more we examine the principle of scepticism, the clearer we see the immense part it has played in the progress of civilization. To scepticism we owe that spirit of inquiry which since the seventeenth century has gradually reformed every department of knowledge; has weakened the authority of the privileged classes; has diminished the prejudices of the clergy; has given to man the privilege of using the reason that God gave him for a guide; and it has remedied the

fundamental errors of old, which made people in science too credulous; in religion too intolerant.

The noblest right of man is to reason, to examine proofs and weigh motives, to consider a question on every side, to combine the various arguments for or against a proposition, in order to regulate his ideas and opinions. But this he cannot do while allowed to consider only one side of a subject, and is punished if he doubts it. Whatever retards the spirit of inquiry is favorable to error; whatever promotes it, to truth. And nothing has a greater tendency to obstruct the exercise of free inquiry than the spirit and feeling of a party or absolute authority. For authority hates doubt, because it trusts the spear of question through the shield and heart of falsehood, and destroys the imperial impersonation of force and fraud.

There can be no authority either against or above reason. Therefore, every man has a right to doubt everything which he has not examined and tested before the tribunal of his own reason. If questions are ever to be settled, they must be settled by reason; yet people are punished, in the most highly civilized countries, for honest doubt. He who attempts to begin with certainties ends with doubts; while he who is content to begin with doubts will generally end in certainties. The process followed by all men who have added anything to human knowledge is first to doubt, then to in-

quire, and then to discover.

To advance people must subordinate old notions to new inquiries. Absolute authority and dictatorship must be abolished, and every one allowed to broach his mistakes and advocate his errors. For people must have the awful responsibility, as a community, of advocating their opinions and allowing their errors to conflict, before truth can be evolved. Doubt is the shadow of truth. Obstinacy holds those who do not doubt in chains of error, without hope of emancipation. You cannot enter the temple of knowledge without passing through the vestibule of doubt. To believe with certainty we must begin with doubt. He who never doubts never half believes. Doubt is the key of knowledge. He who doubts errs not; while he doubts nothing knows nothing. Remember that every one is a sceptic or infidel in respect to all religions except his own. If there was any of the other religions which he did not doubt, he would adopt it himself. If I have a right to doubt your opinion about your religion, then I have a right to doubt it about anything else.

We may have faith in our own opinions, but we have no right to try to force them on others. Doubt is a healthy stage in the thinker's life, but it must not be a permanent condition. We must not always doubt. We should have a perfect faith in God, in Nature, in ourselves, and in our ability to accomplish anything that is right or good for us.

IN FRANCE

The silence of maternal hills
Is round me in my evening dreams;
And round me music-making bills
And mingling waves of pastoral streams.

Whatever way I turn I find
The path is old unto me still.
The hills of home are in my mind,
And there I wander as I will.

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.



Yosemite Falls in winter.



A night scene of campers along the route.

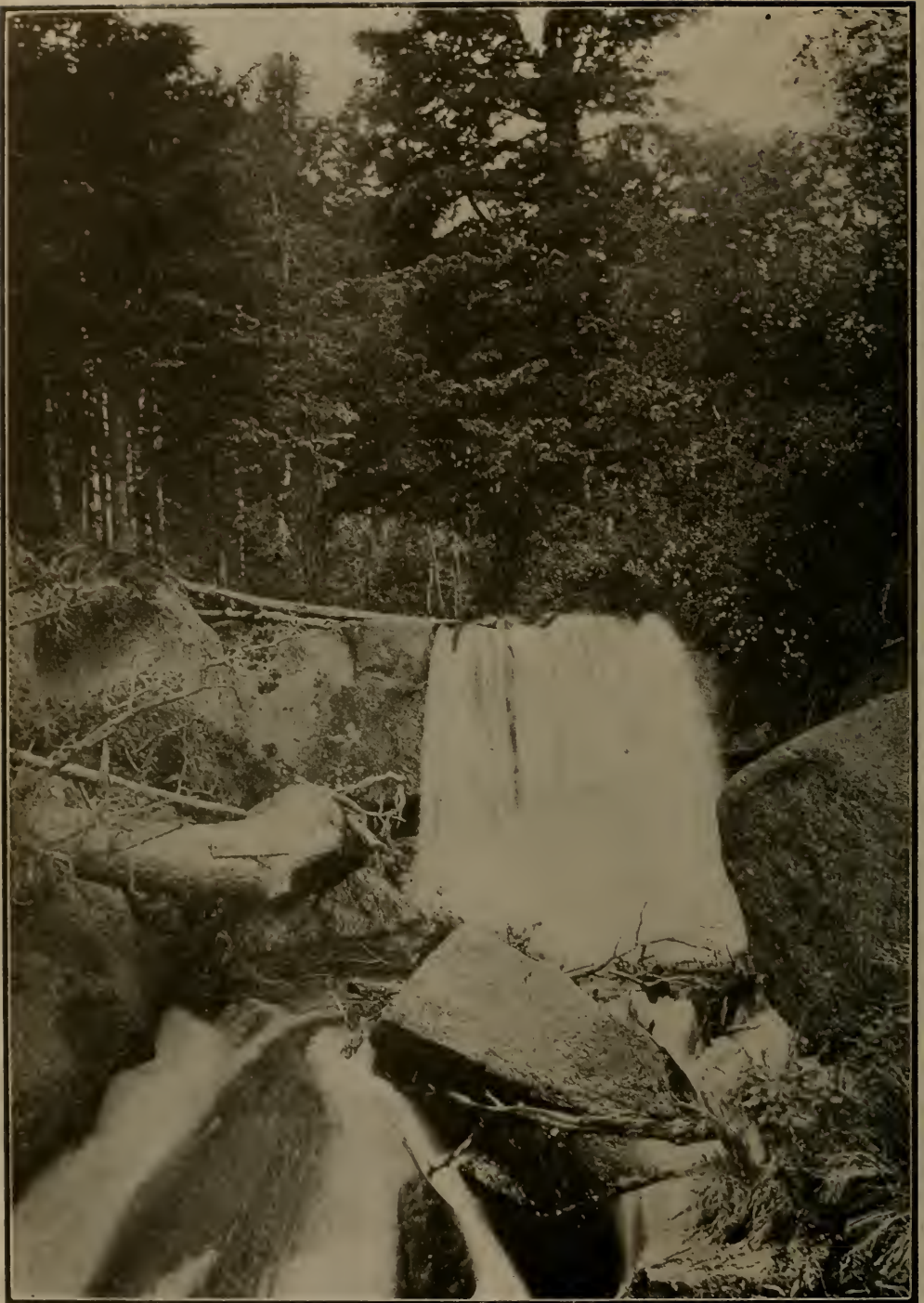
Yosemite in June

By Eva Harrington

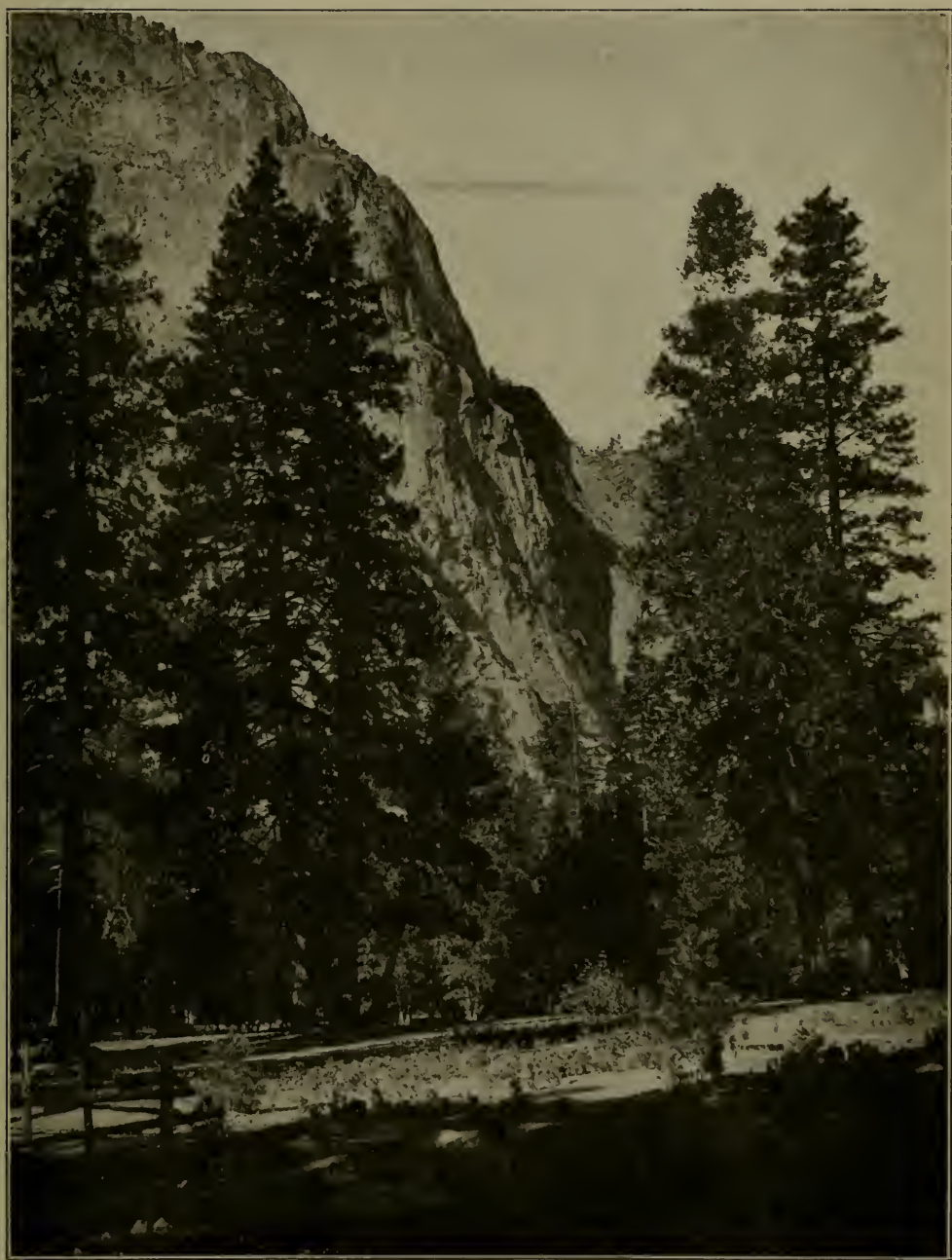
IN JUNE, Yosemite Valley is at the very height of its beauty. The deciduous trees are in new leaf, maples and dogwood in the tenderest green, oaks tipped with pastel shades of pink and red in prophecy of their autumn glory, azaleas in full bloom, and the meadows a rippling mass of exquisite grass brightened with flowers. In June, too, the rivers

are at their highest and the falls in wildest beauty while the fast melting snow still lies deep in the upper forests and on the higher mountain slopes.

After a week or more in the valley, following the better known trails, getting muscles in condition again after city-bound days, we were anxious to see what spring was like in the snowy upper country. Accordingly, as pack



A mountain stream on the way.



Sentinel Dome.

animals were not to be obtained for love or money, we prepared to make pack animals of ourselves, and knapsack over to Mount Clark (11,509 feet) on the southwestern boundary of the park, the most prominent peak of the Merced group.

There were four of us in the party, two men and two women, and we planned to be out two nights with a comfortable margin of provisions for a third night, if necessary. Bacon, hardtack and that blessing to mountaineers, soup, made up the bulk of our commissary, reenforced, however, by raisins, chocolate, dried fruit, beans, spaghetti and cheese. Our personal outfits, of course, were reduced to bare essentials. A sleeping bag, weighing about eight pounds, a sweater, a change of hose, tooth brush, hair brush, towel, a box of matches, and a tiny roll of adhesive tape would about complete the list. Tin buckets, a small frying pan, and a tin cup and spoon apiece comprised the camp equipment.

We women who "knapsack" pride ourselves on being able to do our share, so, while we do not pretend to carry such heavy packs as the men, we carry our own outfits and a part, at least, of the general commissary supplies. Short skirted, flannel shirted, with hobnailed boots to the knee and "shocking bad hats," we are as easy in our own clothing and as regardless of wind or weather as the men themselves.

It was rather hard for us to nerve ourselves to meet the stares and queries of the tourists we met along the valley trail over which our trip must begin. All the way up to Little Yosemite we were beset with questions—Where were we going? Didn't we find it very hard work? Wouldn't we get lost? Weren't we afraid of getting sunburned? We had an inclination to slink shamefacedly by these proper-looking folk.

In Little Yosemite we made a camp beside the smoothly flowing Merced, and after lunch set out on a ramble up toward the base of Half Dome. Up the Cloud's Rest trail we climbed, and then pushed through the forest to the

brink of Tenaya Canyon, a gorge almost as deep as Yosemite Valley itself, inaccessible to all but the hardiest mountaineers. The great chasm, more than 2,000 feet deep, lay at our feet. Half Dome towered majestically against the sky, and still farther we could see the shadowed cliffs of El Capitan and the Cathedral Rocks.

My companion on this ramble elected to climb Cloud's Rest before returning to camp, so I made my way back to Little Yosemite alone. Near the foot of the trail, in a glorious little mountain meadow, I surprised a beautiful buck, the largest I have ever seen in the Sierra. His horns were in velvet, and he stood so near me that I could see the quick, nervous movement of his nostrils as he watched me. For two or three minutes we stood there regarding one another. Then, with a nonchalant wag of his funny little tail, he turned and made off through the woods, as unhurriedly and indifferently as if I, too, had been a woodland creature. Perhaps I looked it. After his departure I examined the meadow more closely. It was a little gem of its kind, sloping from a ledge of granite that was covered with gnarled and crooked junipers. At the first glimpse I thought it an unbroken sheet of the tiniest blossoms of yellow mimulus, but, on kneeling down, 11 species of flowers revealed themselves, all the daintiest and most delicate of their kind—yellow violets, white forget-me-nots, gillias, white saxifrage, and the smallest pink pea I have ever seen.

A knapsacker's camp is a simple affair—a bed of pine needles, a few stones rolled together to make a fireplace, a pile of firewood gathered together; and there is home. By 5 o'clock next morning we were astir. As our energetic leader busied himself with the breakfast fire, a doe came out of the woods and stood motionless for a long minute watching him before she quietly stole away.

Where one's possessions are so few, washing dishes and packing is a matter of scant ceremony. In less than an hour we were ready for the trail, or for



Camp quarters of U. S. troops patrolling the Yosemite Park Reservation.

the march, rather, as we expected to leave trails behind us and strike across country to the base of Mount Clark.

We held it to be but a tribute to our skill as mountaineers, however, when we found an old sheep trail following the very route we had planned to take. For many miles we followed it through the rolling forest east of Mount Starr King, through Starr King Meadow, and out near the crest of a granite ridge near Clark Fork. Here we left it behind and struck across the open country, over ridge after ridge, across stream after stream, until we came to the northerly fork of Gray Creek, where we made a camp. We had reached the altitude of about 8,500 feet, and snow-drifts lay deep all about us. But firewood was abundant, and our little nook among the tall firs promised every comfort that a knapsacker need expect.

In default of extra bedding, we took hot rocks to bed with us.

The night passed comfortably and we were up at dawn ready for the assault on Mount Clark, confident also of success. As we climbed the snow lay even deeper about us. The forest of fir and mountain pine gave way to the hardier white-bark pine, the tree of timber-line. Up to the top of the ridge it crept, at the top a mere shrub, bent and twisted beneath the winter's weight of snow.

As we climbed, our horizon to the south and west widened. We were looking across the valley of the Illilouette toward the snowy divide separating us from the South Fork of the Merced where lies Wawona and the splendid Mariposa grove of sequoias. Yosemite Valley was but a blue rift in the forest with only its great domes, Half Dome, Sentinel Dome and Starr King, rising into any prominence.

Far different was our view to eastward from the crest. Our ridge ended on the east in an abrupt precipice. Through a broken "chimney" or windowlike aperture in the rocks, we looked down 500 feet into a great snow

field filling all the eastern basin, and beyond this lay the cleft of the Merced Canyon, and, still beyond, the magnificent snowy peaks of the summit crest, Lyell, McClure, Ritter, Dana, a host of others, all above 13,000 feet, all shining and gleaming in the brilliant sunshine with a radiance that hardly seemed to belong to this world.

Well for us that this glorious vision was compensation for all the many miles we had climbed, for we got no farther that day—and Clark still remains unconquered. For we had anticipated the season for mountain climbing by a fortnight or more, and the slope that should have offered an easy rock climb to the summit was now a precipitous wall of treacherous snow. We had no rope, no ice ax, not even a knife with which we might have cut steps, and the icy edge where rock and snow met proved an invincible barrier to the summit.

Up and down the ridge we prowled, over every ledge, into every chimney, only to admit ourselves defeated in the end.

For an hour or more we remained upon the ridge feasting our eyes on the marvelous panorama—a hundred miles of snowy range, a magnificent alpine region, the greater part of which is now almost inaccessible, soon to be opened to travel by the construction of the John Muir trail.

After luncheon in camp a 15 mile walk back still lay ahead of us. Our defeat lay lightly upon us, for many mountains' summits have been ours in the past, and we had had, after all, the inspiration and the uplift of the glorious upper regions of snow even if the exhilaration of the summit had been lacking. Down among the great below of yellow pines, under the spreading arms of sugar pines and out upon open crests covered with manzanita and chinquapin we hastened past Nevada and Vernal and down through the Happy Isles where thrushes sang their evening songs, and into our Yosemite Valley camp.

The Finished Mystery

Studies of the Scriptures---No. 1

By the Late Pastor Russell, Brooklyn Tabernacle

TO BUT one man has it been given to be the author of a posthumous work which has attained a circulation of a million copies within six months from the time of its publication. Pastor Russell left no manuscript for "The Finished Mystery," yet actually the bulk of the book is from his pen, and without his pen the work could never have been written; it is all based upon his "Studies in the Scriptures."

"The Finished Mystery," now in its 2,000,000 edition, is an exposition of Revelation, Canticles and Ezekial, three symbolical books which have attracted the attention of Bible students in all ages. In the Overland Monthly we shall give a few of the expositions that apply to the present time, starting with the Book of Revelation. Chapter and verse are given, followed by the text divided into sections, each section explained separately. Every Bible student, regardless of creed or denomination, has desired to understand the prophecy of Ezekial and the Book of Revelation. "The Finished Mystery" is the first publication that has ever made it possible for such desire to be gratified. This book shows the real cause of the present world war; upon whom the blame chiefly rests; what will be the result of the war, and what will follow after.

Revelation 1:7.—"Behold, He cometh with clouds."—While the clouds of trouble hang heavy and dark, when the mountains—kingdoms of this world—are trembling and falling, when the earth—organized society—is being shaken and disintegrated, some will begin to realize that Jehovah's Anoint-

ed is taking to Himself His great power and is beginning His work of laying justice to the line and righteousness to the plummet.—Matthew 24:30.

"And every eye shall see Him."—He will not be visible to natural sight, but to the eyes of understanding, as these shall open to an appreciation of the punishments and blessings which will flow to mankind from His Reign. Our King will reveal Himself gradually. Some will discern the new Ruler sooner than will others. But ultimately "every eye shall see (Greek, horao, discern) Him."

"And they also which pierced Him."—"And I will pour upon the House of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem (the Jewish people), the spirit of grace and supplications; and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son."—Zachariah 12:10.

"And all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him."—At the time of our Lord's Second Advent the world will be far from converted to God; for "all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of Him." Christ comes before the conversion of the world, and for the very purpose of converting all mankind.

"Even so, Amen."—We cannot stop the clouds of the Time of Trouble, or the tears of disappointment, and later, of repentance; and we would not if we could. The trouble and the tears are a necessary preparation for the blessings which follow.

1:10.—"I was in the spirit."—Visions are not realities, although symbolically representing them. (Daniel

7:1; Matthew 17:9.) The visions granted to St. John, recorded in the Revelation, are in no sense to be understood as realities.—Acts 10:10.

"On the Lord's Day."—According to our understanding of Bible chronology we to-day are living in the early dawn of this Day of Christ; and it is here, properly enough, that we begin to see the wonderful things of the Divine character and Plan. But to see and to understand we must be "in the spirit." Only those who have become New Creatures in Christ can be expected to appreciate the spiritual things; and this is the class which the Apostle John represented.

"And heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet."—The fact that its location is mentioned implies that it has a *symbolic* meaning. It signifies that the beginning of this Message was not in St. John's day, nor in the future, but that the things revealed had already commenced and were already to some extent in the past. As some features of the Revelation show, the voice from behind went back to the time of our Lord's earthly ministry. As John heard a voice behind him and looked in that direction, so we who now are having the realities find that the Message is behind us, and turn and look toward the past to see the fulfillment of the various features of the Divine Plan and to hear and understand the Message given to His people by the risen Lord.

1:15—"And His feet like unto fine brass."—The feet, described as like furnace-refined copper, seem to say that those who belong to the Body of Christ, and whom the Lord would use in His service, "the feet" members of the Body, must, in their contact and dealings with the world, be refined, purified, clean—"Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord's House."—Ezekiel 1:7.

"As if they burned in a furnace."—In the end of the Age, the feet members of the Body of Christ will be illuminated by the Truth, and will shine forth—not like the Head, but as polished brass. We have shining upon us

with almost burning brightness the focused rays of Divine inspiration and revelation from the past 6,000 years. How it should consume in us all the dross of selfishness! How it should purify us! How humble it should make us!

"And His voice as the sound of many waters."—The many waters signify peoples, nations and languages, as elsewhere explained in this book. Thus our Lord, present with His Church, speaks to her and through her by many tongues, in many languages.—Revelation 19:6.

1:16—"And He had in His right hand."—This One whom we thus know, thus recognize, as the Instructor and Caretaker of the candlesticks, we are also to recognize as having in His right hand—in His favor as well as His power—seven stars, the angels, the messengers, of the seven Churches. That they are in His right hand seems to teach us that these should be considered as in some special sense under the Master's guidance, protection and care in the interest of the Churches which they represented.

"Seven Stars."—Apparently the stars represent special ministers, or servants of the Church. In Revelation 12:1 the Church is pictured as a woman crowned with twelve stars. These stars evidently represent the Twelve Apostles as the special lights of the Church. Similarly, in the picture before us, the seven stars which the Lord holds in His right hand seem to represent special light-bearers in the Church—in each of its seven phases, or stages of development. It will be noticed that the messages to the various Churches are sent by these stars, messengers, angels, as though our Lord would have us understand that the appropriate message for each appropriate epoch in the Church's experience would be sent by the Lord through a particular star, or messenger, whom He would especially commission as His representative. Our Lord Himself is represented by the great light of the sun; and His special messengers in the Church throughout the entire per-

iod of the Gospel Age are consistently enough represented as stars.

"The Finished Mystery" then produces evidence satisfactory to many close students of the Word that St. Paul was the star or "angel" to the Ephesus, or first, age of the Church, ending in A. D. 73; that St. John was the angel to the Smyrna epoch of the Church, ending in the Year of our Lord 325; that Arius was the angel or messenger to the Pergamos era of the Church, ending in A. D. 1160; that Waldo was the messenger to the Thyatira epoch of the Church, ending in A. D. 1378; that Wycliffe was the special messenger to the Sardis era of the Church, ending in A. D. 1518; that Martin Luther was the special messenger to the Philadelphia era of the Church, ending in 1874 A. D.; and that Pastor Russell was the special messenger to the Laodicean era of the Church, whose end is now about to take place in the Fall of Babylon. These matters are thoroughly discussed in the comments on the second and third chapters of Revelation, and the book goes on:

3:14—"And by the angel."—The special messenger to the last Age of the Church was Charles T. Russell, born February 16, 1852. He has privately admitted his belief that he was chosen for his great work from before his birth.

The amount of work that Pastor Russell performed is *incredible*, and it is doubtful whether it was ever equaled by any other human being. When he was in his twenties he was refused the lease of a property because the owner thought he would surely die before the lease had expired. For fifty years he suffered constantly with sick headaches, due to a fall in his youth, and for twenty-five years had such distressing hemorrhoids that it was impossible for him to rest in the easiest chair; yet in the past forty years he traveled a million miles; delivered 30,000 sermons and table talks—many of the former approximating three hours in length—wrote over 50,000 pages of advanced Biblical exposition; wrote,

some months, 1,000 letters per month; managed every department of a worldwide evangelistic campaign employing 700 speakers; and personally compiled the most wonderful Biblical drama ever shown. At one time his writings were subjected to an analysis of 20,511 Scripture expositions. These were assembled in Biblical order and disclosed but six points of inquiry, all easily harmonized. No writer, not even excepting the writers of the Bible, have ever had such critical readers. His works have been published in thirty-five languages. During the last eight days of his life he had appointments in California, Kansas, Oklahoma, Nebraska and New York; and though for several days manifestly dying, with cystitis (caused by excessive travel and speaking), he declined to cancel any engagements, and went out of this life October 31, 1916, on a railroad train en route to his Kansas appointment. At the age of 30 he had accumulated a fortune of over \$300,000, but died penniless, his own fortune, as well as all the large sums contributed to the cause, having been used up in the Master's service. He was beloved everywhere by those who "follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."—Revelation 14:4.

"Of the Church of the Laodiceans."—It is significant that in the first epoch of the Church there were Nicolaitanes (nikon ton laon), "vanquishers of the people," a clergy class who succeeded in pulling the wool over the eyes of the common people; but that the last age of the Church is Laodicean (laos dike) "justice for the people." We find we get along much better without the clergy than we did with them.

"Write."—Pastor Russell was the most prolific writer of Biblical truth that ever lived.—Ezekiel 9:2, 3.

"These things saith the Amen."—The same word translated "verily" in the Gospels, and so often used by our Lord as a solemn prefix to some important announcement.

"The faithful and true Witness."—Trinitarians witness that Christ and the Father are one in person. Christ

Himself witnesses, "It is also written in your Law that the testimony of two men is true. I am one that bear witness of myself, and the Father that sent Me beareth witness of me." (John 8:17, 18.) Christ was one, and the Father was one; and one plus one are two. (This lesson in mathematics is for Doctors of Divinity; school children will not need it.)—Revelation 1:5; 19:11.

"The beginning of the creation of God."—Our Lord was the Beginning of the New Creation, but, more than that, He was the beginning of all creation. He is the Image of the invisible God—First-born of all creation; because by Him were all things created, those in the heavens and those on the earth, visible and invisible—whether thrones, or lordships, or governments, or authorities; all things were created by Him and for Him, and He precedes all things, and in Him all things have been permanently placed. (Colossians 1:15-17.) Hear also the word of prophecy concerning the Only-Begotten, not only declaring His coming exaltation as King of earthly kings, but describing Him as already being Jehovah's First-Born, saying: "I will make Him, My First-born, higher than the kings of the earth."—Psalm 89:27.

3:15.—"I know thy works."—The Laodicean Church has much zeal, but not according to knowledge. She claims that her principal object is to convert sinners, to bring forth spiritual children. The Prophet puts these words into the mouth of nominal Christians when they awake to a knowledge of the situation: "We have been with child, we have been in pain, we have as it were brought forth wind; we have now wrought any deliverance in the earth; neither have the inhabitants of the earth fallen (become converted.)" (Isaiah 26:16-18.) The literal city of Laodicea was distinguished for the raven blackness of the fleeces (black sheep) there to be had.

"That thou art neither cold."—Making no pretense whatever to be exponents of God's truth.—Luke 7:36-50.

"Not hot."—Full of warm, loving

devotion to Christ.—2 Timothy 3:5; Ezekiel 5:6.

"I would thou wert cold or hot."—Ephraim is a cake not turned."—Hosea 7:8.

3:16.—"So then."—The spring of 1878, corresponding to the date at which our Lord assumed the office of King, rode on the ass, cleansed the Temple of its money-changers, and wept over and gave up to desolation that nominal church or kingdom, marks the date from which the nominal church systems are not the mouth-pieces of God, nor in any degree recognized by Him.

"Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot."—Retaining the forms of worship and faith in a Creator and in a future life, but viewing these chiefly through their own or other mens' philosophies and theories, and ignoring the Bible as an infallible teacher of the Divine purposes. These, while retaining the Bible, disbelieve its narratives, especially that of Eden and the fall. Retaining the name of Jesus, and calling Him the Christ and the Savior, they regard Him merely as an excellent though not infallible Exemplar, and reject entirely His Ransom-sacrifice—His Cross. Claiming the Fatherhood of God to extend to sinners, they repudiate both the curse and the Mediator.

"I will spue thee out of My mouth."—she is bidden to hold her peace. She needs to study, not to teach; and so the following verses indicate.—Hosea 5:6; 9:12.

3:17.—"Because thou sayest, I am rich."—I have all the spiritual light that exists in the world. "I have much goods laid up for many years." (Luke 12:19.) "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow."—Revelation 18:7; Hosea 12:8; 1 Corinthians 4:8.

"And increased with goods."—Laodiceans count their numbers and their donations by millions, and say, "We are rich as never before." Alas, they do not realize that these are earthly riches of the kind which our Lord declares are no evidence of His favor

during the Gospel Age, but rather to the contrary! And they see not the true riches which the Lord admires, and which are the foretaste of His favor and the coming Kingdom wealth.

"And have need of nothing."—They will not own that they have departed from the right ways of the Lord; in their own estimation they are rich and increased with goods, spiritual as well as temporal, and have need of nothing.—Malachi 3:7.

"And knowest not that thou."—Of all others, so the Greek indicates.

"Art wretched."—To our eternal disgrace, the United States leads all civilized countries in homicides—over 8,000 yearly. There are twelve murders in New England to one in London. Each nation feels that theirs is the greatest talent; theirs are the finest guns; theirs the best everything; and it is this feeling of self-sufficiency that led the nations into the present conflict. They think that they are so good and so great that God could not help giving them the victory.

"And miserable."—How blind we

all have been not to have noticed (1) That the numbers of the heathen in proportion even to the nominally Christian doubled last century; (2) that if we could bring all the heathen up to the standard of our most civilized nation it would mean that God's will would be less done the world over than it is now.

"And poor."—The Laodicean Church is poor in that she has so little of the Master's Spirit, so little of the Truth and of the Spirit of the Truth.

"And blind."—She cannot see afar off, cannot see either the High Calling of the Church, or the blessed provisions of Restitution for the world in general.

"And naked."—The clergy, under the name of Higher Criticism and Evolution, are rapidly denuding her, making her naked, taking from her the robe of Christ's righteousness, and leading her to trust, not in the precious blood of the Redeemer, but in an evolutionary process which needs no Savior, which denies there is, or has been, any sin to make atonement for.

OUR DEBT

Long years ago our fathers bought
The freedom that we boast today;
War menaced this, the land they loved
But found them ready for the fray.

This host of brave Americans
Gave freely of their red life blood
For children, country and the right—
The peace they purchased we found good.

Our debt of honor to their name,
As tribute to their sacrifice,
To give this freedom to the world,
America will pay the price!

VERA HEATHMAN COLE.



Vegetable Drying Buildings on One of the E. Clemens Horst Co. Ranches near Sacramento

The Use of Dried Vegetables

By E. Clemens Horst

DIETITIONS tell us that vegetables are essential to keep the body in perfect health. They supply the mineral substances needed to replace worn-out tissues, and without them our diet is not well balanced. As fresh vegetables are perishable, and their period of use extends over but a few days, and as the growing season in most parts of the world is restricted to a few months each year, the great majority of the people cannot eat the variety and amount of vegetables which they should. During the long wintry months, when no fresh varieties are available, even canned vegetables pall on one, because they do not taste the same as the fresh, and compared to the food value contained in a can, they are exceedingly expensive. From 80 to 95 per cent of the average can of vegetables is nothing but water.

In the use of dried or evaporated vegetables we have the solution of our

food problem. Dried vegetables of every kind are now being put up, the flavor and food values of which are absolutely identical with the fresh. When you eat a meal made up of canned vegetables, you know they are canned, no matter how good they may taste. When you eat cooked vegetables made from dried stock, you cannot tell them from the fresh. The same taste is there, and the same bulk and appearance. That this is true is shown by experiments conducted in a number of the leading hotels throughout the country. Samples of dried vegetables from my plant in California were sent to these hotels, and the chefs used them in the regular hotel service, and they all reported that not one single diner noticed that they were not eating the fresh variety. Even the chefs, themselves, were surprised at the result.

Prejudices of various kinds are met with amongst all people, and Profes-



View of a Drying Room

sor Fairchild, in charge of the introduction of new food plants for the Department of Agriculture, tells us that the unfounded prejudice of most people against the use of new foods is the hardest to combat. We eat what we are used to, and like the ancient Romans, turn our thumbs down without even a trial when new foods are announced, or better ways of handling old ones. That our government was convinced of the value of dried vegetables is shown by the fact that millions of pounds are being bought to feed the soldiers in France. As it is Uncle Sam's policy to give our fighters only the best and most nourishing foods, the contracts for dried vegetables were not awarded until the chemists and food experts of the Department of Agriculture and of the Food Commission investigated the matter thoroughly. Practically all of the foreign countries engaged in the world war have used dried vegetables for years.

Today, on my various ranches in California, vegetables are being grown and dried for the War Department.

For over 25 years I have been engaged in the growing and curing of hops, and in the midst of each hop field is located a drying plant to cure the hops when ripe. In the development of a business which, in point of volume and territory covered, is the largest hop concern in the world, my organization has perfected a drying system that is very effective. It cured hops so well that they successfully competed with those grown in Austria and other foreign countries supposed to produce the highest quality of hops. Those same drying plants are now producing evaporated vegetables as successfully as they did hops, and the resultant product is being sent to feed our soldiers in France. New drying plants are being constructed in districts where large acreages are available to grow the fresh vegetables, and where it is possible to get the large number of women needed to prepare the food for drying. My own hop acreage has been cut down to a minimum, and thousands of acres of hop lands will be used this season to grow vegetables. By planting them in the vicinity of



Preparing Vegetables for the Evaporating Kilns

the drying kilns, it is possible to have them cleaned, peeled, sliced and in the drying room within an hour or two after being picked.

The drying process is very simple. When the vegetables are received from the field, they are deposited upon long tables, surrounding which are a number of young women who pick out the weeds, immature and imperfect specimens. If spinach is being dried, the selected leaves are placed in wooden boxes and taken to a large revolving metal drum or cylinder, the receiving end of which is higher than the lower end. A number of cleats or riffles are run along the interior, from which water is discharged. As the cylinder revolves, the spinach, or other vegetable, is tossed about and washed with water until all dirt and other impurities are removed. As the product emerges at the lower end of the cylinder it falls upon an endless belt, which carries it to a table where a pile of shallow trays are kept. An attendant spreads out the spinach uniformly

over the tray, and when full the tray is taken to the drying room, where it is inserted in a rack so constructed that the hot air, coming from below, can circulate on all sides, and through the wire meshes of the trays, until every portion of the vegetable has been evaporated.

On the tables where potatoes, carrots or other skinned vegetables are prepared, the product is handled by a number of women, who sort out the vegetables, cutting off the ends, removing imperfections, and peeling those of irregular size. Round potatoes and most of the carrots are peeled by machinery. They are placed in drums, the sides of which are corrugated or grooved like a file. The bottom revolves at a high speed, and the contents are thus thrown about at various angles, coming in contact with the sharp grooves which cut off the skin in minute pieces without injuring the article. From this peeling machine they pass through other machines which cut or slice them into various



Radiator or Air Intake

sizes, and finally they are carried, by an endless belt, to tables where they are deposited upon shallow trays ready for the drying room. As most of the work of preparation is done by machinery, the process being automatic, and as water is constantly sprayed upon the vegetables in the different machines, the product is absolutely clean and free from imperfections when it reaches the drying room. Even here, minute inspection is made of the trays by the drying force, and any portion not up to standard is removed.

The drying of the vegetables takes from three to eight hours, depending upon the size of the pieces. The heat is kept at a temperature which will not injure the product, while at the same time absorbing the moisture content in the shortest time. Potatoes, before being placed in the drying room are steamed for a few minutes to improve their color.

All of the tops, trimmings and waste material from the sorting tables are carefully saved and used to feed cattle and hogs. Even the water which passes through the various machines is carried to a large tank, where it is allowed to settle, and the small pieces of skin and particles of vegetables are used to feed hogs.

When the product has been thoroughly dried and inspected, it is placed

in sanitary cartons or cans, labeled and made ready for the market. The vegetables prepared for the War Department are placed in tin cans, two of which fit into a wooden crate easily handled by one man.

As the sole purpose of the drying process is to exhaust the moisture from vegetables, nothing else is done, and the dried product retains all of the original flavor, texture and food values of the fresh. When the moisture has been restored to the dried product, by soaking it in water for a few hours, the original bulk and appearance is restored, and when cooked the taste, appearance and bulk are identical with the fresh.

The adoption of dried vegetables by the government to help feed the soldiers abroad will result in enormous economy of weight and space from a transportation standpoint. The conversion figures for dried vegetables range from 6 to 1 in the case of potatoes to 20 to 1 in the case of tomatoes. Moreover, these figures can be materially increased by compressing the dried product, thus reducing its bulk. A further saving is effected in the matter of containers, for the cans and crates used for dried vegetables are light compared with the quantity of tin and wood needed to transport a similar volume of canned vegetables. At a time like the present, when both railroad and ocean-going transportation are inadequate for vital needs, the saving resulting from the sending abroad of dried vegetables will be very large. As a concrete illustration it may be said that one shipload of dried vegetables will be equivalent to thirty shiploads of fresh or canned vegetables, and there will be absolutely no waste. The dried product is ready for instant use, and will keep indefinitely.

The development of the dried vegetable industry will mean much to this country, just as it has produced great economic benefits abroad for many years. Germany, before the war, had some 800 drying plants, and she annually dried more potatoes than this



Blast Fan Used to Force Air in Evaporating Kilns

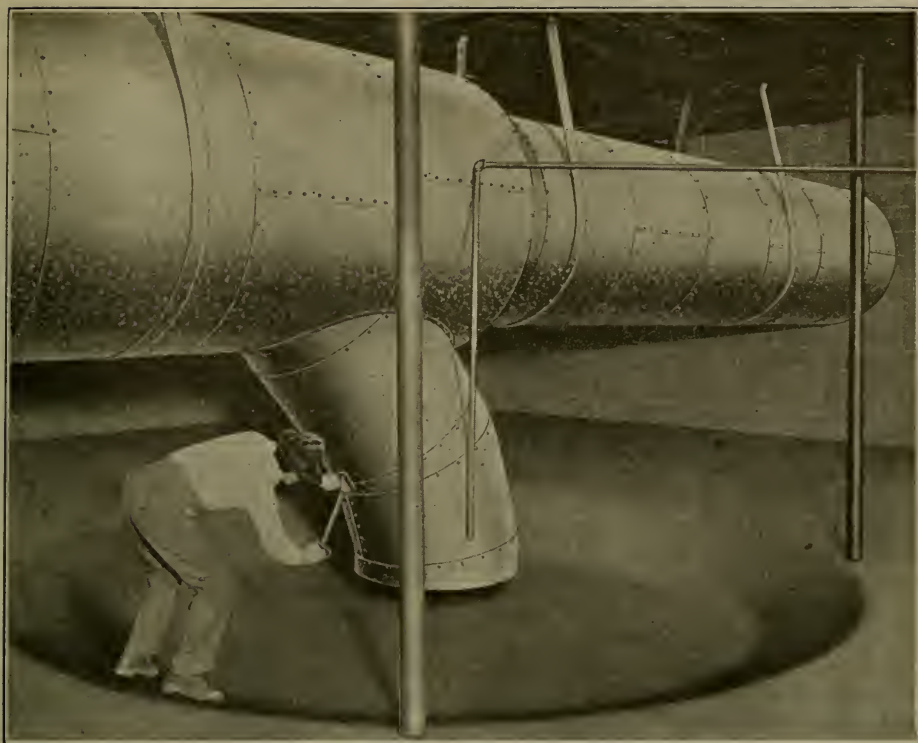
country produced. In that country, and in other parts of Europe, the law provides that all vegetables left over in markets at the end of the day must be sent to the community drying plants for dehydrating. Nothing is allowed to go to waste.

We very rarely see vegetable gardens but a few miles distant from a city: it does not pay truck gardeners to transport their products any great distance to market. Again, during the summer growing months all vegetables are plentiful everywhere, resulting in low prices for the producer. Now if those same perishable products can be made non-perishable by dehydration, it will enlarge the producers' market from a purely local one to one world-wide; it will insure a fair price for all vegetables grown irrespective of the quantity produced in that locality, and it will enable consumers to secure all varieties of vegetables at any time in the year. If there is a shortage of grain in one part of the world that shortage can be made good by importing grain from those coun-

tries where a surplus supply is available, because grain is comparatively non-perishable. In the same way, the dried vegetables from California could be shipped to South Africa, or Paris, to supply the vegetable needs of those communities.

Another great advantage which would accrue from the universal use of dried vegetables would be the saving of waste. It has already been described how the waste from the vegetables processed at my drying plants are used to feed stock and hogs, and by the multiplication of drying plants it would be possible to raise thousands of head of stock from feed resulting from vegetable growing. When cotton was first ginned the seed was thrown away, and it was considered a nuisance on account of the great quantity resulting from the ginning. Today, the by-products from cotton seed are worth millions of dollars, and a great deal of the final refuse is fed to stock.

If the housewife could go to her grocery store and purchase all kinds of dried vegetables, just as she now

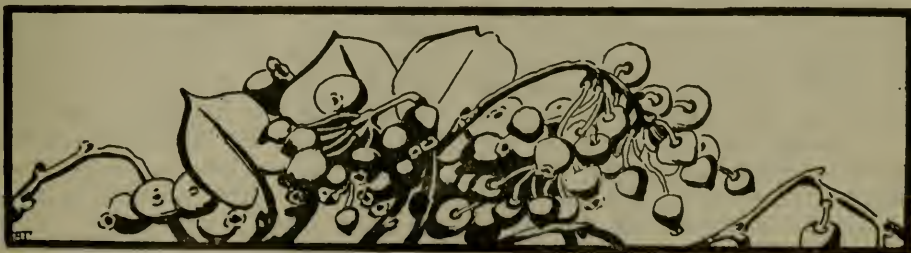


Air Discharge Pipe in Lower Part of Evaporating Kiln

purchases breakfast foods, or dried raisins or prunes, she would be in a position to provide her family with a meal made up with succulent vegetables as easily on a wintry day as she could in June or July. Furthermore, by using the dried variety she would find all of the hard work eliminated, as the vegetables are thoroughly cleaned and prepared for cooking at the plant. A few hours soaking in water is all they need to render them suitable for cooking. A diet made up largely of vegetables during the winter months would add greatly to the family health, for the body would thus

be furnished with the mineral elements needed to keep it in first-class condition.

Dried vegetables are good. They are better than canned goods or vegetables out of season; they are as good as fresh vegetables in season. Therefore, do not let an unjust prejudice against something we know nothing of by experience, shut the door to this important worker on behalf of food conservation, and when the opportunity arises, try for yourself the dried vegetables, and you will be convinced that what has been said of them is true.



In the Realm of Bookland

"How to Keep Fit in Camp and Trench."

There are so many books on the subject of military sanitation that, without good reason, no one should think of adding to the number. But to the authors of this book, Colonel Charles Lynch, M. C., U. S. A., and Major Jas. G. C. Cummings, M. O. R. C., U. S. A., it does not seem just what our soldiers require is available to them in convenient form. They cannot, and will not, read technical annuals on sanitation, nor if they did could they pick out from them what they need. On the other hand, bad rules will hardly do, for they want to know the reason why. Perhaps this little book will slip in between the books on sanitation for the doctor and the soldiers' sanitary rules, which have generally been written for soldiers who obey but do not think. No originality is claimed for the material here presented. The most recent book and articles on military sanitation have been freely issued in compiling it. Special indebtedness should be acknowledged to McLean's "Sanitation in War," "Vedder's Sanitation for Medical Officers," etc., and to various articles published in "The Military Surgeon," by Col. T. H. Goodwin, C. M. G., D. S. O., R. A. M. C.

Price, 30 cents net. P. Blakiston's Son & Co., Philadelphia.

"Health for the Soldier and Sailor," by Irving Fisher, Professor of Political Economy, Yale University, etc., and Eugene Lyman Fisk, Medical Director of the Life Extension Institute.

It is not only important for the fighter to have instruction in war hygiene, but it is also desirable that he know their foundation truths about right living, so that he can himself govern his life along healthful lines. It is for the purpose of giving this needed instruction that this book is offered. If in addition to defending his country with arms the soldier or

the sailor returns to civil life physically improved by military training, and with higher ideals of health and physical fitness, he will doubly serve himself, his family and his country. Science, which has revolutionized every other field of humane endeavor, is at last revolutionizing the field of health conservation.

This book is adapted in part from the author's recent work, "How to Live," approved by the Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute. The material on war hygiene as here set forth has also been approved by military specialists of the Hygiene Reference Board.

\$1.00 net. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

"The Black Cord," by Augustin Groner.

Not all the clever detective stories, it is proved by "The Man With the Black Cord," originate in England and America. And it is also revealed that detectives ingenious enough to solve complex plots are not confined exclusively to these countries. Augusta Groner, the author, is an Ansurian, and the baffling criminal puzzle which constitutes the main situation in the story, arises in a suburb of Vienna. The author's narrative inclines to the French style, but her language seems to have been modified considerably in the translation by the adaptation of original colloquialisms to American and English equivalents or approximations.

Joseph Muller, the detective who undertakes to solve the suspected crime, has performed like service in other stories of this writer. The situation grows out of the unaccountable disappearance of an elderly, wealthy recluse. The "locked room" idea is employed to give it an air of mystery. The man had no intimates, and the few servants and his heir easily established alibis. Other possible suspects are also quickly eliminated. Then

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests had given him in rapid order.

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of

whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say. Now I am sure of myself, and confident and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big search-light on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES.

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publisher of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only \$5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON.

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Division of Business Education, 119 W. 40th St., New York

Publishers of
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Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either return the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you \$5.

Mun. 5-18.

Name.....

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Muller takes the situation in hand. Being clever at disguises, he establishes himself in the neighborhood as one desiring to study brick-making. In this capacity he becomes acquainted with the details of a series of mysterious murders and attempted murders by means of a length of black cord. He establishes a connection between the perpetrator of these and the case in hand, and then proceeds to his identification. The search follows an interesting course, and the denouement, of course, is a thrilling surprise.

\$1.35. The Duffield Company.

"On the Headwaters of the Peace River," by Leland Haworth.

Away up north in British Columbia the maps of rivers are only in process of charting. The course of the main stream is fairly well known, but too often their tributaries appear as mere stubs, indicating the mere beginning of scientific exploration. This was a problem that faced Paul Leland Haworth recently when he was planning a trip into that country. He has helped put a little more detail into the map by his vacation trip two or three summers ago, and he tells about it very interestingly in a book, "On the Headwaters of Peace River." It was more of a "vacation" than some men would care for, as regards exertion and occasional hardship, but one who feels the call of the wild will appreciate the book to the full.

The Peace River is formed by the junction of the Parsnip and Finlay in northern British Columbia, and breaks through the mountain barrier eastward to the Mackenzie and the Arctic ocean. The eastern side of the Finlay region is largely "new" territory. Some of this Mr. Haworth has seen and described. Starting from Hansard on the Grand Trunk Pacific line, he and a guide made their way to the Parsnip, down that stream to the Finlay, and up the latter perhaps 150 miles to the Quadacha or Whitewater.

\$4.00 net. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Health for the Soldier and Sailor."

This timely manual of sanitation for our fighters by land and sea is by Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, chairman of Hygiene Reference Board of the Life Extension Institute (which includes Major-General W. C. Gorgas, Surgeon-General Rupert Blue, etc.), and Eugene Lyman Fisk, M. D., Medical Director of the Institute, the authors of "How to Live," of which over 100,000 copies have been sold, and which has been highly endorsed by medical and sanitary authorities throughout the country.

The present volume, handily bound in khaki cloth, pocket size, is packed with matter of vital importance to the health of our men, in camps, on ship-board and on the firing line, every one of whom should have a copy in his kit. It shows the soldier or sailor in a clear, concise fashion just how to manage himself physically, what to do and what not to do in order to keep fit, and how to protect his health under all possible conditions. It is just as essential for him to know how to keep at the top notch of efficiency physically as it is for him to know his technical military duties, and he can in this way doubly serve himself, his family and his country.

60 cents net. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York.

"The War Cache," by W. Douglas Newton.

A stirring tale of the great war and of the machinations of the German spy system. Phillip Mainwaring, a young English staff-officer, and his friend, Jimmy Thorold, a scientist, befriend a pretty nurse, Cicely Bainstain, who is in possession of some imported German papers. Phillip decodes one which states that in a cellar under a bombed house are directions for finding a war cache. Phillip, Jimmy and Cicely, with Thorold's chauffeur, start off for the house, and after overcoming many obstacles, succeed in reaching it, only to find that their troubles are just beginning. The

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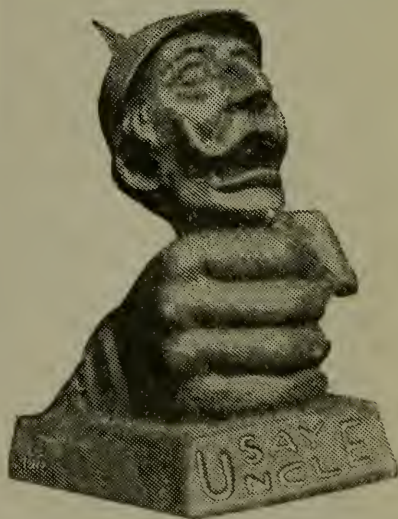
Under the above heading the Detroit *Free Press*, among other things says: "The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide."

The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot=Ease in their shoes each morning.

One war relief committee reports, of all the things sent out in their Comfort Bags or "Kits," Allen's Foot=Ease received the most praise from the soldiers and men of the navy. It is used by American, French and British troops, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. There is no foot comforter equal to Allen's Foot=Ease, the antiseptic, healing powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, the standard remedy for over 25 years for hot, tired, aching, perspiring, smarting, swollen, tender feet, corns, bunions, blisters or callouses.

Why not order a dozen or more 25c. boxes to-day from your Druggist or Dep't. store to mail to your friends in training camps and in the army and navy.

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little English group are obliged to match their wits against a horde of skilful and cunning German spies, and more than once are near death. The story abounds in thrills from first place to last.

Illustrated by E. C. Casewell. \$1.40 net. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"The Boy's Book of Sports," by L. DeB. Handley, edited by Grantland Rice.

This is a book for all boys at all seasons of the year. It contains the latest information on all sports, contributed by the best available experts. It is an excellent selection for "real boys" to use and develop themselves. In introducing swimming it says:

"Many a swimmer endowed by nature with every qualification for becoming a champion has failed solely owing to too much eagerness. You may attain partial success even without the proper grounding, but you will never reach the front rank.

"Acquire form before you take part even in a novice race. Check the natural inclination for speed work, and devote all your energies to the development of a correct stroke. Take easy stretches, paying attention to making every movement perfect, and so gain knowledge of pace-judging, which is the fundamental principle of competition, and can be learned only through long, intelligent, conscientious work. You should in no circumstance do any racing until you can swim a good furlong without tiring and without losing form."

\$2 net. The Century Co., N. Y.

"Personal Hygiene and Physical Efficiency," by Susanna Cocroft.

Susanna Cocroft, in her work, "Personal Hygiene and Physical Efficiency," does not merely skim the surface of the things that constitute health. She does not merely talk around things, neither does she suggest, in a tentative way, that the cause of certain conditions might be due to, what results might be obtained. She

tells in a vigorous, forceful way what Personal Hygiene is and how it stands for efficiency—mental, moral and physical.

Miss Cocroft also speaks, in a simple, easily understood manner, of the inner workings of the greatest of all organizations, the human body. She tells of the dangers of incorrect poise, how it may be corrected, and why it should.

We have all of us, at some time or other in our existence, suffered from "nerves," that great American disease, but just how little understood the entire organization of the nervous system is, by the majority of people, is revealed to us in another part of this informing book. Many of woman's physical ills are traceable to shattered nerves, and many such ills yield with astonishing readiness to the influence of a rightly directed mind.

Susanna Cocroft, as an authority of international reputation, is well fitted to discuss these questions, and reliable information, practical, helpful instruction and a renewed interest in life must result from the reading of her book. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"A Garden of Remembrance," by James Terry White.

Mr. White's verse has met with wide acceptance, over 25,000 copies of his various volumes having been sold. It appeals to the heart, and becomes a treasured friend wherever it finds lodgment. It is full of quotable lines which express what everybody would himself like to say to his friends upon the commemorative occasions of life; but beneath its rippling melody of happiness there are continually sounding deeper notes of feeling that touch the very chords of being. While he is a poet of the emotions, he stirs them with a thrill which awakens the soul's aspirations and strengthens its hope.

"If thou of fortune be bereft,
And thou dost find but two loaves left
To thee—sell one, and with the dole
Buy Hyacinths to feed thy soul."

\$1.25 net. James T. White, N. Y.

Overland Monthly

Notice to Reader
When you finish reading this issue, place a one cent stamp on this notice, hand same to any postal employee, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors at the front. No wrapping, no address. A. S. Burleson Postmaster General

JUNE, 1918

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If you knew
a day's pay would
save a Life



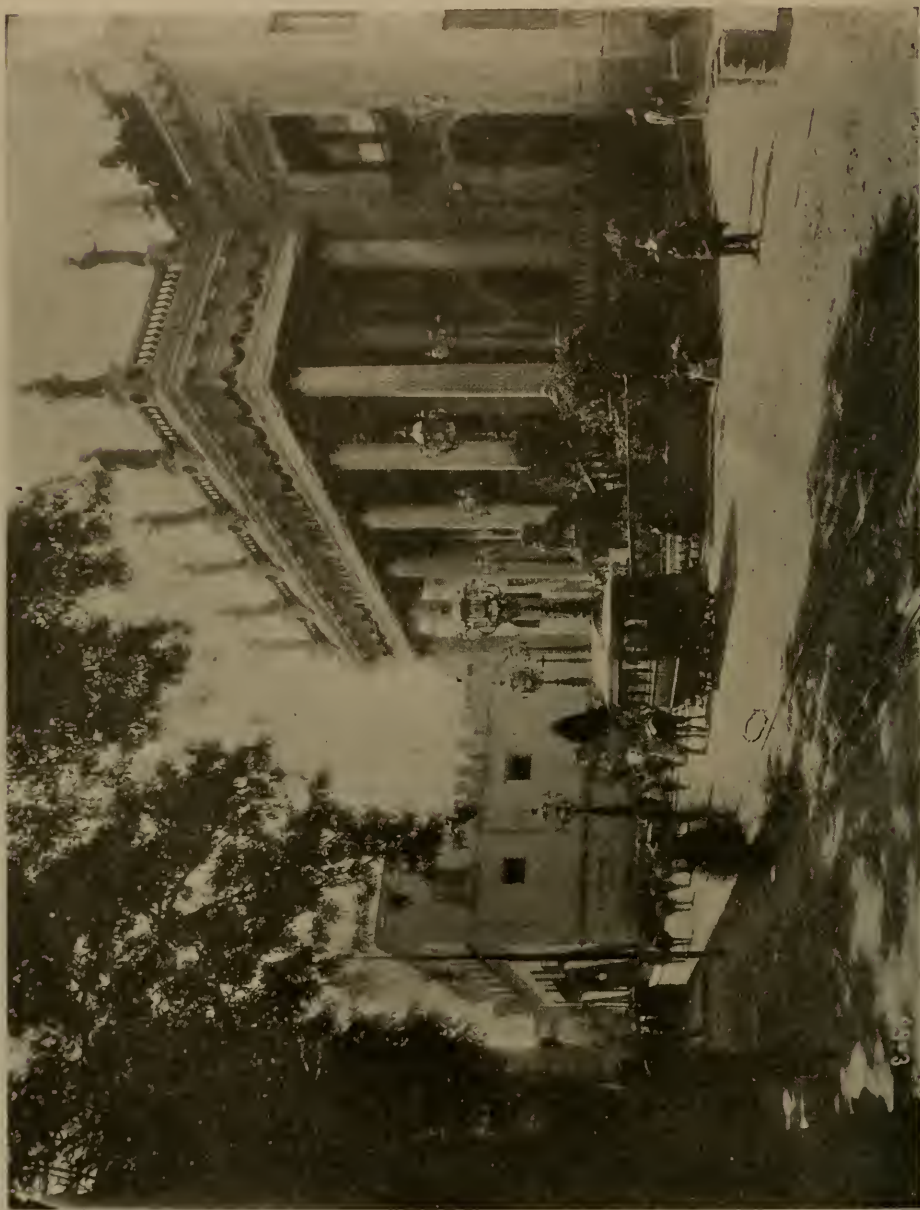
-would you give
one day a month ?

All of the Red Cross War Fund
goes for War Relief

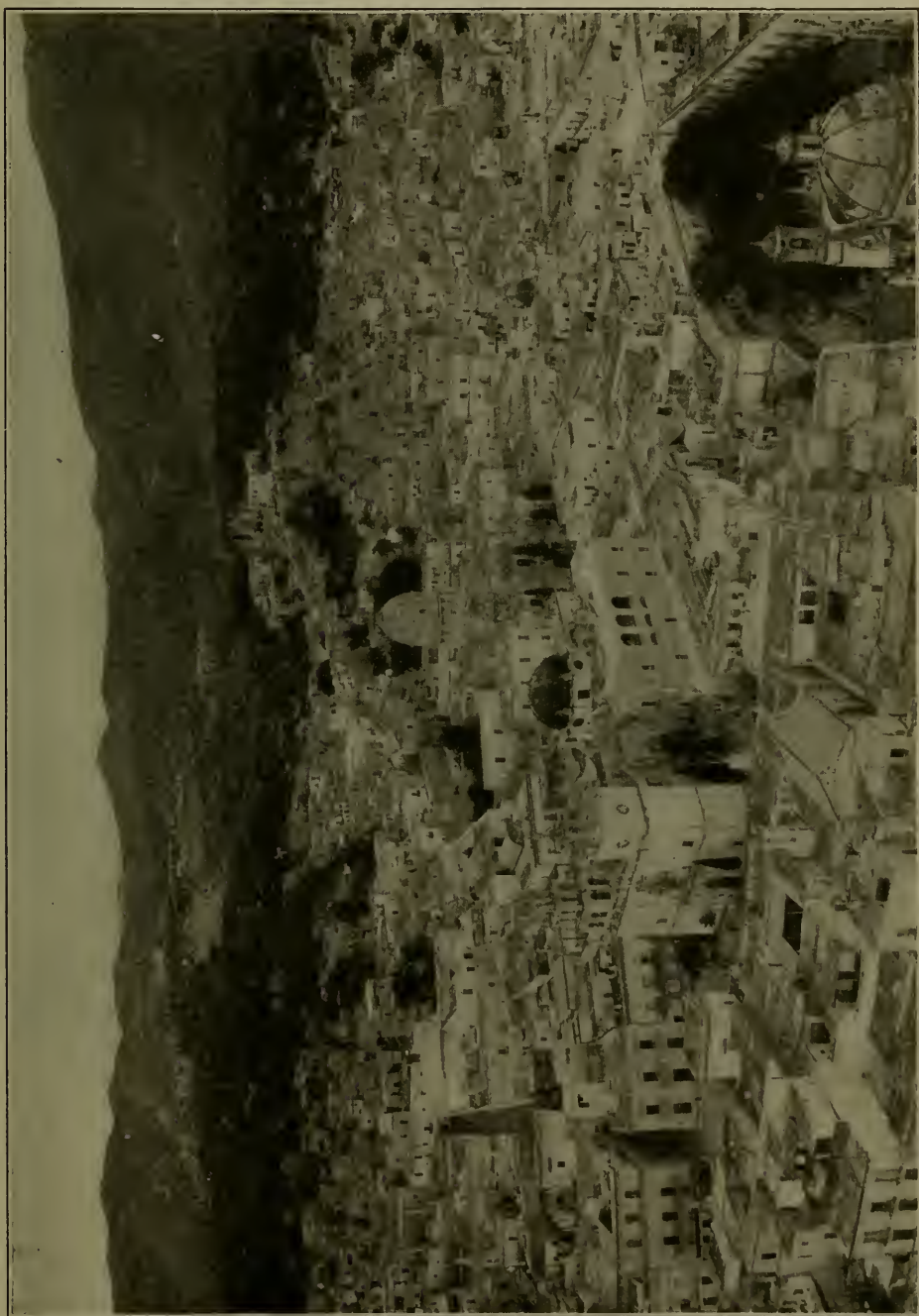
A SHORT TRIP THROUGH MEXICO
AND THE SOUTH WEST



An early Mission bell in Mexico.



Theatre Juarez, Guajuato, Mexico, a palace of social entertainment.



City of Guanaajuato at sunset.



The Virgin of "La Soledad," Oaxaca.



An Indian weaver at work.



Spruce tree house, Mesa Verde, as restored by Smithsonian Institute.



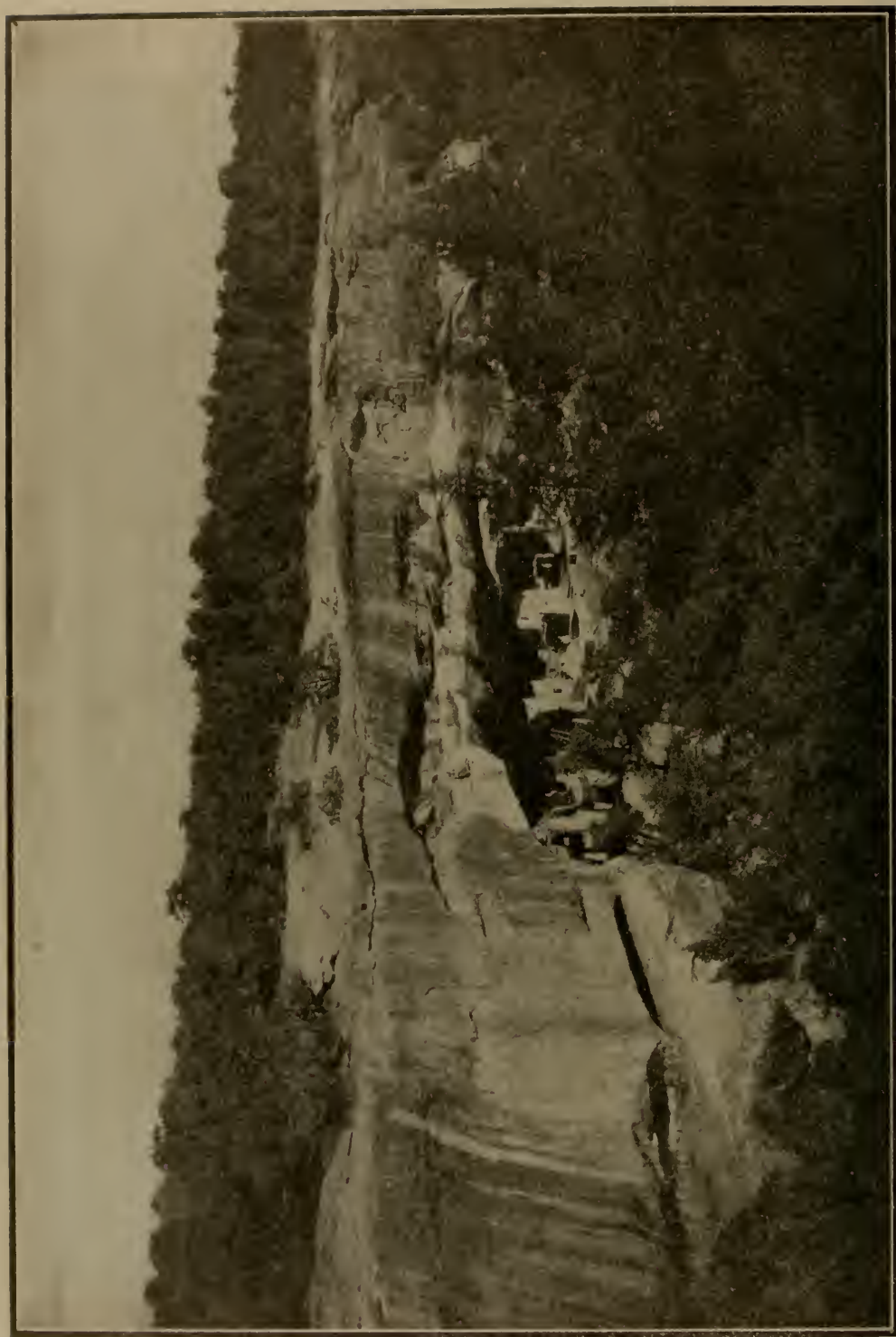
Ancient cliff palace, Mesa Verde, the largest and finest of all cliff ruins in the southwest, as recently restored.



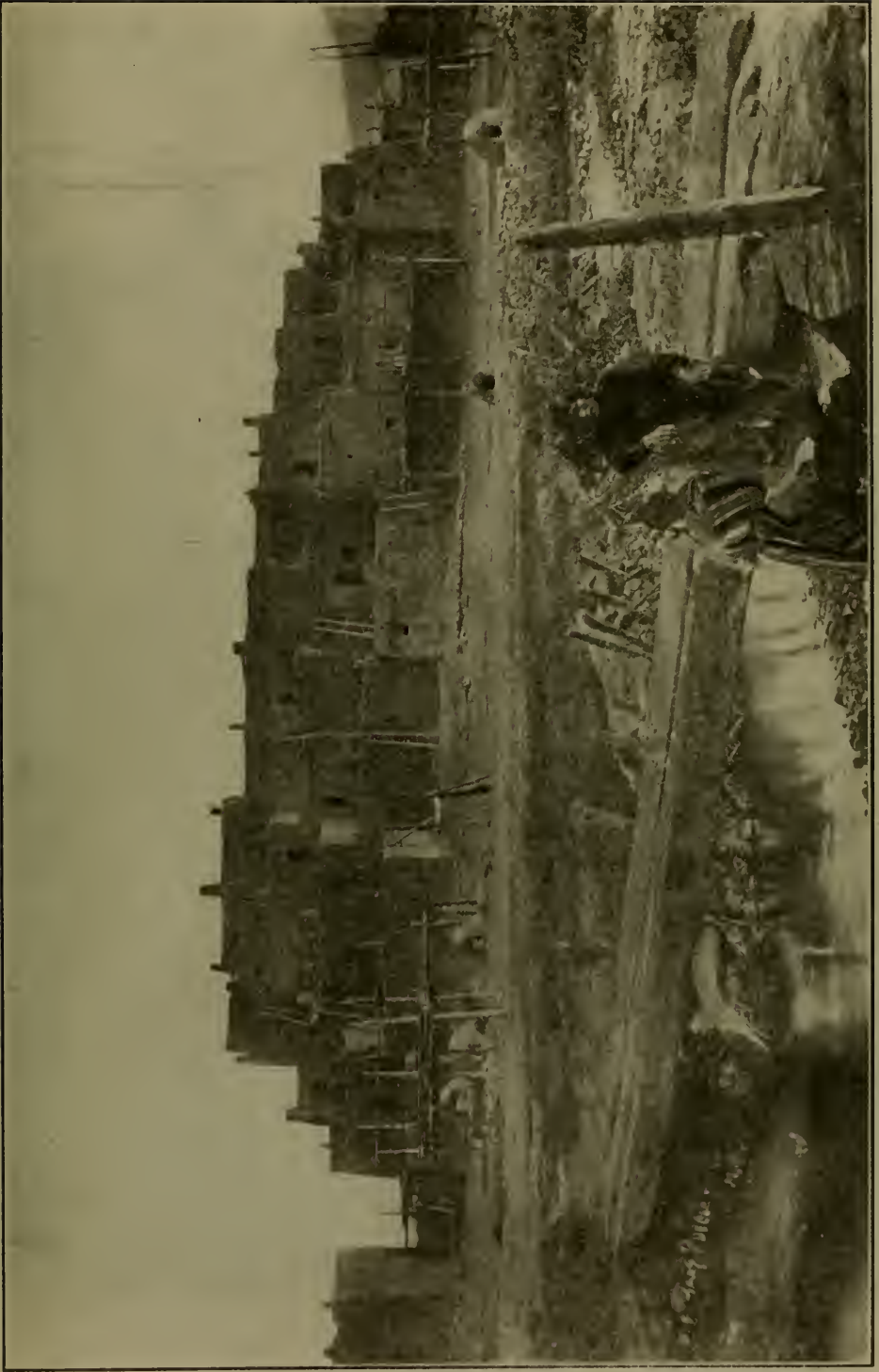
Ruins of cliff dwellings at Mesa, Colorado.



A great tree of tule, 160 feet in circumference.



An unusual village, where the cliff dwellers built their dwellings under a huge cliff.



An old-time Indian village in Arizona.



Patio of San Angel Inn.



Going Out to Mazatlan

Kathleen L. Worrell

HOW sly the years are! How they slip away from us—silently, gently: it is all of ten years back that curious trip to Mazatlan, which will always stand out in my mind as the most wonderful wandering which I of the wandering foot have ever made, and if you read this to the end you will see why it was so.

We were very close friends—He, She and I, and one evening, as we sat in the twilight together, we spoke restlessly of the long time we had been staying in the same place; she repeated a poem she had read somewhere—a singing little rhyme that would not be forgotten:

"I wish we might go gypsying one day
before we're old—
To step it with the wild west wind
And sing the while we go
Through far, forgotten orchards
Hung with jewels red and gold;
I wish we might go gypsying one day
before we're old."

"Why don't we?" I asked. For days the long grey road had been luring me. I began to feel the call of the otherwhere, and knew it was time to go.

"Why not start out at once?" I suggested.

"Do you know," she cried, "for days

I have been thinking about Mexico; we have never seen much of that country. Why not do it now?"

"Yes, why not." He assented. And so it was decided.

While they were talking it over together, my thought went swirling around the lost Atlantis of my youth; somehow I did not want to go to Mexico. I wanted to remember it as I saw it long ago. I had a feeling that if I were to see it again I would not find the sky so blue, the palms so green, and the flowers so sweet . . . the charm and witchery would be gone because:

"The years will make us other men."

"I suppose that applies to women, too," I muttered.

"What did you say?" She asked.

"Oh, nothing," I answered. "Let us plan for the trip. When do you suppose we can start?"

"Do you know," She said irrelevantly, "that we are three remarkable people? Have you ever noticed how small the world looks to us?"

"My world is small," He said, looking at Her with tender eyes.

"This isn't getting us anywhere," She scolded; "the question is how shall we get there!"

Before we retired for the night it had been decided that we would go by

way of the northern pass—The Paso del Norte—into Mexico, and locate for a time in Chihuahua, the first city of importance beyond the frontier. Two weeks later found us comfortably established in a rather imposing adobe house on the Calle Moreles, a narrow, poorly paved street, but beautiful to me for reasons that have nothing to do with this story.

She wanted to go to the ornate hotel on the plaza, and He was rather in favor of a place in the American Colony, but I loved the lonely little street, and since love is strong enough to overcome most things, we stayed in the Calle Moreles.

Before we had been there two weeks we began to get restless; we wanted to go somewhere, but could not make up our minds where. The question was finally settled for us by Timeteo, who came to the house every afternoon. He was engaged in the lucrative business of selling ice cream, small cakes and villainous candy, and his very evident appreciation and delight in our patronage naturally pleased us, coming from a country where no one seems to care "a hang," as He puts it, if you buy or not. Timeteo's compatriots believed his business success to be wholly due to the fact that he spoke English fluently, and he took the utmost pains not to undeceive them. They never guessed that his entire vocabulary consisted of the words, "How much," "Thank you," and "Good-bye," because he said them with a great flourish that carried weight. He had a little American-made wagon to haul about his wares in, and his good friend, a red and green parrot, always sat on the rim of the ice cream pail.

One day when we were trying to attract the parrot's attention in the vain hope that he might not peck at the ice cream Timeteo was dishing out for us, we asked him where the bird came from. Timeteo hastily thrust our ice cream at us, and waved his hands westward toward the blue ranges.

"He come from Mazatlan where the ocean lies," he said, with a curious

softened quality in his voice, and then with all the eloquence and yearning of the desert born for the sea, he told us about that wonderful spot lying in the heart of the sunset, at the feet of the Pacific. We stood spell bound and listened; our Ancient Mariner had three "wedding guests" instead of one "who could not choose but hear." We could not understand all he said. But we understood enough to make us decide right then and there to go to Mazatlan; we also suggested that he go along as our guide. We would make the trip mule back, and take along a pack-train of provisions.

"You will go, won't you?" we all said in chorus.

Would he go! He wept at the thought. "Ah, my friends!" he cried. "The brightness of other days is again falling across my path. I, too, have had my golden past." His voice fell almost to a whisper. "I was once a matador!"

"Have you ever killed a bull?" She asked, drawing back a little.

He laid his hand on his heart, and turned his eyes to heaven; words failed him. Had he ever killed a bull! "Never mind about the bulls," I broke in; "tell us how far it is to Mazatlan."

He shrugged his shoulders and chanted an old peon song:

"Poco carne, poco pan,
Poco itempo Mazatlan."

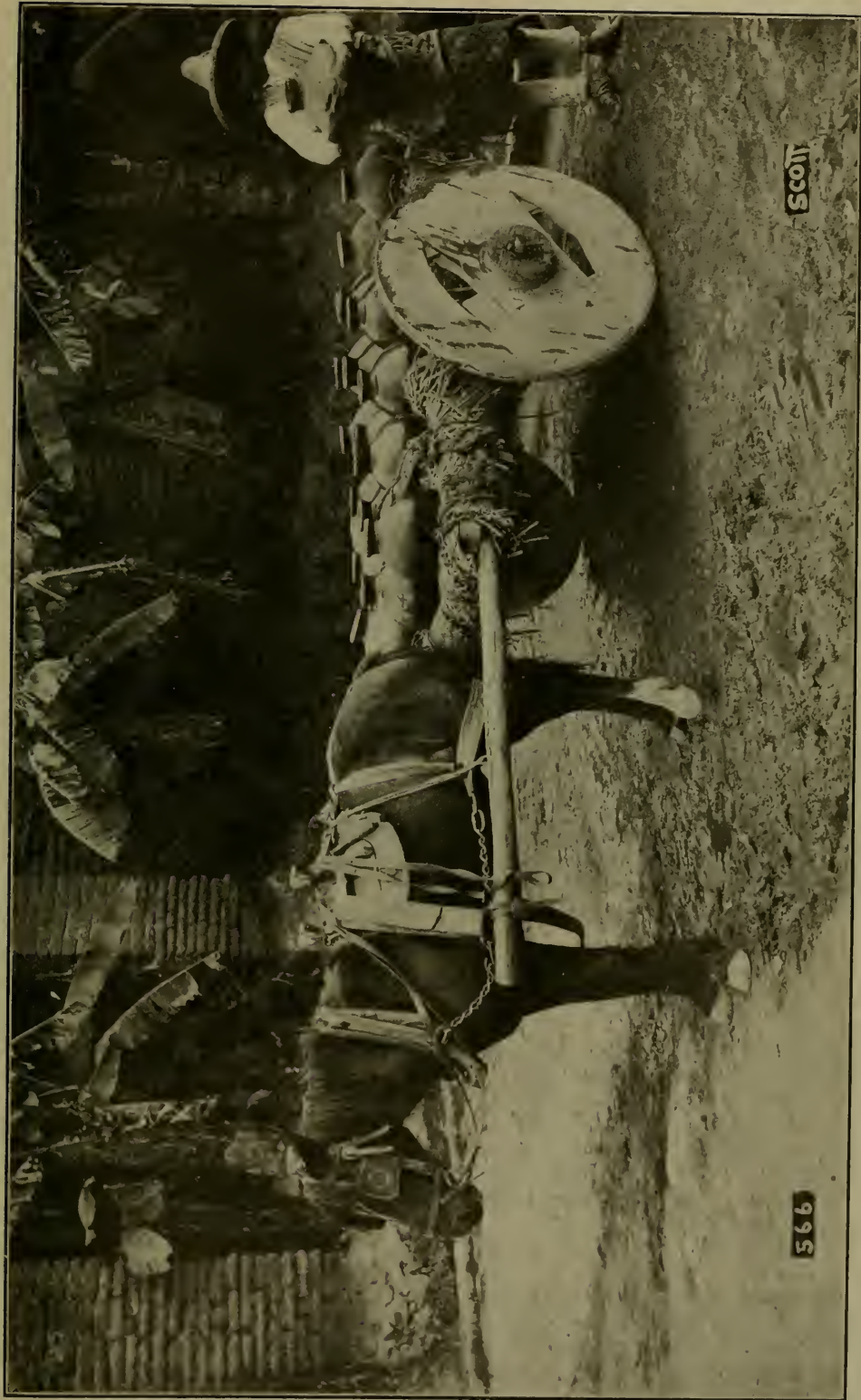
Which, lamely translated, means: "A little meat, a little bread, and soon a sight of Mazatlan."

"Let us start to-morrow!" cried she of the wandering feet.

"All right," said He of the acquiescent soul. "I'm willing," I announced with my eyes on the far blue mountain ranges. How beautiful they always are—the hills we have not reached.

Before Timeteo left it was all settled. On the third morning from that day he was to come to the house at dawn with good mounts, and whatever was needed for our trip.

The next two days were spent selecting the few things we knew we would



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"The moist, cool, water-filled ollas made one want to drink, and the dim green shade invited."



Timeteo, with his ice-cream wagon.

want, and buying canned goods. Then we rested and waited. Every little while She would suddenly spring up and clap her hands, singing out: "At last we will really go gypsying!"

"I had begun to think," said He, "that it wouldn't be till we were too old to care."

"I suppose you think that sounds clever," She remarked.

"I like to see you crinkle up your nose like that," He said.

I groaned and said my little prayer: "God save me from sudden death on land, from drowning at sea, and from living forever with married lovers."

On the third morning we were up

long before dawn, and sang "La Gol-andrina" while we fried the eggs and baked the griddle cakes for breakfast. We had just shaken the last drop out of the coffee pot when we heard a shout outside. We all rushed to the window and there was Timeteo, with what seemed a whole herd of beasts around him. The patient burros and mules formed a sober background for Timeteo's splendor. On his head was a silver-embroidered hat; his vest looked like a scrap of Oriental embroidery, and his thin legs were cased in the most stunning velvet trowsers with bright buttons down the outside seams, but the crowning glory of the



"He looked at us with proud contempt. Pale faces and pale blood go together. Sell his dog! Sell his friend! Never."

whole outfit was the short jacket of velvet, with a bright crimson lining, and gold embroidery.

It took us some time to get started, but finally we were under way, and the stately old gateway of the Alameda arose before us. As we passed through the great arch, I looked up and my heart beat high. Yes, the sky was as blue as ever, and the palm trees as green, and the old glamour and the old charm and the old witchery of Montezuma's land still ran like sunlight through my blood. "It's good to be alive," I said over and over again, and was surprised because a tear ran over my cheek.

Toward noon we halted by the banks of the river. "It is wondrous cool in the shade of the alamo trees," hinted our guide.

"Let us take the packs off the poor little burros, and all take a rest," She suggested.

"Good idea," said He. "I feel that I could eat a bite, don't you?" We did.

I don't know how it happened, but after we ate we began to dream-drift, and drowse, and finally we closed our eyes against the too bright noon-day sun. I dreamed that I was a queen riding on a white palfry, and there was a page walking beside me talking all



"The two strings on his fiddle would never be in tune, but there was a joyous freedom in his look that made one feel that his heart strings were."

sorts of nonsense that no one would think of saying to me when I am awake, and when at last I did awaken the purple shadows lay on the hills.

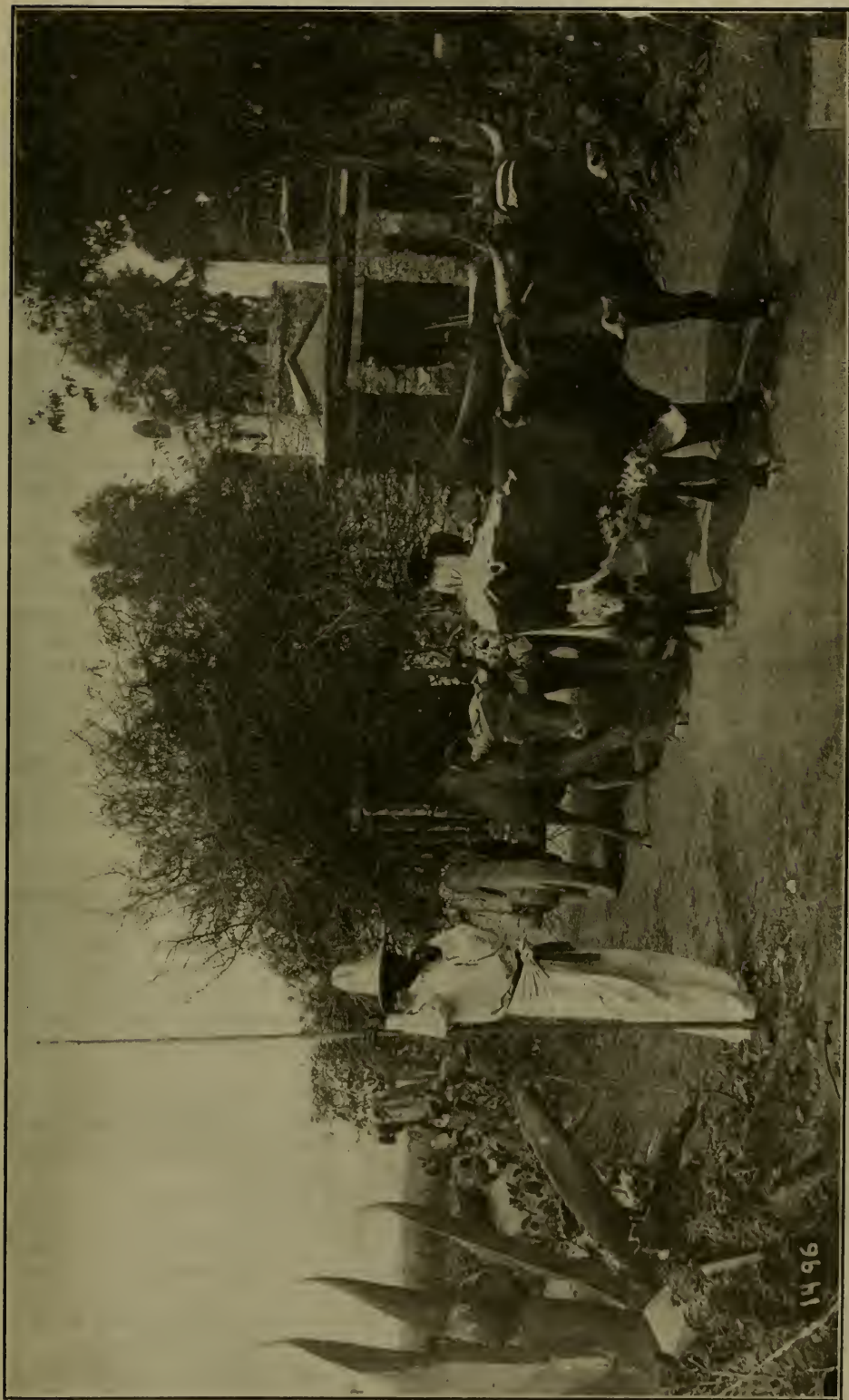
"We have lost half a day!" I cried, springing to my feet. The others started up as surprised as I. "Oh, never mind," said He. "The world wasn't made in a day. We will all feel better for this snooze out in the open, and we can start again to-morrow, if we turn around now we will just about have time to get home and spend the night in our comfortable beds. Let's do that and start out fresh to-morrow. We agreed. When we told Timeteo of

our decision he approved. "Esta bueno," he said, and began to saddle the beasts.

We had a good night's rest and again started at dawn. We took a different road this time, a narrow, picturesque road. I wondered if it might not be as old as the Via Appia. We met many ox teams. The driver of one, a slender, white clad youth, stood still and looked after us with the wistful resignation of his kind in his eyes.

"I wonder if he, too, feels the call of this distance," said She, and smiled back over her shoulder to him.

"What has the poor thing done that



"He stood still and looked after us with the wistful resignation of his kind,"

you should want to break his heart?" said He.

Timeteo did not understand the words, but he understood the look that passed between them. He turned to me: "Ah, *Senorita*," he said. "That is the most wonderful thing in the world, is it not?"

"What is?" I asked. He looked at me with a kind of baffled surprise on his face, such as he might have worn if he had run into a glass wall. "Dear Lady," he said, "I speak of love."

"Oh!" I said.

He was silent a long time. When he spoke again his voice was very gentle.

"It comes to all," he said. "To some it comes early, to some it comes late, and who can say which is the best. But this I tell you truly: It comes to all."

"Then there is hope for me," I remarked with a grin.

"There is more than hope," he said. "There is certainty!"

Just at that time we were passing a square with a fountain in the center. A girl stood near it with an olla on her shoulder. She smiled at Timeteo. He waved at her and sprang from his mount. Of course the rest of us halted.

"We might as well take a rest here," I murmured. "It would be a good place to eat our dinner, benches to sit on and clear water to drink." So it was agreed that we make a halt there. Timeteo brought his friend over and introduced her. She gave us a look of wondering admiration—frankincense of the heart, that floated with wistful sweetness across the gulf between us. Then she filled her olla and went away.

"Dear child," said Timeteo, "she loves a sculptor. It is a sad fate to love a sculptor."

"Why?" asked She.

"Have you never heard the story of the sculptor who worked on the shrine of the St. Guadalupe, and of the beautiful woman who loved him?" asked He in surprise.

We said that we never had. "I will tell it to you," He said, and began to

talk. It was a warm and still and sunny noonday. The purple iris blossoms shimmered in the sun, the perfume of countless roses floated around us languorously sweet. The low, harp-like quality of Timeteo's voice made the love story he told strangely touching. It might have been told in ten minutes, but he talked on and on, dwelling on the beauty of it all until the glamor that surrounded the lovers enfolded us too.

The sculptor, it seemed, longed for everlasting fame, the woman on the other hand cared only for happiness in the present. The sculptor lived and became famous, because the woman inspired him. The woman died and was forgotten.

"It is often so," said Timeteo. "One would see it every day if one could look into human hearts." Suddenly he sprang to his feet. "*Valgame Dios!*" he cried, "we have spent so much time relating and listening to this story that it is now too late to get to the hacienda where I thought we might spend the night."

"Never mind," She said, with the spell of the story still upon her.

"We can go home and start out fresh to-morrow," He said.

They sat with hands entwined, looking away into the distance; neither noticed me, but I did not care—I, too, was living in a world of my own.

There was a full moon that night. Even the Calle Moreles looked mysteriously enchanting with the yellow Mexican moonlight falling on the white adobe walls.

The next morning we again started out. "This is real gypsying," said She. "Always going somewhere and never getting there."

"I am having the time of my life," said He.

"Do you know," I said, "I almost hope that we will never get to Mazatlan."

"Why?" She asked, looking back at me with her larkspur colored eyes.

"Because," I told her, "if we never see it we will always think that Mazatlan is the most beautiful place in the

world. The place you want to go to and never reach always is."

She did not hear what I said, because she was watching the sunlight shining on his uncovered head.

It was slightly warmer that day, and when on the street of the village we met a man driving along with a lot of water filled ollas, I insisted on stopping. The moist, cool ollas made me want to drink, and the dim green shade beside the adobe wall invited me to linger, but the idea was voted down, so we went on.

We were out on the mesa with never a tree in sight, only sand and cacti and the blue sky, when we came upon Arozote with his fiddle. Certain it was that the two strings on that remarkable instrument would never be in tune, but there was a joyous freedom in his look that made one feel that his heart-strings were. He played for us, and danced for us, and told us the story of the fiddle. It was made years and years ago by one who had long since gone into The Land of the Lost Others. When at last we rode on, he insisted on accompanying us. He led a good horse along behind him, while he trudged merrily on, the sand sifting in behind his steps. At noon we came upon another Indian who had been gathering reeds beside the far away river. "Walking twenty-five miles a day is nothing to these people," Timeteo told us.

The Indian was not in the least hampered by his clothing, which consisted of a cotton breech cloth, and a pointed crowned hat. He seemed very glad to see us, and gratefully accepted the food we gave him. I noticed that he always fed his dog before he took a bite himself.

She at once coveted the little dog and offered to buy him, but the owner looked at us with proud contempt. We could read in his look the conviction

that pale faces and pale blood go together. He took the little creature up in his arms. Sell his dog! Sell his friend! Never.

Even the offer of more money than he had ever seen failed to tempt him.

"Isn't he foolish," said She.

"Perhaps he is very wise," said He, as he put the money back in his pocket, murmuring: "There are stranger things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

After we had finished our meal we found that Arozote could sing. There was something curiously pleasing about his droning chant.

She complained of a slight headache, and curled up in the sand with her head in my lap. The Indian chanted on, and presently she was fast asleep. We spoke in hushed tones and let her rest. Two hours passed before she finally awoke. She still had a headache.

"Don't you think," said He, turning to me, "that we had best go back home and let her get her sleep in a comfortable bed."

I agreed with him, and for the third time we turned our backs on Mazatlan. I will never forget that ride back under the star lit dome of the evening sky. The night birds twittered in the hedges as we passed, and in the dim light it seemed as if the ghost of roses were nodding at us over the gray walls. When we reached the house we found a telegram awaiting Him. A commonplace business matter called us all away from our gypsying.

And so it happened that we never got to Mazatlan, but often in the evening when She and I stand by the west window, watching the sun go down, we talk wistfully about the beautiful place we never reached; and no spot we have ever seen lures us like that far off, sunny Mazatlan, out yonder where the ocean lies.

Chronicles of Woodcock Farm

A Glimpse of Woman's Labor on the Farms of 1917

By Harriet Geithmann

IF PRESENT plans in Seattle bear fruit, the State of Washington will see its first Women's Agricultural Camp in the summer of 1918. It will be patterned after the pioneer Woodcock Farm of Westchester County, which was so eminently successful during the summer of 1917.

Near Bedford Village, N. Y., an hour's run from New York City, and almost a stone's throw from the Hudson River, stands an old Colonial farm-

house built over a century ago by a millionaire, named Woodcock. For the last decade it has been abandoned to a tenantry of furred and feathered folk and all their brethren.

Last June it was opened up, literally hoed out, and flooded with sunshine and the joyous laughter, plus ideas, of a pioneer squad of young women with their dean, Dr. Ida H. Ogilvie, professor of geology at Columbia University.



Headquarters of the farm.



Girls working in the potato patch.

When the August fireflies danced the maddest flights among the old, old trees, Woodcock Farmhouse was serenely mothering an average brood of sixty-five young "soldiers of the soil," hot on the trail of agricultural pursuits. They were scattered in army tents under sleepy apple trees smothered in poison ivy, in the corncrib, carriage house and on the Woodcock verandas. From the four points of the compass were they recruited; as far West as Seattle, Washington, and as far East as London, England. Eastern colleges, trade schools, and all the city's indoor occupations of women were richly represented by this volunteer army of young vacation girl farmers.

Each recruit had to pass successfully a physical examination before she was admitted to the ranks of the agriculturists.

Securing the city woman's labor on the farm has always been a problem in our country, and in a measure the Woodcock Farm experiment of 1917

has blazed the trail for a logical solution. An agricultural camp organized on the unit plan, takes the vacation girl of the city who is mentally and physically fit, houses, feeds and trains her, and then sends her forth by the day in small squads of two or more to adjoining estates to work for wage. Let us quote direct from the diary of one of the recruits at Woodcock Farm: Woodcock Farm, Sunday, July 1, 1917.

Hip, hip hooray, we're here at last, Mollie and I, after buzzing about farming ever since February. Allah be praised! So is it ever. It's a nice, hot, juicy New York day to arrive in such a fresh, enchanted atmosphere of ancient maples, oaks and firs and old decrepit apple trees fast asleep. We adore it already. Woodcock Farm looks like a serene old place, but that idea was blown to smithereens when we tumbled out of the Bedford Hills 'bus, and saw overalled girls speeding hither and yon, alive with vast responsibilities. The old place reeks with



Raw recruits hoeing in Woodcock gardens.

ancient history, and has spacious room for thought and action. And when Dr. Ogilvie swung by, I thought of Gibraltar Rock on Mt. Rainier.

It Is a Day of Assignments.

1. We raw, thin-skinned, pale, hot-house flowers attended a lecture in the carriage house given by the agricultural expert, Miss Agnes T. Dexter, on the supply and demand of labor on the farms and our duties, and the vital significance in times of war. We sat cross-legged on the threshold of the carriage house, knitted, imbibed knowledge and inhaled enchantment.

2. In the dusk of even we poked through the halls up to the third floor of the farmhouse, where we were fitted out with stiff new blue overalls, blue shirts, big straw hats and white cotton gloves. By candle-light we "lopped off baggage" with miraculous speed, and were glad. In this new, brave attire plus a stoutish heart, we were al-

most ready for any test. We brought our own hiking shoes to complete the outfit for the fields. Mollie strutted about in the ghostly light with peacocky importance in her new jeans.

3. We were assigned cots on the veranda, praise be to Allah again; we have the corner where we can explore the patches of sky among the tree-tops.

4. Being skilled in the mysteries of milking, I was assigned to a Jersey cow named Susie; I adore cows for their fund of tranquility, and always have.

We must to bed: the oil lamps dip at nine, and I suppose farm laborers must energize much in order to hoe much.

Monday, July 2d.

It was a whizzing night; I slept like a top and spun around all night. First, the firefly armies dazzled us, then the moon with all its vulgar display of celestial wealth laughed at us, and thirdly, every time one of the girls turned



Mollie bringing in a load of hay, hauled by the big oxen, Dan and Billy.

over in her cot it creaked viciously, and all the other cots creaked in unison. Even the dark-loving screech-owl screeched his midnight carols. Thus spent we our first night, raw recruits and rawer still from want of repose.

Morning came, the gong rang at five and I tumbled out of my blankets, washed, jumped into overalls, grabbed a milk pail and dashed for Susie, a big-eyed Jersey. Tilting merrily on a three-legged stool with the pail pinched between my knees, I soon persuaded the rich yellow streams of milk to dance into the pail. At home again—childhood, a stool, a pail, a song and a love of the work. Susie's big eyes bulged at me at first, but soon we were comrades, and she began to chew with drowsy satisfaction. My muscles quivered furiously. After milking I sprayed the cows to keep off the flies, drove them to the pasture across the highway, strained the milk, washed and sallied in to breakfast.

All day long we were trained by Miss D—— in the Woodcock gardens. We thinned out young green corn on our knees and later harrowed it with a wheel hoe. Now and again, being green help and soft muscled, we loafed a moment under the apple trees, listened to song sparrows and lazily watched the summer clouds drift across the skies.

Drove up the cows at five-thirty and milked Susie. I shall not listen to creaking of cots to-night. If anything keeps me from slumbers deep it will be creaking muscles. Caesar was a wise old chap when he said: "The beginning is half the battle."

Friday, July 6th.

Have positively spent the past twenty-four hours, eating, drinking, sleeping, milking Susie and weeding out beets in a war garden on the Islan estate. 'Tis our second day out working for hire. Up and down, up and



Edith Butts, who donated the use of her motor car, plus her services, for the cause.

down for eight full hours we crept on our hands and knees between long rows of mangel beets, weeding with both hands. At noon we flopped down under a horse-chestnut tree in a pasture of frisking Shetland ponies, devoured our lunch with a truck-driver's keen relish, and were luxuriously at ease with earth and sky and chipmunks. Allah be saluted for the third time that we are here in such an enterprise, and at such a time when the pulling of weeds in the beet patch seems such worthy work.

We learned today that the farmers pay our camp twenty-five cents an hour for our labor, and that satisfaction among Westchester County farmers is at high tide. They say they are amazed at our endurance, and the amount of work we are able to "put acrosst." We save a mint of time because we don't have to light up behind a convenient tree when the mercury is rising.

The ride across Westchester Hills

in our yellow Ford 'bus was a whirl of delight. Even if we did not draw our monthly wage of \$15 from the Camp, I reckon we are being overpaid and swamped with dividends already. We are daily storing up in our spiritual, mental and physical warehouses carloads of treasures, fortification against to-morrow. Any Woodcock girl will swear to that. And we have been here only a week. Mollie says: "I'm powerfully glad I'm here, and I'm learning that my future will not be that of a farmer." I answered: "And I'm learning that some sunny day I want to be a farmer—a real agriculturist; it's the biggest game on earth." There's time out here for life long decisions.

To bed, to rise another day, to weed beets.

Sunday, July 7th.

Have been promoted from Susie to "Mither," a tough character of a Holstein who gives about forty pounds of

milk a day. She has one sore teat, which she caught on the barb wire in one of her mad escapades, and it's like treading on eggs to milk it without her planting her hind right in the bucket.

Joining the washing brigade this morning, we marched out to the stone wall by the ancient well with its poetic moss-covered bucket, and sudsed out our soiled clothes and spread them on the grass to dry in the July sun. In the well house a nest of baby blue-necked swallows gaped at us in wonderment.

This afternoon we scribbled letters in an old apiary that we have unearthed and hoed out. Henceforth it will be the Apiary Study, fit for farm laborers to "set and think and sometimes only set!"

In the democratic atmosphere of our camp there is a camaraderie of all types and classes of individuals. The stolid Russian peasant, lover of the soil and Tolstoi, toils by the sweat of her brow side by side with daughters of New York's eminent pastors.

Writing home to-day, Mollie expressed herself blithely: "Latest news from the front: The pig weed and rag weed have fallen; the potato bug host and the cut worm army have been completely routed; the rank and file of the strawberries and cherries have been safely marshaled to the canneries. Victory is assured."

Saturday, Aug. 10th.

Hot as Hades to-day, but we put in our eight hours on the famous Seth Lowe estate, picking vegetables. Too hot for man or beast today. Wore cabbage leaves in the crowns of our hats. It was 106 degrees in the shade, with the prohibitive shade at the other end of the field. We drank water, mopped wildly at our sweating brows, and pulled onions, which, especially, was a chore never to be forgotten. Thus have I spent the daylight in the noddle, breathing villainous onion odors, watching perspiration ooze out and trickle down in rivulets by force of gravity to the onion bed below, ignoring parched tongue and sunburnt arms

and listening with hot aggravation to those words from a doughty comrade from London: "Horses sweat, men perspire and ladies glow."

Tuesday, Aug. 20th.

The four dieteticians are a marvel. They feed each of us on fifty cents and less a day. Most scientifically do they dole out calories warranted to produce energy for farm laborers. The food is plain and good and sufficient, and we aren't in immediate danger of focusing on stomachs.

Martha, our darky tyrant of the kitchen, with her two daughters, threatens each sunset to pack her duds for New York because things are so "inconvenient" around here, but sunrise finds her smiling at the kitchen chores. She must be anchored by patriotism or pure love of the adventure.

I am puzzled: in farming vernacular when a row of carrots has been weeded has the girl wed them?

One of the girls, a student in sociology, is muddling her brain about our social standing. If one perchance lunches in a chicken yard, being the nearest resting place to the beet field, and discusses war and politics with the stable boy what is her social standing? She resolves thus: "We are under the gardener, above the servants, and on a basis of equality with the mistress of the house." Why fret about the filmy social status of our present war time occupation? It's a joyous experience and brimful of color from dawn to dusk. Westchester farmers are the essence of fine consideration and courtesy. Dr. Ogilvie had a call to-day for twenty-five more girls than we could supply.

But if we get too inflated with our own importance, like "clams whose stomachs rise and fall with the tides," Dizzy is sure to whistle out: "Just pinch off one inch from that fox's tail."

Three of us to-day hoed a field of corn which is called the "Howling Mob" variety. To keep up with the name, we raced all day.

We must roll up in our blankets now under the stars and dream about the

"Howling Mob" to-morrow, which, translated, means a hard row to hoe.

balls straight from her broad shoulders.

Friday, Aug. 23d.

To-day was the most picturesque day of all summer. Mollie and I went a-haying on a seventy acre farm, where they use the only workable oxen in Westchester County. Mollie was infatuated with the oxen. Dan and Billy, huge red, ponderous Durham oxen, twelve years old, were yoked to a home-made two-wheel cart, and on this broad cart we thumped along to the hay fields where we loaded up and bobbed back to the hay barn and "mowed the hay." It was hot work up in the stifling mow of the barn, but the smell of the new mown hay was sweet. The farmer quoted Alexander Pope, Edmund Burke and Bret Harte when we had to stop for a breath of air. His yarns were sure enough "humorsome," and in giving generous credit to his competitors in the law game he would merrily say: "He stood around me like a whip around a barrel."

Before haying hours we hoed in a hopeless patch of potatoes, the oxen grazed in the valley, and Andy, the nine year old, gaunt yellow dog, sat by as overseer. Between hot jerks of haying we drank spring water and lemonade, and were intoxicated with life. It is a fascinating old farm, and I hope Mollie and I will go again to-morrow. Even though we melt in the mow of the barn and sing the swan song as we resolve again into the primal elements, hydrogen and oxygen.

Dr. O——lectured us tonight on the significance of our Camp, its example to other States in the Union, and our individual work. We were, as she says, making history that will count in three great economic issues, namely, the problem of the twentieth century woman, the labor problem and the agricultural problem. We felt our backbones stiffen as she fired out cannon

September 6th.

Reluctantly this morning, Mollie and I discarded our overall costume and donned pesky skirts plus conventionality, and with our bundles, Arab-fashion, we started to hike back to New York City. We figured out all summer that this is the only fitting conclusion to such a superb summer's vacation. We are going back infinitely richer in spirit, mind and body. To-day, brown as Indians, and with the Great Spirit in our hearts, we have lived, not merely read, Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road," "Afoot and light-hearted I take to the open road, healthy, free, the world before me, the long brown path before me leading wherever I choose."

To-night we sleep in a modern, airtight cell in Tarrytown near the Sleepy Hollow Cemetery and Ichabod Crane's spooky bridge. We've hiked over twenty miles, and all we purchased on the way was milk and honey. To-morrow we will easily make New York City, with dust and blisters, plus. By sundown to-morrow the subway roar will be in our ears, and the sheep handling system in the underground tunnels will push us along; but if we choose we can turn on a new film and see long rows of mangel beets to be weeded, sunlit hills leading to the horizon, and hear the rhapsodies of birds in treetops. If we choose.

It might be well to add that just recently in New York City a committee has been formed of people interested in agriculture and in women, and they have decided to adopt the unit plan and to try to further the establishment of similar camps all over the country. "This committee will also try to devise means of ensuring respect and dignity to the workers, and to this end has dubbed them "Women's Land Army of America."

Trip Up Mount Popocatepetl

By Louisa Miles Stratton

OUR party, consisting of a friend, his wife and myself, started from the City of Mexico Saturday morning, December 12th, over the Interoceanic Railway for a trip up Mount Popocatepetl,* alt. 17,784 feet. We arrived at Amecameca about 10 o'clock. Amecameca is about 45 miles from the City of Mexico, and 25 miles from the "Rancho de Tlamacas," which is situated just below the timber line from where the ascent is begun.

At Amecameca we hired guides, horses, also a pack animal to carry blankets and provisions. Each of us had a guide and man to help us over the snow. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon we left Amecameca, and arrived at the "Rancho de Tlamacas" at about 9 o'clock. It was bitterly cold, the building being full of natural ventilators (holes), which gave the wind full sway through it. No one lives there through the winter, it being 12,000 feet high. Another party of three persons from Puebla were going to make the ascent in the morning.

The Indians made a fire in the middle of the floor; we then ate a few tortillas, rolled up in our blankets, lay on the floor, snuggled together, and tried to sleep with the wind blowing the smoke in our faces all night, which gave me a severe headache. I had two blankets, and then nearly froze. At 4:30 we again mounted and started for a pile of rocks which were on the mountain side at the snow line called Las Cruces. Colder than ever. I had on two suits of heavy underwear, a big sweater and a serape wrapped tightly around me, and could not keep warm.

Soon we were above timber line and almost perpendicular, with the poor

horses floundering through the volcanic ash. On our return, we wondered how they ever got up with us. An hour before we started the other party left the Rancho. When we reached Las Cruces two of them with their guides were turning back; too fierce for them. I do not think I ever saw a more dismal sight than at Las Cruces, with the biting cold wind sweeping down from the crater. The guides were blue with the cold, and we were so stiff that we could scarcely dismount. We then started on foot. The wife of my friend was obliged to return after going a few feet from Las Cruces. One of our men, who turned out to be the chief guide—which we were not aware of at the time accompanied her, leaving us two Indians who had not been to the summit for a year, and as the best route is constantly changing, we had a more difficult time than we otherwise would have had, as once or twice we strayed a little from the course. The guides did not have a rope, so that each person could hold to in case one of us fell, which, had it happened, would have been certain death, as the top of the mountain was a solid sheet of ice. For about half the distance we had to chop the ice every step we took, and as the grade was steeper than going up an ordinary flight of stairs, it was like hanging on with one's teeth. Had one of us missed our footing we would have gone down the smooth ice like sliding down the shoots at Sutro Baths, San Francisco.

"The legend says: Popocatepetl (the smoking mountain) as it is called, and its neighboring mountain, Extacchihautl (the woman in white) were once giants—but having displeased the gods were turned into mountains. One might

believe there was truth in the story when viewing Extacihautl, since the outline of its summit has the appearance of a woman enveloped in white. The legend goes on to say: The woman died, but the man forever lived and gazed upon his beloved in sorrow and tears."

Strange noises and rumblings are heard, although both mountains are extinct volcanoes, the noises are doubtless caused by the rush of sulphureous vapor from fissures in the crater; also from stones continually falling from the sides of the crater and into its depths.

How the rare air deceives the sight. One would have thought at Las Cruces that it was a half hour's climb to the top instead of seven hours. The man ahead of us looked about the size of a doll, also, as if we could throw a stone to where he was with his guides, when in reality he was about two miles up. The first hour we climbed without resting. My limbs were shaking like leaves before we made the first stop; before the second I was dizzy, and the last two hours we rested every five minutes.

I was on the point of turning back several times, but finally said to myself that I would go to the top if it killed me. We had been climbing about seven hours; the summit looked no nearer than when we started; again was I on the point of giving up when we met the other party returning, the traveler being helped by his guides with a bottle of ether at his nose, and about dead. He told us we were scarcely fifteen minutes from the top, which gave us renewed courage. On reaching the summit we could not walk erect for awhile. We were within fifteen feet of the crater before we could see it. It was a fine sight, about half a mile wide and I should judge a quarter of a mile deep, with a big lake at the bottom and jets of steam and sulphur spurting from the sides. There is a windlass with a steel rope; thus, if you have two or three friends with you, they can let you down into the

crater. We went down a few feet over the sides and over the black lava, which terrified our guides, who would not go over with us, as the lava is crumbling, breaking and sliding down into the crater all the time.

The awe-inspiring grandeur of the view from the crater's edge is beyond description. The stillness of this lonesome spot unknown to bird, animal or vegetation; the sweep of the bitterly cold wind weighs heavily on one after the exertion of the tiresome climb, giving a frightful feeling of depression.

The high mountains of Malinche and Ajusco, so lofty when viewed from the valley, look like foothills when seen from Popocatepetl, while the green of the sugar plantations of Morelos appear at its base on the Tierra Caliente or hot country slope where the Mexican sugar is produced. While in the distance the snow-capped Orizaba is the landmark showing the canyons through which the rivers from the tableland rush toward the sea.

We could not slide down the mountain on the petates, as the ice was too hard for the guides to stick their poles into to check the speed; thus we had to go down the way we went up, which was almost as difficult.

When we reached the bottom I was as nearly dead as I ever expect to be and live. That night over a rough trail we had to take a twenty-five mile drive back to Amecameca.

It is well worth the effort and hardship of the trip, although, with some, so tired when they reach the summit, the appreciation of the grandeur is largely diminished.

I wore blue goggles, was told to put vaseline on my face, which I failed to do; the result was that the skin peeled off. My friend did not wear his goggles and remarked on the way up: "I do not see why people say 'one must wear goggles up here,' the reflection does not hurt my eyes." Later his eyes were badly inflamed.

We reached the City of Mexico Sunday evening, December 13th, making the trip in two days.

A Robber's Retreat

By Anne Tequay

THE SECOND Mace? No, it is not the second Mesa. That is a natural inference to make out here among the Mexicans where we have Mesas and Mesas. But this valley was named for a man just as the lower valley was once known as Mace's Hole. You see, Mace was a cattle rustler, an outlaw who, with his band of followers, discovered the strategic value of this mountain valley as a stronghold. Nature had cunningly fashioned a basin surrounded by a rim of abrupt hills and with only one entrance between towering cliffs. Here trusty men were stationed to command the gateway and to stop over-curious visitors with a bullet if necessary.

Behind this almost impregnable front, Mace gathered his ill-gotten horses and cattle, rounding them up, rebranding them and scattering them to distant points for safe disposal. In those days, settlers were few and far apart, and many a lonely ranch paid toll to this voracious robber and his gang, and futile indeed was any rescue party. If at any time the outlaws found themselves too hard pressed, the contraband stock was rounded up and run on up into the hills and into the Second Mace's Hole, the upper valley with its rushing water and its knee-high grass, encircled by timbered hills.

Mace's Hole today is known as Beulah, one of our charming summer resorts where, in a handful of cottages and tents galore, nature lovers and tired workers, nervous mothers and lusty children, rusticate, study or grow as their need requires. After your early breakfast at the rustic hotel with its long, low porches, capped with antlers, facing the mountain stream and backed by pines, your horses are

brought to the door, or are they donkeys? Well, there are very sure to be some donkeys in the party. Faithful little beasts they are and safer than horses for the inexperienced rider.

There is a wagon road, a rocky, winding road that crosses the stream at absurdly short intervals and negotiates the side of a mountain with airy indifference to dizzy people's nerves. But we will have none of such hard riding up the trail; we will go clinging to our homely steeds, for there are none but homely steeds to be procured. The trail is a hard one at first on horse as well as rider, past the marble quarries which have yielded some beautiful marble, leaving Beulah's fertile valley behind like a delicate picture in its frame of hills.

Up over a rocky hog back and into the pines, and the trail becomes one of enchantment, a winding thread between fantastic rocks, towering pines and shimmering aspens. You pass below the summit of Mt. Carlos, and if it is open season for grouse, you tie your horse and reconnoiter. The slope is bedded with kinnikinnick, and its tempting red berries are always a magnet to that picture. One can ride up Carlos in the afternoon, hunt in the late afternoon hours, sleep in his blankets under a friendly tree, and in the very early morning hours fill his game bag before he builds up his fire and fries his breakfast bacon. If he is very quiet and slips through the under-brush along the stream he may be rewarded by a glimpse of a startled deer, poised ready for instant flight at the approach of danger.

But, Carlos passed, a sharp canter brings you to the foot of the last steep climb of your trip, and you and your

horses are both winded when you break out of your aspen bordered path at the top. Breathless you sit your saddle, and look back at a panorama that is not excelled in beauty anywhere else in the world. The foothills cluster below you, cool and green in the spring, blazing with red and gold in the fall, cold and sharp in the morning, swimming in purple mists in the afternoon. While beyond lies the plain, not the dusty desert across which the stage coach brought you, but a transfigured vision, a shimmering, shining sea of beauty, a symphony in blues, undulating under a golden sun into a blurred horizon.

Pike's Peak rears its snow-crowned head at the left, while drifting smoke clouds even here indicate the remote location of Pueblo, Colorado's smoky city.

Reluctantly you turn your face down the trail, only to look down into the enchanted valley of Second Mace. The mountain stream is a torrent here, and the fertility of the well-watered land is startling. The lush grass is above your horse's knees after you have slid and scrambled down that shaley trail. Asters and daisies, larkspur and monkshood sway in the breeze, acres of pink and blue, while the forests crowd down the slopes too dark and tangled for closer inspection. You peer into their shaded depth and wonder what forest eyes are peering back. "Yes," said some fence builders as they answered our curious questions, "the deer come right down to the edge of this field. There was a bear in the pasture yesterday morning, but the wild animals are nearly all gone." Well, now, one bear in my pasture would be enough for me, yet I always peer into those dusky depths in the hope of surprising some forest creature. The squirrels do not fear you. They will bark themselves hoarse in their rage at your intrusion. Sit down quietly on a log and they will resume their busy operation on nut or cone. The cone gatherer never frightens a squirrel. Having found a big gray squirrel, they soon establish a partnership, more or less of a bunco

game on the one side, it is true, for the wiley man, having discovered the squirrel's hidden hoard, will fill his gunny sack with its contents while the squirrel will continue to busily make up the deficit. He is a neat little workman, and shaves a cone down for the seeds as cleverly as you could do it with a sharp knife.

A ranch house stoutly built of logs and buttressed by ample barns, stands here and there adding a spot of color and suggesting refreshment. At one house, whose dairy house, standing near the trail, is too tempting to pass, you stop and ask for some buttermilk. The log built dairy is scrupulously clean, the floor and benches scrubbed to spotless whiteness, while the rushing water not only keeps milk and butter cool, but furnishes power to turn the separator and churn. The woman who hospitably meets our wants is a Finlander, her short, squat figure built for just such a rough life as she must lead. "This country here must be something like Finland," you say. With a sweep of her arms she replied: "Yas, yas, these forest, these rock, these sky! But the country, no. Here every man equal, every man have a chance. My country beautiful, but we all poor there. Our children have school here, have good clothes, have plenty to eat." Yes, they have school and the school-ma'am passes us going home to supper. She is horseback riding, cross-saddle (so are we), and her school is with her, all likewise horseback, some of them riding double. There are only a handful at most, hardy little pioneers who will go home, drive up the cows, help with the milking, carry in bountiful supplies of wood, and at dark eat their frugal suppers of cracked wheat or corn, with maybe a piece of ham or bacon, and go to bed in a home-made bed up under the uncovered rafters. These schools do not "keep" in the extreme winter weather, as even these hardy children could not breast the snow and wind. The teacher, who is a slim Normal school girl, getting her experience for a more congenial position, is hired from bad weather to bad

weather. We pass the unpainted school building farther on, with its row of open sheds for the shelter of the horses. Standing as it does, facing such sublimity of scenery, with such a wealth of nature's handiwork around it, what influence does it have on these souls in the moulding? We wonder and push on. Great sleek cattle stand knee deep in the lush pastures. Young cattle are driven up here by the thousand from Texas to be pastured before being thrown on the market. One man began life with nothing but his bare hands, walked the thirty miles to market once a week with his butter and eggs, then invested in a donkey, then in a horse, and today for miles these hills are full of beautiful horses bearing his brand, the reward, not of frenzied finance, but of patient and shrewd industry. It is a hard life and a lonely one, and its worst terrors are for the woman who chooses her vocation not from any fitness but from her love of a man. It does not seem quite fair, does it?

With the advent of the first house, of course we left the trail for the road, and a fine mountain road it is, too. It bears off to the north into Fremont County, and is dotted with camping parties especially in grouse and deer season. The slopes here are very primitive, and the camper who once hears a wild cat scream, has the nightmare for many years and never camps alone again. Wild cats or mountain lions are a constant terror to these remote ranches, where innumerable calves and pigs disappear to their account yearly. And you are shown one lonely cabin where some fifteen years ago a young couple started their little home, and where the young mother, stepping in at the open door one day, saw a wild cat spring out at the window with her babe in its mouth. And, in spite of frantic pursuit, the child was never recovered. Well—no one has ever lived in that house since. We do not like wild cats up here.

To the south the wooded slopes are included in the San Isabel Forest Reserve, miles of towering spruces and

grand aspens. Have you ever been in a forest? It is the loneliest place in the world. Not a sound breaks the silence save the echo of your horse's feet. An occasional rabbit scurries into hiding at your approach, but otherwise there is no visible life. The chill, damp gloom clutches at your heart and you are silent yourself with awe. This forest is composed chiefly of silver and engleman spruces, with aspens, whose glistening white trunks tower a hundred feet without a branch. Here is one spot where forest is still king.

In the thinning lower edges as one prepares to start on the downward climb, his horse simply wades through seas of Columbine in early summer, or of larkspur and Monkshood later. Nothing can be more delicately beautiful than the acres of nodding Columbine, with its beautiful blue and white bells. And the spikes of the Larkspur are two feet long.

The road is a trying one for nervous people. It winds and twists and doubles on itself down the side of one round mountain until the dizzy rider loses all interest in the panorama of the plain once more spread before him, and hangs limp to his saddle horn, or better still, gets off and walks. The tenderfoot cannot bear his feet in the stirrups longer, anyway, and his knees are bursting with pain. But the hill ends, as all things must, and down Squirrel Canyon we go. There are few squirrels now, but the name lingers, beautiful name for a beautiful place. Balsam firs and spruces clothe the slopes on either side, their green relieved by the red of choke cherries or crimson woodbine according to the season; a shallow stream crosses and recrosses under your horse's feet, while boulders poised on either side threaten to demolish you at any moment. Ferns wave their delicate fronds in the cool moist places, while violets hide in the muck left beside the pools by the thirsty cattle's feet. An occasional hole with a pile of shale thrown out, and a warning board planted beside it, tells of some prospector's location. A romantic ride,

ending in the little sheltered vale that is still an eyrie above the plain below!

What of Mace, did you ask? Oh, that gay Don Juan and his reckless followers ventured too much when they finally made a marauding trip down among their own kindred, and carried back a capture of dark-eyed Mexican beauties. Perhaps because they were kindred spirits, perhaps on the theory that you would best set a thief to catch a thief, the outraged Mexicans made quick work of their vengeance. Following swiftly on the trail of their treacherous kinsmen, they smot them hip and thigh. Those who were not shot in the bloody battle that followed were captured and

hung high as Haaman on their own pine trees. Only two or three escaped over the surrounding hills, and made their way farther west to Jackson's Hole or some equally secure hiding place.

Today a snug little ranch occupies the site of their camp, their inexhaustible springs are piped into the summer cottages. While in front of the big rustic gateway to the ranch towers a pine tree, scarred all up and down its massive trunk by bullet holes. Here the outlaws had made their target in idle minutes, when neither pursued nor pursuing in the day when Mace's Hole was the home of this reckless outlaw and his men.

RENUNCIATION

Oh, Love, which tarried long and came too late
 To bring thy full free measurement of bliss,
 Speed back from whence you came, ere thy fond kiss
 Shall press my lips, shall turn my love to hate
 And thus the bond which links thy soul with mine
 By passion's evil hand be severed quite.
 Like distant brilliant star of wondrous light,
 On my life path, oh love, look down and shine:
 Then I will gaze on thee throughout the night,
 Then worship thee when I kneel down to pray,
 Then, like the wise men, I will follow thee
 Until the gods take pity and unite
 Thy soul with mine and lead us all the way
 To that far land of love, eternity!

VERA HEATHMAN COLE.



A New Mexican Picture

By Orpha Bennett Hoblit

TORTUGAS is a village in southern New Mexico. It lies on a rise of the mesa above the valley, and seen from a distance, the walls of its mud-colored adobe houses outlined against the clear blue sky seem but a continuation, an accentuation, of the sand of that mesa, only partially veiled, as it is, by the greys and tender greens of the chamiso and mesquite bushes growing upon it.

Many of the poor structures of this village are scattered here and there, facing this way and that to suit the fancy of the owner, but a few are placed closer together and in a line—by no means a straight one—and thus a sort of rambling street is formed, wandering down from the higher land to the acequia in the valley. The village has no shops, no school. Its church, standing somewhat removed from this street, and on a rise of ground, is also of adobe. However, the church walls and its simple tower are plastered, and this, with its isolation and the cleanliness of the wide, wind-swept stretch of sand about it, give it a dignity that the other buildings lack.

The houses of the inhabitants are low, mean structures, usually of one or two rooms, lighted often only by the one door and one small window at the end. The roofs are flat, and frequently, like the walls, of mud, or thatched with hay. The furnishings are of the poorest, most primitive sort. In some of the yards can still be seen a hard, rounded heap of adobe, with a little opening at one side—the out-of-door-oven. The yards are the spaces of the desert about each house fenced in with barbed wire. On these fences sometimes flutters a line of

pitiful rags, the family wash. Small inclosures near the houses, made of cottonwood poles driven close together and the whole thatched with hay, shelter the few lean horses and cows. The filthy pig pens are near at hand. Ragged chickens roam at large. Dogs abound; wee, hairless creatures or large, wolfish curs, that divide their time between basking in the sun against the house walls and in making fierce sallies at the passers-by.

There are no gardens. Water is supplied from wells. Beside each house may be seen the two upright poles, united by a crossbar, from the center of which hangs a grooved wheel carrying a rope, thus forming a pulley for drawing the water. The supply is not great, apparently, and, to moisten the ground about the few stunted trees in the village water must be hauled in barrels from the acequia.

The inhabitants of the village are a mixture of Mexican and Indian—largely Indian. Although Christians, and faithful attendants at their church, although some of the numerous children trudge away daily to a good American school in a near-by town, although most of the men who work are employed by Americans, they all still speak the Mexican dialect of the Spanish and retain many of the ideas and practices of their Indian ancestors.

Their method of threshing their wheat, for instance, is most primitive. A large circular space is cleared in a door-yard, and the ground hardened. Posts are set up at intervals around it and connected with a rope. Upon this space the grain is heaped, and then the wheat is trodden out by the feet of

horses. Steadily round and round they go, those on the outside next the rope at a smart trot, those further within more slowly, while the lean nag in the center staggers feebly around in its limited space. A man on horseback in the rear keeps them moving, and another, standing just outside the rope, further urges them on. And so for hours, until all the grain is trampled out.

Their worship also shows some traces of the old barbaric days: On the eve of the Day of the Virgin of Guadalupe they travel out across the mesa to a lone mountain five miles away, called, like the village, Tortugas. Then, shortly after sunset, the dwellers in the valley see upon the side of that mountain a flaming cross of fire formed by the bonfires they have kindled. The next day, in the space before the church, certain chosen ones, both men and women, decked out in paint and feathers and strange, gaudy costumes, dance for hours a monotonous, up-and-down jig to the music of tom-toms, and a more monotonous song, while the rest of the populace look reverently on.

They have, too, a peculiar amusement: On holidays and Sunday afternoons the men gather to play a curious game of ball. Near the east end of the village stand two walls of plastered adobe, joined at right angles, the shorter twelve or fifteen feet in height, the longer sloping gradually from the joining. The floor space in the angle is kept smooth and hard. The game consists in throwing balls against the high wall and hitting them on the rebound, sometimes with a

wooden bat, oftener with the bare hand.

The whole makes a depressingly dismal picture. Considering the poverty and squalor of its homes, the ignorance and superstition of its people, it is difficult even for the most optimistic observer to find good in the town. It is true they have the view, a great sweep of valley and mesa and mountain, and over all a daily pageant of light and shade and color, wondrous sunrises and sunsets, and glorious midnight skies, but, looking into the dull faces of the men, the sad, hopeless eyes of the women, one feels that this forms no part of their lives, that it passes them unseen and unfelt.

However, walking about the town, one gleam of hope we found. Almost at the lower end of the street we came to "Concha's" house. It, too, was of adobe, low and unplastered, for "Concha" is a poor washerwoman, but it was a model of neatness and order among the rest. Her windows, for her house had them, ample and white-curtained, were filled with thrifty geraniums, bright with bloom, and the tidy space between the house and the road showed an effort for more flowers. "Concha" herself at the door stood smiling, ready to deliver our weekly wash, which was beautifully done. Her dress, though poor, was neat, and a white kerchief protected her black hair. Thrift and industry, order and beauty, were personified in "Concha" and her home, and she gave one hope that, some day, her neighbors might rise out of their idleness, ignorance, poverty and despair to her level, and above.



Opening the Inland Waterways of California

Projected Canalizing of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers
for Ocean Going Ships

By Percy L. Edwards

PERHAPS the greatest economical problem which confronts any nation, next to feeding its people, is that of transportation. The great railway systems of this country, like the arterial system of the human body, constitutes the life-giving force to the nation's growth. The trans-continental railways have made of the land once known as "The Great American Desert," a land now truly flowing with milk and honey. The sturdy pioneer stock that crossed this desert and the "great Divide," better than a half century ago, found what they were after, and that in abundance. The amazingly rich natural resources of the land beyond the Rockies was soon realized by these hardy settlers. They found the Pacific country filled with rich promise, but cut off from the growing commerce of the East by ilimitable, unbroken wastes over which the Indian tribes still held sway.

Up to the time of linking the East with the West, through the connecting lines of the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railways, practically all outside communication was by water. The long voyage to the Atlantic, by way of the Horn, served but little to develop this part of America. Farther removed from the world's most active centers, on the side of the continent subject to the influences of Oriental neighbors, progress was slow and uncertain up to the close of the struggle for the Union and the subsequent completion of rail-

ways above named under subsidies of the government.

In the following years the entrance of one great overland railway after another started the current of commercial life flowing back and forth between East and West, developing to the trade of the world the so-called Great American Desert and opening to occupation the great empire beyond the Rockies. With the development of the wonderful possibilities in mineral and fruit products, transportation was extended to Southern California and then to the great Northwest. But the building of railway lines in a country of mountainous contour, is a far greater undertaking than building roads through a level country. And although California railroad building has been pushed in the face of great natural disadvantages and at great expense to the builders, the construction has not kept pace with increased production, and to-day the lack of transportation has become a serious problem to this coast. The lack of overland transportation facilities, locally at least, has called attention to our inland waterways and their development and improvement, to the end that they may aid the railways in relieving the situation.

This subject of developing inland waterways is not a new one. Indeed, it is as old as our nation. One of the projects of the first administration under the Constitution was the construc-

tion of the Chesapeake and Ohio Ship Canal. History tells us that Washington was an enthusiastic supporter of this project, which contemplated the joining of the Atlantic Ocean with the waters of the Great Lakes, and from thence to the Mississippi River, the mighty stream whose waters marked the farthest west outposts of the Republic.

The waters of California's two great river systems drain the great Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, an empire within itself. An area of square miles almost as large as New England. One hundred thousand square miles with a population of, perhaps, less than two millions. Holland, scarcely as large as the San Joaquin Valley, has a population of about 6,500,000. Belgium did have a population of more than 7,000,000, before the German occupation. Both countries are crossed and recrossed with ship canals. In Belgium alone 740 miles of canals and 600 miles of canalized rivers aid the railways in moving the products of her industries. The German ship canal system radiates from Berlin in all directions. Berlin is in direct water communication with the Baltic, one hundred miles away, and with the North Sea by way of the mouth of the Elbe, 200 miles away. Germany is about one-fourth larger than California, and yet has about 70,000,000 people, or did have before the great war.

There was a time in the history of California, before the great change to agricultural development took place, when the ships of commerce from the East plying the old trade line by way of the Horn, entering the Golden Gate for discharge of cargo, kept on their way up the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers, far beyond the cities of Sacramento and Stockton. Ocean going ships drawing twelve and fourteen feet of water were wont to take on cargoes at both the above named ports. But irrigation projects have diverted the waters of both these great streams until traffic beyond the cities named is impracticable, except for the smaller

craft. But even so it is, that using much smaller boats, a very considerable river traffic is carried on as far north as Chico, on the Sacramento, and far below Stockton on the San Joaquin.

Between Chico and Sacramento, the past season, river traffic amounted to over \$6,000,000. More than 200 boats with a registered tonnage of about 35,000, plied on the Sacramento last year. About the same number of boats were used in the traffic on the San Joaquin. The total value of the traffic on these two rivers and the Mokelumne River for the season was nearly \$85,000,000. Ninety per cent of all freight between the cities of Sacramento and Stockton, and the port of San Francisco, is now being handled by way of the river channels. The average rate of cost for this handling is not less than 35 per cent under the railway schedule.

According to figures in the State Department, the State has within its limits about 400 miles of navigable streams at this time. And not a foot of ship canal. The Washington officials, acting under the authority of the Federal law, and the findings of their engineers, have deepened the channels of the Sacramento River as far as the capital, and the San Joaquin as far as Stockton. But a seven-foot channel will not admit ocean-going vessels. So that the traffic is confined to the smaller craft which discharge their cargoes at the port of San Francisco, instead of continuing on to the ports of the world. The traffic up the Scheldt and Elbe Rivers, in normal times, is tremendous. Berlin is 200 miles from the North Sea, and yet the city is within reach of the great liners. What would be the influence on Sacramento and Stockton were these two thriving towns open to the ocean liners is left to conjecture. Some authority has said that the complete utilization of waters of our two great streams would give us the greatest rural population on this continent. Be that as it may, there can be little doubt that the building of ship canals through these rich sections would give a tremendous

impetus to all industries within this great empire valley, over 400 miles long by nearly 40 wide.

Within this mighty stretch of territory, greater by far than the State of New York, there are 10,000,000 acres of fertile lands, capable, were they all under cultivation, of supplying the whole country with the necessities of life. From the snow-clad Shastas on the north to the great oil fields of Kern County on the south, marts of industry, manufacturing and packing plants, fruit orchards and vineyards, dairy and stock cattle, sheep and hogs, great grain and alfalfa fields, stretch like a panorama to the view.

When the engineers sent out here by the Washington government to deepen the channels of our two great streams had completed the work according to the government plans for a seven-foot channel, they had gone as far as Federal authority would permit. They had no authority to dig ship canals such as the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois now have. These canals must be dug by State authority and State money. It is to the State legislatures that we must look for the authority and necessary appropriations to dig inland ship canals.

New York has already expended above \$154,000,000 for barge canals. When the Erie Canal was dug through the central part of New York, during the administration of Dewitt Clinton, much of the country between Albany and Buffalo was uninhabited. It is claimed that no other project did so much to build up inland New York as this canal. This is a seven foot canal. The Michigan-Illinois canal from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi, by way of the Illinois, permits boats of 400 to 500 tons making the trip from New Orleans to Atlantic ports by way of the Welland Canal. There are now up-

wards of 5,000 miles of these inland canals in the States mentioned above, including Indiana and Virginia.

Perhaps the only attempt at digging a canal outside the regular river bed so far on this coast is the canal around the Dalles of the Columbia River, permitting traffic on the upper Columbia and Snake Rivers.

One of the most important measures which came before the last California legislature and was sidetracked, was the proposed canalizing of both great streams. It was unfortunate that this matter was brought up at a time when all other than war projects were considered untimely. There is a growing opinion in favor of taking up this project as soon as possible. It is an opinion dictated by necessity in California. The railway systems traversing this great valley empire are totally inadequate to handle the enormously increasing products, especially fruit crops, in proper season. A great waste is annually occasioned of fruits because of this lack of facilities for quick handling. Then the freight charges and restrictions are often burdensome, almost prohibitive. With ship canal facilities and docking places well inland of the grain and dairy and cattle districts of the north Sacramento River country, and the same within reach of the great fruit and wine centers at Fresno, there would be a quickening of traffic that would produce wonders in every part of this vast territory.

California leads America in some things. In versatility of products certainly. We spend money generously for civic improvements, public schools and libraries. We have given aid generously to public improvements of different character, but we have utterly neglected this one, to the mind of the writer, of superlative importance, the canalizing of our water ways.

Bring Up The Guns

By Boyd Cable

WHEN Jack Duncan and Hugh Morrison suddenly had it brought home to them that they ought to join the New Armies, they lost little time in doing so. Since they were chums of long standing in a city office, it went without saying that they decided to join and "go through it" together, but it was much more open to argument what branch of the Service or regiment they should join.

They discussed the question in all its bearings, but being as ignorant of the army and its ways as the average young Englishman was in the early days of the war, they had little evidence except varied and contradictory hearsay to act upon. Both being about twenty-five they were old enough and businesslike enough to consider the matter in a businesslike way, and yet both were young enough to be influenced by the flavor of romance they found in a picture they came across at the time. It was entitled "Bring Up the Guns," and it showed a horsed battery in the wild whirl of advancing into action, the horses straining and stretching in front of the bounding guns, the drivers crouched forward or sitting up plying whip and spur, the officers galloping and waving the men on, dust swirling from leaping hoofs and wheels, whiphongs streaming, heads tossing, reins flying loose, altogether a blood-stirring picture of energy and action, speed and power.

"I've always had a notion," said Duncan, reflectively, "that I'd like to have a good whack at riding. One doesn't get much chance of it in city life, and this looks like a good chance."

"And I've heard it said," agreed Morrison, "that a fellow with any edu-

cation stands about the best chance in artillery work. We'd might as well plump for something where we can use the bit of brains we've got."

"That applies to the Engineers too, doesn't it?" said Duncan. "And the pottering about we did for a time with electricity might help there."

"Um-m," Morrison agreed doubtfully, still with an appreciative eye on the picture of the flying guns. "Rather slow work though—digging and telegraph and pontoon and that sort of thing."

"Right-oh," said Duncan with sudden decision. "Let's try for the Artillery."

"Yes. We'll call that settled," said Morrison: and both stood a few minutes looking with a new interest at the picture, already with a dawning sense that they "belonged," that these gallant gunners and leaping teams were "Ours," looking forward with a little quickening of the pulse to the day when they, too, would go whirling into action in like desperate and heart-stirring fashion.

"Come on," said Morrison. "Let's get it over. To the recruiting office—quick march."

And so came two more gunners into the Royal Regiment.

* * * *

When the long, the heart-breakingly long period of training and waiting for their guns, and more training and slow collecting of their horses, and more training was at last over, and the battery sailed for France, Morrison and Duncan were both sergeants and "Numbers One" in charge of their respective guns; and before the battery had been in France three months Mor-

ri son had been promoted to Battery Sergeant-Major.

The battery went through the routine of trench warfare and dug its guns into deep pits, and sent its horses miles away back, and sat in the same position for months at a time, had slack spells and busy spells, shelled and were shelled, and at last moved up to play its part in The Push.

Of that part I don't propose to tell more than the one incident—an incident of machine-pattern sameness to the lot of many batteries.

The infantry had gone forward again and the ebb-tide of battle was leaving the battery with many others almost beyond the watermark of effective range. Preparations were made for an advance. The Battery Commander went forward and reconnoitered the new position the battery was to move into, everything was packed up and made ready, while the guns still continued to pump out long range fire. The Battery Commander came in again and explained everything to his officers, and gave the necessary detailed orders to the Sergeant-Major, and presently received orders of date and hour to move.

This was in the stages of The Push when rain was the most prominent and uncomfortable feature of the weather. The guns were in pits built over with strong walls and roofing of sandbags and beams which were weather-tight enough, but because the floors of the pits were lower than the surface of the ground, it was only by a constant struggle that the water was held back from draining in and forming a miniature lake in each pit. Round and between the guns was a mere churned-up sea of sticky mud. As soon as the new battery position was selected a party went forward to it to dig and prepare places for the guns. The Battery Commander went off to select a suitable point for observation of his fire, and in the battery the remaining gunners busied themselves in preparation for the move. The digging party were away all the afternoon, all night, and on through the next day. Their troubles

and tribulations don't come into this story, but from all they had to say afterwards they were real and plentiful enough.

Towards dusk a scribbled note came back from the Battery Commander at the new position to the officer left in charge with the guns, and the officer sent the orderly straight on down with it to the Sergeant-Major with a message to send word back for the teams to move up.

"All ready here," said the Battery Commander's note. "Bring up the guns and firing battery wagons as soon as you can. I'll meet you on the way."

The Sergeant-Major glanced through the note and shouted for the Numbers One, the sergeants in charge of each gun. He had already arranged with the officer exactly what was to be done when the order came, and now he merely repeated his orders rapidly to the sergeants and told them to "get on with it." When the Lieutenant came along five minutes after, muffled to the ears in a wet mackintosh, he found the gunners hard at work.

"I started in to pull the sandbags clear, sir," reported the Sergeant-Major. "Right you are," said the Lieutenant. "Then you'd better put the double detachments on to pull one gun out and then the other. We must manhandle 'em back clear to the trench ready for the teams to hook in when they come along."

For the next hour every man, from the Lieutenant and Sergeant-Major down, sweated and hauled and slid and floundered in slippery mud and water, dragging gun after gun out of its pit and back a half dozen yards clear. It was quite dark when they were ready, and the teams splashed up and swung round their guns. A fairly heavy bombardment was carrying steadily on along the line, the sky winked and blinked and flamed in distant and near flashes of gun fire, and the air trembled to the vibrating roar and sudden thunder claps of their discharge, the whine and moan and shriek of the flying shells. No shells had fallen near the battery position for

some little time, but, unfortunately, just after the teams had arrived, a battery chose to put over a series of five-point-nines unpleasantly close. The drivers sat, motionless blotches of shadow against the flickering sky, while the gunners strained and heaved on wheels and drag-ropes to bring the trails close enough to drop on the hooks. A shell dropped with a crash about fifty yards short of the battery and the pieces flew whining and whistling over the heads of the men and horses. Two more swooped down out of the sky with a rising wail-rush-roar of sound that appeared to be bringing the shells straight down on top of the workers' heads. Some ducked and crouched close to earth, and both shells passed just over and fell in leaping gusts of flame and ground-shaking crashes beyond the teams. Again the fragments hissed and whistled past and lumps of earth and mud fell spluttering and splashing and thumping over men and guns and teams. A driver yelled suddenly, the horses in another team snorted and plunged, and then out of the thick darkness that seemed to shut down after the searing light of the shell-burst flames came sounds of more plunging hoofs, a driver's voice cursing angrily, threshings and splashings and stamping. "Horse down here—bring a light—whoa, steady, boy—where's that light?"

Three minutes later: "Horse killed, driver wounded in the arm, sir," reported the Sergeant-Major. "Riding leader Number Two gun, and center driver of its wagon."

"Those spare horses near?" said the Lieutenant quickly. "Right. Call up a pair; put 'em in lead; put the odd driver wagon center."

Before the change was completed and the dead horse dragged clear, the first gun was reported hooked on and ready to move, and was given the order to "Walk march" and pull out on the wrecked remnant of a road that ran behind the position. Another group of five-nines came over before the others were ready, and still the

drivers and teams waited motionless for the clash that told of the trail-eye dropping on the hook.

"Get to it, gunners," urged the Sergeant-Major, as he saw some of the men instinctively stop and crouch to the yell of the approaching shell. "Time we were out of this."

"Hear, bloomin' hear," drawled one of the shadowy drivers. "An' if you wants to go to bed, Lanky"—to one of the crouching gunners—"just lemme get this gun away fust, an' then you can curl up in that blanky shell-'ole."

There were no more casualties getting out, but one gun stuck in a shell-hole and took the united efforts of the team and as many gunners as could crowd on to the wheels and drag-ropes to get it moving and out on to the road. Then slowly, one by one, with a gunner walking and swinging a lighted lamp at the head of each team, the guns moved off along the pitted road. It was no road really, merely a wheel-rutted track that wound in and out the biggest shell-holes. The smaller ones were ignored, simply because there were too many of them to steer clear of them, and into them the limber and gun wheels dropped bumping and were hauled out by sheer team and man power. It took four solid hours to cover less than half a mile of sodden, spongy, pulpy, wet ground, riddled with shell holes, swimming in greasy mud and water. The ground they covered was peopled thick with all sorts of men who passed or crossed their way singly, in little groups, in large parties—wounded, hobbling wearily or being carried back, parties stumbling and fumbling a way up to some vague point ahead with rations and ammunition on pack animals and pack-men, the remnants of a battalion coming out crusted from head to foot in slimy wet mud, bowed under the weight of their packs and kits and arms; empty ammunition wagons and limbers lurching and bumping back from the gun line, the horses staggering and slipping, the drivers struggling to hold them on their feet, to guide the wheels clear of the worst holes; a string of pack-

mules filing past, their drivers dismounted and leading, and men and mules ploughing anything up to knee depth in the mud, flat pannier-pouches swinging and jerking on the animals' sides, the brass tops of the 18-pounder shell cases winking and gleaming faintly in the flickering lights of the gun flashes. But of all these fellow wayfarers over the battlefield the battery drivers and gunners were hardly conscious. Their whole minds were so concentrated on the effort of holding and guiding and urging on their horses round or, over the obstacle of the moment, a deeper and more sticky patch than usual, an extra large hole, a shattered tree stump, a dead horse, the wreck of a broken-down wagon, that they had no thought of anything outside these. The gunners were constantly employed manning the wheels and heaving on them with cracking muscles, hooking on drag-ropes to one gun and dragging it clear of a hole, unhooking and going floundering back to hook on to another and drag it in turn out of its difficulty.

The Battery Commander met them at a bad dip where the track degenerated frankly into a mud bath—and how he found or kept the track or ever discovered them in that aching wilderness is one of the mysteries of war and the ways of battery commanders. It took another two hours, two mud-soaked nightmare hours, to come through that next hundred yards. It was not only that the mud was deep and holding, but the slough was so soft at bottom that the horses had no foothold, could get no grip to haul on, could little more than drag their own weight through, much less pull the guns. The teams were doubled, the double team taking one gun or wagon through, and then going back for the other. The wagons were emptied of the shell and filled again on the other side of the slough; and this you will remember meant the gunners carrying the rounds across a couple at a time, wading and floundering through mud over their knee-boot tops, replacing the shells in the vehicle and wading back for another couple.

In addition to this they had to haul guns and wagons through practically speaking by man-power, because the teams, almost exhausted by the work, and with little more than strength to get themselves through, gave bare assistance to the pull. The wheels, axle deep in the soft mud, were hauled round spoke by spoke, heaved and yohoeo forward inches at a time.

When at last all were over, the teams had to be allowed a brief rest—brief because the guns must be in position and under cover before daylight came—and stood dejectedly with hanging ears, heaving flanks and trembling legs. The gunners dropped prone or squatted almost at the point of exhaustion in the mud. But they struggled up, and the teams strained forward into the breast collars again when the word was given, and the weary procession trailed on at a jerky snail's pace once more.

As they at last approached the new position the gun flashes on the horizon were turning from orange to primrose, and although there was no visible lightening of the Eastern sky, the drivers were sensible of a faintly recovering use of their eyes, could see the dim shapes of the riders just ahead of them, the black shadows of the holes, and the wet shine of the mud under their horses' feet.

The hint of dawn set the guns on both sides to work with trebled energy. The new position was one of many others so closely set that the blazing flames from the gun muzzles seemed to run out to right and left in a spouting wall of fire that leaped and vanished without ceasing, while the loud ear-splitting claps from the nearer guns merged and ran out to the flanks in a deep drum roll of echoing thunder. The noise was so great and continuous that it drowned even the roar of the German shells passing overhead, the smash and "crump" of their fall and burst.

By the line of flashes sparkling up and down across the front beyond the line of our own guns told a plain enough tale of the German guns' work.

The Sergeant-Major, plodding along beside the Battery Commander, grunted an exclamation.

"Boche is getting busy," said the Battery Commander.

"Putting a pretty solid barage down, isn't he, sir?" said the Sergeant-Major. "Can we get the teams through that?"

"Not much hope," said the Battery Commander, "but, thank Heaven, we don't have to try, if he keeps barraging there. It is beyond our position. There are the gun-pits just off to the left."

But, although the barrage was out in front of the position, there were a good many long-ranged shells coming beyond it to fall spouting fire and smoke and earth-clods on and behind the line of guns. The teams were flogged and lifted and spurred into a last desperate effort, wrenched the guns forward the last hundred yards and halted. Instantly they were unhooked, turned round and started stumbling wearily back towards the rear; the gunners, reinforced by others scarcely less dead beat than themselves by their night of digging in heavy wet soil, seized the guns and wagons, flung their last ounce of strength and energy into man-handling them up and into the pits. Two unlucky shells at that moment added heavily to the night's casualty list, one falling beside the retiring teams and knocking out half a dozen horses and two men, another dropping within a score of yards of the gun pits, killing three and wounding four gunners. Later, at intervals, two more gunners were wounded by flying splinters from chance shells that continued to drop near the pits as the guns were laboriously dragged through the quagmire into their positions. But none of the casualties, none of the falls, and screamings of the high-explosive shells interrupted or delayed the work, and

without rest or pause the men struggled and toiled on until the last gun was safely housed in its pit.

Then the battery cooks served out warm tea, and the men drank greedily, and then, too worn out to be hungry or to eat the biscuit and cheese ration issued, flung themselves down in the pits under and round their guns and slept there in the trampled mud.

The Sergeant-Major was the last to lie down. Only after every one else had ceased work, and he had visited each gun in turn and satisfied himself that all was correct and made his report to the Battery Commander, did he seek his own rest. Then he crawled into one of the pits, and before he slept had a few words with the "Number One" there, his old friend Duncan. The Sergeant-Major, feeling in his pockets for a match to light a cigarette, found the note which the Battery Commander had sent back and which had been passed on to him. He turned his torch light on it and read it through to Duncan—"Bring up the guns and firing battery wagons—" and then chuckled a little. "Bring up the guns—Remember that picture we saw before we joined, Duncan? And we fancied then we'd bring 'em up same fashion. And, good Lord, think of to-night."

"Yes," grunted Duncan, "sad slump from our anticipations. There was some fun in that picture style of doing the job—some sort of dash and honor and glory. No honor and glory about 'Bring up the guns' these days. Na poo to-night anyway."

The Sergeant-Major, sleepily sucking his damp cigarette, wrapped in his sopping British Warm, curling up in a corner on the wet, cold earth, utterly spent with the night's work, cordially agreed.

Perhaps, and anyhow one hopes, some people will think they were wrong.

Wild Life At War

By Frances Pitt

WILD creatures are forever at war; it is not only the human species that has its territories and countries, and struggles and strives for possession of the land, but also the shy things of the fields and hedgerows, and even fish in the ponds and streams. There is no creature with a stronger sense of the rights of ownership than the little stickle-back. When the breeding season begins, in the early spring, each male fish appropriates a certain portion of the bank of the pond or stream, which he is prepared to defend against all comers. Woe to the other cocks that may come near; with throat that blushes crimson, with eyes glowing like green lights, and his spines erect, he darts out to the attack, and drives off all rivals. But it is noteworthy that should he be defeated, and his domain taken by some stronger fish, his beautiful colors instantly fade, and he retires as a drab-colored, little beaten fellow to mope in dark corners. However, all being well, he holds his territory even against bigger fish of other kinds, and in some private corner of it makes a tiny nest of bits of weed collected from the bottom of the pond, to which he chases all the hen fish that come within sight, until he has a collection of eggs to guard, when he waxes even more valiant than before. A walking stick is vigorously attacked, even a hand held in the water does not daunt him, and he continues to hold the ground against all that may come near until the little fish are hatched and capable of taking care of themselves.

In the same way in the nesting season each pair of birds takes possession of a certain strip of fence, cop-

pice or meadow, which they guard jealously against all comers of their own kind, and sometimes other species as well, and so strong is the sense of ownership that right generally triumphs over might. I have seen a strange pair of moorhens come creeping stealthily down to a pool, with guilt written clearly in every line of their tightly held feathers, and showing that they knew that they had no business to be there. Closer and closer they crept to the forbidden water, but just as they got to the edge there was a sharp call, a war cry, and down the pool, half-flying, half-swimming, dashed the owners. Straight to the attack they rushed, cock closing with cock, and hen with hen; the water flew far and wide as two splashed up and down in the pond while the others faced each other on land and sparred like game-cocks. But the invaders had no confidence in their own cause, they were not spurred on by wrath and indignation, and one turned and ran, its mate did the same, and the victorious couple following up in the rear drove them off in triumph. Having quite repelled the invasion the owners of the pool returned, and the cock took the hen home to the nest. From the way they bowed to each other, and the cock spread out his tail to display his white feathers, I feel no doubt that they were indulging in mutual congratulations.

The vanquished pair had run off towards a small pond, where they must have decided to set up their establishment, for a little later on I found a nest there with six eggs in it, but the moorhens on the big pond apparently did not know that the strangers had settled down so near, for one evening I saw cock number one strolling up to

the little pond. Out came the other cock. There was no timidity about him now, for this time his cause was a good one, and before many seconds had passed number one was flying home in a hurry!

Even small birds, such as willow warblers, have the same strict regard for the right of territory, and you seldom, if ever, find two nests close together. As for the robin, it has the most decided opinions of all, winter or summer, mating-time or moulting-time; it is not going to tolerate a stranger near its home, for even when the nesting is over nearly every bird has its headquarters, from which, except when the migration fever awakens strange ideas in its little head, it seldom goes far. With regard to robins it is extraordinary how quickly any particularly desirable beat is occupied by another should anything happen to the owner; sometimes several will take a place one after the other. There was a robin which for a long time haunted our back yard, and the cook made quite a pet of it, so that it got very tame, and took no notice of Jose the raven, who appeared equally indifferent to it, but the cunning old bird was more interested than he appeared to be. One day he hopped quietly up behind the robin, made a lunge and was off with his victim to the coal-hole in less time than it takes to tell. But next day another robin appeared, which was as ready as its predecessor to hold the ground against all comers.

Even fish have the same strong sense of possession. I have already mentioned how sticklebacks defend their nesting sites, but a big trout is equally pugnacious when smaller fish come near his headquarters. If there is an extra desirable spot in a stream—say a quiet backwater, where in early June the may-fly may be seen floating round in gradually decreasing circles—then there in the quiet green water will lie the shadowy shape of the biggest trout in the brook, rising now and again with a scarcely perceptible ripple to suck down the tempting flies. If you hide behind some overhanging tree and

watch carefully, you will see how he is galvanized into sudden energy by the approach of smaller fish, how he rushes out and drives them off, sending them scurrying in panic fear, for these bigger trout are generally cannibals.

For real fighting we must return to the birds and mammals. Of the latter there is no more determined combatant than the common hare. As certain as the breeding season comes round the jacks lose all sense of fear and caution; they not only fight, but fight furiously, and carry on their duels in broad daylight regardless of who may be looking on. I watched two for a long time one afternoon, as did a third hare, who I assumed to be the lady who had caused the trouble. At any rate, she sat there watching the two jacks prancing round each other in the most laughable manner, rearing up on their hind legs, and beating with their forefeet until they made the fur fly. Now and again they gave savage little grunts, and hammered each other with renewed energy. Round and round, to and fro, on and on they went, until the third hare got tired of the performance and slipped quietly away, and I followed her example, for it looked as if the jacks might go on forever—certainly when I looked back they were prancing round more determinedly than ever before.

Buck rabbits will also sometimes indulge in a fight, when they use their hind feet more frequently and with greater effect than hares, jumping over each other and dealing really severe blows with these weapons; yet on the whole they are peaceful creatures, and often there is more playfulness in the affair than serious violence.

Even mice will fight on occasion, especially bank voles, which are never friendly towards strangers. I have more than once watched two, freshly introduced into the same cage, advance cautiously, sniff at each other, squeak, rear up, and stand facing each other like two boxers. But in this case, too, the combats seem quite harmless affairs, a little pushing, a great deal of

squeaking, but no real violence, no torn fur or bloodshed! Very different are shrews. All our three native shrews are the most ferocious little demons, and it is impossible to keep two in captivity together, for they fight to the death, the survivor eating the foe he has slain. It seems, as far as it is possible to judge, that in a wild state they live in little colonies, very likely family parties, and that no strangers are tolerated in the "runs," for, as I said before, territorial rights loom large in the wild world, not excepting the dark underground realm of the mole. Savage as shrews are, moles are even worse. Several times I have tried the experiment of holding a dead mole near the nest of a live one that I was keeping for a time for purposes of observation. In each case the result was the same, a pink nose quivered for a moment among the heaped-up leaves, itself out of its bed, and rushing round the cage with every sign of frantic excitement. The second the dead mole was held near it, it grabbed the corpse, and held on with a bulldog-like grip, worrying with its teeth, and scraping the body with its powerful forepaws in the most ferocious manner. It would not let go when the inanimate foe was picked up and held high in the air, but held on more like a bulldog than ever, only giving way when it was pulled forcibly off.

Another time I put two moles into the same box, when they instantly attacked each other, and it was with difficulty I parted them before serious damage had been done; yet moles are by no means solitary in their habits, and it is quite usual to catch several males in the one tunnel. I think there can be no question that the explanation is that members of the same family remain on friendly terms long after they are adult, but will not have anything to do with those belonging to other clans.

The most extraordinary cases of recognition of friends and resentment of the presence of strangers occur among ants. With certain species, whatever the size of the community, which must

sometimes number hundreds of thousands, members are known to each other, but a visitor from another nest is at once attacked and ejected from the city being generally killed in the process. Lord Avebury divided a nest and kept the ants apart for a year and nine months, yet those which were returned at the end of this period "were amicably received and evidently recognized as friends." He found that in most species the different communities were deadly enemies, but that in ant warfare the young are usually spared, so he transferred some larvae and pupae from one nest to another, yet these ants which came to maturity in a strange community were afterwards received with perfect friendliness by the ants of the nest from which they had been taken! They knew their own young which had been brought up by complete strangers.

Though many ants are so resentful of the presence of strangers, yet, as is well known, other kinds deliberately attack weaker species, carry off their larvae and pupae and keep them as slaves. "The *F. sanguineas*"—*Formica sanguinea* is found in some of the southern counties—"make periodical expeditions, attack neighboring nests, carrying off the larvae and pupae, selecting those which will produce workers. When the latter come to maturity, they find themselves in a nest consisting partly of *F. sanguineas*, partly of their own species, the results of previous expeditions. They adapt themselves to circumstances, assist in the ordinary household duties, and having no young of their own species, feed and tend those of *F. sanguineas*."

There is a certain "Hunnishness" in this method of making war, but the insects, after all, cannot compete with the Germans, for they only carry off the babies, and care for them as if they were their own, so that the captives when grown up labor willingly for them—they do not make slave-raids, carry off adults, and then force their half-starved captives to work at the point of the bayonet!

With some kinds of ants slave-mak-

ing and fighting has become such an important part of their economy that there are special classes of workers armed with enormous jaws whose duties are merely those of soldiering. In these cases, of course, it is the sterile female which are thus armed for battle, but with the majority of mammals and birds it is the males which carry weapons, especially the polygamous kinds, for the best armed males secure the greatest number of mates. For instance, the stag with his antlers, the jungle cock and the pheasant with their spurs. What a display of feathers and fury there is if one cock pheasant finds another making advances to his hens, or near that part of the woods which he has reserved for the use of the harem, heads down, tails up, they menace each other, feinting and making believe to attack for minutes at a time, until at last they spring up into the air, only to fall back into their respective positions, and again menace each other. This will go on until the weaker of the two birds, his pride diminished, his wattles contracted, turns and flees, leaving the victor to strut more vain-gloriously than ever, swelling his red wattles out until they meet over his eyes, and saying "Cuk! cuk! cuk!" as he swaggers about in triumph.

It follows that sparring and fighting is no idle amusement to while away an empty moment, but plays an important part in the economy of the species, for the weakly males are prevented from propagating their kind, and the finest cocks secure more mates than the rest. This must be important in keeping up the vitality of the race, and probably causes, in the course of time, considerable modification of the male bird.

This brings us to the most terrible of all the fights that wild creatures have to wage, and that is the struggle for existence, for even in a short paper like this it is impossible to avoid referring to that vast subject, though of necessity it will only be in the most sketchy and superficial manner. We all know vaguely what is meant by that classical phrase of Darwin's—in deed, it is used casually in everyday

talk, but, like many other often-used expressions, its full meaning is seldom realized, for death and destruction are not immediately visible to the unobservant eye that glances over the countryside. Nature may be "red in tooth and claw with ravine," but on a peaceful summer day her claws do not force themselves into notice. Birds flit to and fro, chirping and twittering, the air is full of insects whose heavy hum makes a drowsy murmur, and high above hovers a kestrel, hanging like a black speck against the blue sky. But watch and see: that rabbit over there is eating grass, a vole that rustles among the herbage is nibbling it, too, both are destroying living organisms! A dragon-fly flashes past, wheels and turns, catches a fly, and settles on a twig to eat it at its leisure; a fly-catcher darts from its perch on a post, and the click of its beak is heard as it picks up a gnat in midair; other birds are equally busy, and those which are not catching insects are hunting for seeds. Many a score of seeds are eaten, and many a score of grubs and flies die while we watch, for the wheeling swallows and the swifts dashing past with shrill screams are also helping in the task! Suddenly there is a rush of wings—that incautious vole which was feeding in the grass has ventured an inch from the shelter of its "run," and the waiting kestrel, hovering so far above, has fallen, literally like "a bolt from the blue," and borne it away. The noise of wings and the little squeak has sent the birds to the bushes, and has made the rabbit stop eating, sit up and look around. It listens anxiously, for now it can hear something else. Next second it has bolted as hard as it can go, and the reason of its terror is apparent when a slim brown form slips out of a bush. The stoat looks this way and that with a gleam in its quick little eyes, drops its nose to the turf, and dashes off on the scent of the rabbit with the light dancing bounds peculiar to its kind. The rabbit is doomed!

A blackbird flies down to drink and bathe in a puddle of water, but hardly

has it thrown the first glistening drops over its back than a dark shape shoots over the fence; with a heart-piercing shriek the blackbird dashes for the shelter of the fance, but before it can reach the hedge the sparrow hawk is upon it; there is another shriek, a little choked gurgle, and the hawk flies away carrying its prey in its claws. To feed her family of five young ones, that sparrow hawk daily wants five or six small birds, sometimes more, and the young hawks are able to hunt for themselves, each will take at least two birds per day!

But such foes as hawks have, comparatively speaking, little effect on the bird population of a district; it is want of food, cold, etc., which really makes a difference. The destruction of bird life, even in such favored spots as Cornwall and the South of Ireland, was appalling during the past winter (1916-17). The severe weather went on week after week, and those birds which had not fled to other countries were left to face starvation. In Cornwall, where, apparently feeling too weak to cross the sea, they congregated in considerable numbers, the loss of life, was particularly heavy, and an eye-witness's account is pathetic. "During one walk I counted ninety-five corpses," he says. "Eighteen lay stranded at one bend of a stream and nine more a little farther on. These were not small birds, but lapwing, black-headed, common, and (one) herring gull. The bodies lay side by side as on a poultterer's slab, and were intact." Further on the author states: "The species chiefly affected were as follows, roughly in order of mortality: lapwing, red-wing, blackbird, black-headed gull, starling, song-thrush, fieldfare, golden plover, common gull, herring gull, chaffinch. Besides these, which I saw myself, my friends speak of having seen dead rooks, jackdaws, mistle-thrush, snipe, moorhen, water-rail, skylark, wren and rock-pipet."

Here, in the West Midlands, most birds vanished, only a few blackbirds, hedge-sparrows, and one or two thrushes remained, and these it was

pitiable to watch. They fluttered weakly about the garden and outbuildings, came tamely for such few crumbs as could be spared, and dried-up bundles of feathers were frequently found which were birds that had crept away into corners to die. Once a blackbird was seen pecking at the dead body of a comrade! Some idea of the toll that was taken may be gained from the fact that blackbirds' nests were hard to find, and thrushes' nests quite scarce this spring. An even more significant fact is that the fruit did not want nets put over it! That shows the state of bird population perhaps better than anything else. Yet it is probable that in a season or two the birds will be as numerous as ever, for it has been calculated that there is no creature which multiplies so slowly that were all natural checks withdrawn, it would not in a comparatively short time overrun the world. As for the quicker breeding animals, such as mice and rats, a very short time would suffice for them. It has been estimated that the progeny of a single pair of rats might in ten years amount to the appalling figure of 48,319,698,843,030,344,720, and that in merely nine generations one pair would give rise to more than twelve millions of individuals. Even such a slow breeding creature as the elephant would, at the very lowest estimate, soon overrun its native countries was there nothing to check it. Supposing it breeds at thirty years old and goes on till ninety, producing six young in that time (which is probably under the mark), then, "if this be so, at the end of the fifth century there would be alive fifteen million elephants descended from the first pair."

The number of young a given pair of organisms bring into the world is an excellent indication of the amount of destruction and competition the species has to face, for on an average only two will survive to take their parents' places. Moths lay from thirty to forty to several hundred eggs apiece, yet as a rule only one or two live to reproduce their kind. Oysters and herrings launch an incredible number of eggs

into the ocean, but in neither case does the number of the species increase, and when we find the same lavish production in other kinds of creatures, we may be sure that it is not idle waste, but necessary for the survival of the race. In every generation, whether of birds, beasts, insects, or plants, the weakly and unfit are quickly eliminated, and although there may be some exceptions and what to our ignorant eyes look like cases of "luck," yet we cannot doubt the survivors are those best fitted for their conditions of life and to battle with competitors, and that those which live to breed are the successful ones, for success in nature is to leave the greatest possible number of descendants. For every animal that lives to breed many must have died; life lives on life, save the plants, which get their food direct from the soil; and though some people do not seem to realize it, the human species also lives entirely on other life, and in greater part on animal life. Many thousands of creatures are killed each day to feed one town. London con-

sumes over 5,000 tons of meat—cattle, sheep, pigs and poultry—a week. Of this considerably over 2,500 tons represent cattle. Now, putting each beast as weighing 10 cwt., it would give 5,000 cattle killed each week, or 260,000 in the year, sheep and pigs being left out of account. The 260,000 is really much, very much, under the mark, for the average weight per beast is a good deal less than 10 cwt., as calves are included in the estimate. But, after all, human beings are part of the great scheme of existence, living according to the same rules as the rest, and of which the cardinal principle is that life must die that life may live. War, strife and competition are life itself, and where wild creatures are concerned we must remember Darwin's words on the Struggle for Existence: "When we reflect on this struggle we may console ourselves with the full belief that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy and the happy survive and multiply."

MADONNA MIA

She is more beautiful than summer morn,
 Than all the magic of forgotten years,
 Within her deep gray eyes is wonder born,
 And gleams of mirth and mist of hidden tears.

Hers is the silence of the summer sky,
 And hers the mystery of wind and star,
 Within her heart sweet hidden treasures lie,
 And all the glory of all things that are.

With firm, unfaltering step she goes her way,
 And guards her soul with calm unceasing care,
 Hides in her heart the dream of Yesterday,
 And smiles to find the present passing fair.

And I have made for her a little shrine,
 All white and blue and soft with shadow stir,
 Where, in the glimmer of the candle shine,
 My soul may kneel awhile and worship her.

ALICE W. LINFORD.

In the Salient

By Father Salazar

THE WORK among the wounded is frequently trying almost beyond human endurance. Many a time I have felt how thankful I should have been for the relief of tears. I remember especially a day when an orderly said to me, "Oh, padre! This is a sad day in this tent." That means far more than the mere words conveyed; there were so many young brave lives there, in anguish, maimed and stricken, swept in, as though upon a tide of sorrow, from the valley of the shadow. And so little could be done. Words were futile. "Hold my hand, padre," begged one fine fellow, "and I'll try to bear it till the doctor comes round." And it was a hand like flame that he put into mine.

Their patience is perhaps more heart-breaking than their pain. One, with his leg torn off, said, "I must not complain. You see, there are so many really worse off than myself." Once, in a hospital train, where a crowd of helpless men were being loaded up at a siding, I saw one man, groaning in agony from rheumatism, carried in. "Where are you wounded, old chap?" asked the orderly. "Hoots!" he replied, "I'm not wounded at a'. Fling me anywhere. Look after the rest."

Sorrow and suffering are very big angels of God. We are learning, in a mystery. And we shall yet have worse—great sorrow for the nation, and empty firesides for thousands, in this crucifixion hour of the Empire. And for us, trying to help and uphold, the greater need for the grace of God.

Every day you saw the tragedy of it. I recall a tent in which I was sitting beside a dying bed. And there was a screen up around the next one. The man there had a severe head wound,

and was incessantly talking as though giving quick orders to fellows near him. Now and again he would lift his clasped hands to his parched lips, and drink feverishly from an invisible water-bottle, resuming thereafter the exhausting trench drama in his dying delirium.

In another tent were two chums from the same town and the same regiment, both dying. Jack's subconsciousness was busy, going again through the fight which had cost him his life; and as he would fall back, worn out, he would cry for his chum. "Bill! Come on, Bill! Help! They're in!" But poor Bill was passing away at the other end of the tent, utterly unconscious, the tide of life ebbing far out, in silence, towards the main ocean, with no returning flood for these shores.

I remember also, at this time, another, who suddenly slipped hold on life, and went over the watershed. And he insisted on sitting up in bed, talking to invisibilities, whom he was showing out somewhere. "Good-bye—thank you!" he kept saying, with a wan smile. He looked at you with eyes that seemed to see you, while yet looking through you at the unseen. And his "Good-bye—thank you!" almost broke your heart.

The wounded were always keen on souvenirs, and these were of great variety. The New Testament, that had stopped a bullet just above the heart, was a frequent one, and perfectly genuine. A South African had been carrying in his testament a photograph of his sweetheart, and the bullet stopped just in front of her face. It had made a bruise there, as though she had stepped in between him and death. He had been severely wounded

as it was already; and the New Testament was wrapped up in a bloody rag. He will not let that souvenir lightly go. It is, of course, true that any book would prove as efficient as a life-protector; but it is this book that the soldier prefers to carry there, and, more frequently than people think, he reads it, and carries much of it in his heart also.

The passion for souvenirs sometimes seemed to mean more than the mere craze for collecting. I remember one grim fellow who insisted on having beside him a blood-encrusted German bayonet. I imagine it had a story of its own, with some import to himself. Others would sit, dreamily caressing German helmets, which they had brought with them from the field.

Sometimes this passion led to curious adventures. A Gordon Highlander had crept back to No Man's Land for souvenirs, and was coming back with a German helmet slung on his shoulder strap. But he lost his bearings, and encountered two men of the Devons who had been out on some scouting duty. He very naturally crouched down as they approached; and they, crouching also, saw in the dark, outlined against the sky, the German helmet. At that moment he asked, in his own dialect, tentatively: "D'ye ken faur the Gordons is?" Immediately they jumped to the conclusion that he was a Hun. One of them hit out at him with a rifle, and then both fled, but not before the Scot got in on them with his fists, thereafter he also making speedy tracks for his very life, as it seemed to him. In the morning he reported to the doctor at the Ambulance that he thought his arm must have been broken in the night by "twa German devils." And the Devons also had an interview with the same functionary, with a tale of a fierce onslaught made upon them by a terrible enemy, who had cursed them very volubly in a strange tongue. None of the three discovered the truth, although to an outsider it was perfectly clear; another proof that it is the bystander and not the actor himself who

sees history in its true light.

There are countless streaks of humor and gleams of laughter even amid the sorrow-clouds of war. The mysterious diseases from which the soldier thinks he suffers sometimes puzzle you. He will proudly, and with a majestic solemnity, tell you that his illness has developed into "gasteria"—perhaps a more accurately descriptive name than science recognizes. More than one is sorry for his wife, who is distracted and harrowed by the "insinuos" of her neighbors, a word almost worthy of a place in the dictionary. And many will tell you of chums who have broken down, and who were not really fit to serve, having been always of a "historical" tendency. One almost feels a plea for heredity there.

How grateful we were when we found occasions like these! For, although we were not down-hearted, we were often war-weary. And frequently the good cheer of those whom we were there to comfort and strengthen really strengthen and comfort us.

I remember an Irishman, quite of the type of Micky Free in Lever's novel, a rollicking, jolly child of the Emerald Isle, pretty badly battered, but with a sparkle in his eye at which you could have lit a candle. He was from Dublin. I thought I should speak cheerfully to him, so I said: "Well, now, aren't you lucky to be here, instead of home yonder, getting your head broken in a riot?" "Troth, I am, sir," said he. "Lucky to be here, anyway. And lucky is anny man if he'll only get a grave to lie in, let alone a comfortable bed like this. Glory be! it's myself that's been the lucky one all the time." Near him lay another. "Don't spake to him, your honor," said the first man with a laugh. "Sure, he's a Sinn Feiner." But both of them were of opinion that the loyalty of the rebels might be awakened by contact with German shells. "Bring them out here, sir," said they, "and they won't be Irishmen if they don't get their dander riz with a whiz-bang flung at them. That would settle their German philandering. Sure, isn't it too bad what we've

been enduring to enable the spalpeens to stay at home, upsetting the State, flinging Home Rule back maybe a generation, with their foolishness, and we as good Irishmen as themselves can be?"

The infinite variety of classes that make up our present army is astonishing. I told once of a Gordon Highlander landing in Havre with a copy of the Hebrew psalms in the pocket of his khaki apron to read in the trenches. I saw, among our own Gordons an Aberdeen divinity student, as a private reading in the mud the Greek Testament and the Sixth Book of Homer's Iliad. Anything, from that to the Daily Mail, represents the reading of our men. This variety is also very noticeable among our officers. We had the lumbermen from the vast forests of the West beside the accountant from San Francisco; the tea planter from Bengal; the lawyer from the quiet Fife town beside the Forth; the artist; the architect; and the journalist. And it was this mixture that made possible episodes of irresistible comicality.

For instance, to prevent waste of petrol in "joy riding," a French barrier at one place near us had guards set upon it under a British officer. One day a young northern subaltern, entirely fresh to military work, was in charge; and the tale goes that he stopped Sir Douglas Haig's car, asking him to show his permit and declare his business. When the General did tell who he was, the boy was so taken aback that he is said to have stammered, "So pleased to meet you!"

Again, a young officer told me that he was leading a well-known general around some trenches in the dark. They came to a traverse. "We'll go round here," said the general, and the young fellow led the way. But a watchful Gordon leaped up suddenly with fixed bayonet, and "Who goes there?" The youth replied, "General Blank." "Aye, lad," whimsically replied the Scot, "ye'd better try again. That cock 'll no fecht wi' the Cock o' the North."

Another, a verdantly green soldier

of the King, almost freshly off the ploughed haughs of home, met an officer of high rank. He was carrying his rifle, but he huddled it under his arm, and awkwardly saluted with the open hand as though he had it not.

The officer said, very kindly, "Here, my man, is the way to salute your superior with your rifle;" and he went through the proper regulation field officer's salute. But Jock, after coolly watching him, as coolly replied, "Ay, ay; maybe that's your way o't; but I hae my ain way, and I'm no jist sure yet whilk's the richt gait o't."

It would be worth while seeing this man after a few months' training has brought him into the "richt gait on't." In fact, the way in which the men have fallen into the habit of discipline is as wonderful as the way they leaped into the line of service for their country's sake when they were not forced to go. I recall one, who was only a type of many. Up in the mouth of a West Highland glen is a little cottage on a croft. And the man there was the last of his race. When others passed out to the world-wide conflict his mother, who was very old, opposed his going. But she died. And then he drew his door to, locked it, and went to share the battle for liberty which to-day is shaking the earth. There are far more men of peace than men of quarrel fighting for the soul-compelling things that are of value beyond this dying world, and these are made of the true victory stuff.

None are less given to talk of what they have done than the very men whose deeds thrill others. They just saw the thing that was needed; they seized the flying moment, and did the deed that makes men's hearts stand still. They came out of it with something akin to the elation of the sportsman who has scored a goal. They saved their side in the game. That was what they aimed at, and they were satisfied.

In my last battalion were two men who, working together, did breathless things without themselves being breathless. They rather enjoyed them.

After one "stunt" our people in the trench observed a man hanging on the enemy's wire. His hand was slowly moving to and fro. They watched carefully, and saw clearly that he was signaling to them. A little group of officers gathered and considered the matter. But it was entirely impossible, they thought to dream of attempting a rescue before darkness. So they resolved to get together a rescue party in the night and save. Meanwhile, however, these two worthies slipped away, crawled over No Man's Land, and brought the poor fellow in. Rebuked for their temerity, their reply was, "We couldna thole the sicht o' a chum oot yonder like that." Another time, after a bitter struggle in a patch of woodland between our line and the enemy's, they came and reported that a man in khaki was to be seen moving from tree-stump to tree-stump, evidently in distress. "I think he's daft," said one. And in the gloaming over they went, found him, and brought him in to safety. He had been wounded in the head and side, and behind. The first day he had kept himself alive by drinking from the water-bottles of the dead; but he had lost his reason and his bearings, and was in despair when our brave fellows got him. And these men were killed later on by a slight accident down behind the lines.

It was difficult to get away from the touch of one's environment. One morning we had a weird reminder. When we opened the door of our hut, there, on the threshold, lay an exploded "dud" shell which had fallen in the night. Had it done what had been intended, we should have been very suddenly off somewhere among the stars. It made one think a little of solemn and strange things, and feel more than a little thankful to behold again the light of the sun.

People speak a good deal about the lust for blood and the fever-passion of battle. But our boys are not blood-thirsty.

A friend of mine, after a "scrap," saw a proof of this which almost cost

him his life, as he had to resist the tendency to laugh, for he had been shot through the lungs. A big Scotsman, in a muddy kilt, and with fixed bayonet had in his charge a German prisoner, who was very unwilling to get a move on. And Sandy shouted out to a companion on ahead, "Hey, Jock, he winna steer. What'll I dae wi' him?" But Jock, busy driving his own man forward, just answered over his shoulder, "Bring him wi' ye." Both of these men had the sweat of conflict not dry upon them. But they never for a moment thought of driving the bayonet into that reluctant foe, as the German would have done most readily. Of course, one does occasionally find the old grim warrior still, quite contented under hard circumstances, finding indeed, the conditions a kind of real relief after the rust of peaceful days. This same friend, going one night along the trenches, almost thigh-deep in mud, came upon a grizzled Irishman, O'Hara, cowering in the rain. "Isn't this a damnable war, O'Hara?" said he. "Thru for you," sir," was the unexpected reply. "But, sure, isn't it better than having no war at all?"

A campaign like this brings one into touch with strange bedfellows. A man I know told me, "In one place, during the early terrible days, we crept into a cellar, and I lay down to try to sleep. But I soon found this to be impossible, for I became aware of somebody that kept running to and fro in the dark, driving all rest away. I went out, and spoke to the doctor, whom I met. 'Oh,' he replied, 'that's only our lunatic.' It was, indeed, a poor fellow who had gone mad in the retreat; and they could meanwhile do nothing but carry him along with them." Perhaps the weirdest of all the strange mixtures whom I met out at the front was a young fellow at a mechanical transport camp.

His father was a Russian Jew, his mother was English, his grandfather was Dutch, and he himself was born in London and brought up in Glasgow. In a world of such widely international

disturbance you almost expected him to go off into effervescence, like a seidlitz powder.

Amid the sorrows and the weariness of the times out there it was remarkable how closely laughter followed at the heels of tears. We had great fun over a colonel—not in our division—who was very unpopular. He did not know the depths of his unpopularity, but, deeming himself the best-beloved among his contemporaries, he was perfectly happy. One day, while he was sitting in front of his dug-out reading an old newspaper, a sniper's bullet passed quite close, and went "pip" into the parados. He paid no attention, of course, for that was only a bit of the day's work. But when another came, he thought it was an attention which carried civility a little too far. So he called a Scotsman to him, and said: "Go out, Jock, and nail that beggar." Jock crawled out, glad of the diversion, stalked the enemy, "winged" him, and was running up to "feenish" him, when the German held up his hands and cried, "Mercy, Englishman!" But Jock replied: "Mercy? Ye dinna deserve nae mercy. Ye've missed oor colonel twice!" I often wonder if Jock told the colonel how he had put it! Or is he still as happy as ever?

It is told of Jock that, on another occasion, when a German held up his hands, after a good deal of dirty work with them, and said: "Mercy, Englishman. I'll go to England with you!" Jock replied, grimly and coolly: "Ay, maybe. But, ye see, that's no exactly whaur I was gaun to send ye."

I was always much impressed by the Wesleyans, whom I often met in painful circumstances. I had never had anything to do with them till I came in contact with them wounded and suffering, but always most brave, patient, and truly religious. They bore their distresses without a murmur, and they died without fear. For they knew what they believed in. They had the gift of religion and the secret of a faith stronger than death. They were true mystics. I remember one day

standing beside one of them who had been very dangerously stricken. His eyes were closed, and he was whispering continuously. I stooped down and listened. He was saying, over and over: "Oh, God, remember me, and help me to get well, for the sake of those I love at home."

I was turning to slip away quietly, when he opened his eyes and said: "Whoever you are, don't go, sir. I was only speaking to God." His religion was so intimate a possession that he did not need to apologize for knocking at the door of love with his prayer.

Nothing could be more touching, and often at the same time funnier than meeting men past military age who sometimes for the sake of their boys serving, had slipped into the ranks, mentally folding down a corner of their birth-certificate over the date, and salving their consciences, as did one, who said to me: "I told them I was thirty-four—but I did not say on what birthday!" I remember one old Scot, who could scarcely move, telling me: "I doot I'll hae to get oot o' this, an' awa' hame. Thae rheumatics is no good in the trenches; and they're girnin' at me again." Of course, he had "a laddie lyin' up yonder," and a nephew, and "a guid-sister's brither," and so on, like the rest. And of course if it were not for these pains he would be as good as ever he was? Some time later I met him in the rain, and asked how he felt now. "Oh," said he, "I'm just fine the day. I seen my youngest laddie gaun up, and I'd a word or twa wi' him. I'll be writin' his mither the nicht aboot it. He was lookin' grand. It was fine to get a roar frae him in the by-gaun."

I called on one old woman at home, and she told me that her husband had only the previous day, which was his birthday, gone off to France. "Eh," said she with unction, "he's a good man, my man. I often think I was a lucky woman to have sic a man. D'ye ken—he never told a lie!" "And yesterday was his birthday?" I inquired. "And how old was he?" "He was

fifty-eight," was her answer. But when I asked how this modern rival of George Washington had got into the army with such an age, she innocently replied: "Ye see, he said he was thirty-twa."

How these elderly men endured for any length of time all the discomforts at the front was beyond understanding. They were, of course, frequently caught, when youth was more able to skip nimbly out of the way of death. The little, shell-swept graveyards at the front got many of them very soon.

I spoke elsewhere, some time since, of some of the forgotten and overlooked departments of our army. There are plenty such, of course. But one cannot help recalling amongst them the battalion runners, who carry messages over No Man's Land, or anywhere, from post to post, when air and earth are filled with hissing death, and who also act as guides up to the trenches. They are absolutely fearless. This type varies from the gaunt, silent figure, that stalks before you like an Indian through the dark, to the garrulous youth who talks all the time over his shoulder as he goes. One of the latter was leading up our men, and the colonel said to him: "I hear that these dug-outs are wretched water-logged holes." "Deed, they are that," replied the guide. And then, gently, as if on a tender afterthought: "D'ye ken, sir, I'm often vexed for you; for I'm perfectly sure that you're accustomed to something better than you at home!"

Another is the military policeman, who controls and guides the traffic at the cross-roads, and where there is danger of shells falling, in such places as the square at Ypres. There, amongst evidences of steady peril, stands this quiet man with the red band on his arm; and he steps forward to warn you that it is not safe to be there! I cannot forget one road, when we were moving up to the front. The stream of life flowing on towards the fighting area was like the Strand in London at its busiest. The policeman with uplifted hand was as power-

ful there as at home. In a moment, at the signal, limbers, guns, motor-lorries, ambulances, mounted men, and marching infantry stood motionless till permitted to go on again.

The directions we got one day from an Irish policeman were unforgettable. He said: "It's quite easy, your honor. You see, when you go into Albert, you don't go into it at all. But you turn to the right, keeping well to the left all the way." We thanked him, and trusted to Providence, as we are apt to do where there is nothing else that can be done; and, following our directions in a general way, we reached our place in safety!

Again, you will find, right up behind the front, the roadman, busy, coolly filling up holes that shells have made, and behaving just as though he were working on a stretch of the Trossachs, or patching up the rut-worn tracks that rain has damaged along by Loch Hourn.

It is in the air branch of the service that chivalry remains most markedly. Of course, in our navy you still get it, when you find our men risking their lives and their ships to save drowning enemies. But in the air service there is a mysterious spirit of generosity between foes that is almost as striking as the superlative courage of the combatants.

I saw, the other day, a very keen battle far up in the blue. Two German aeroplanes were being pursued by ours. I never hoped to see such skill in flying. They looped the loop; they dived; they rallied—they seemed to outdo the swallows in their art. Then one, winged, fell a great height, recovering quite near the earth, and crawling off, limpingly, managed to escape. Somehow we felt relieved, although he was a foe. The other, however, was driven down, like a blind thing. Every avenue of escape which he tried was closed, as if by the wings of eagles, by our airmen. But we were quite sorry on hearing that when he reached the earth he was dead, shot through the heart in the last stage of his flight.

These men are among the most wonderful we have. I saw two who had been six miles beyond the German lines. At about ten thousand feet in the air they had been attacked by enemy planes, and their machine set on fire. Yet they came back, burned but undaunted, landing within our lines as though they had been at a picnic! And a young friend of mine, shot through the foot, probably lamed for life, told

me how, at a great height, he had been attacked. He swooned from his hurt and fell, but recovered consciousness in time to get his machine again in hand, and landed safely two hundred yards across our lines.

There can be no braver hearts than those. Many a time we looked up at them, sailing overhead, and wondered, and the roughest Tommy sends a prayer with them as they go.

ON PATROL

He went to sea on the long patrol,
 Away to the East from the Corton Shoal,
 But now he's overdue,
 He signaled me as he bore away
 A flickering lamp through leaping spray,
 And darkness then till judgment day,
 "So long! Good luck to you!"

He's waiting out on the long patrol,
 Till the names are called at the muster-roll
 Of seamen overdue.
 Far above him, in wind and rain,
 Another is on patrol again—
 The gap is closed in the Naval Chain
 Where all the links are new.

Over his head the seas are white,
 And the wind is blowing a gale tonight,
 As if the Storm-King knew,
 And roared a ballad of sleet and snow
 To the man that lies on the sand below.
 A trumpet-song for the winds to blow
 To seamen overdue.

Was it sudden or slow—the death that came?
 Roaring water or sheets of flame?
 The end with none to view?
 No man can tell us the way he died,
 But over the clouds Valkyries ride
 To open the gates and hold them wide
 For seamen overdue.

But whether the end was swift or slow,
 By the Hand of God, or a German blow,
 My messmate overdue—
 You went to Death—and the whisper ran
 As over the Gates the horns began
Splendor of God! We have found a man.
 Good-bye! Good luck to you!

The Day of the Chemist

By Jules Florin

THE government lately appointed a committee to inquire what cures are desirable to advance pure science "and the interests of the trades, the industries and professions which particularly depend upon applied science." This might have been better expressed. The most important thing is "pure science," there is no "applied" science without it. Ignorance of this is the reason, to a great extent, why England has fallen behind in the more modern manufactures and industries. It is true a time comes when, the pure scientist having made his discovery, it has to be applied to the practical purpose of making a new article sufficiently cheap to be used in a manufacturing process, which may revolutionize an existing industry. Money has to be risked by manufacturers. English manufacturers have not been so enterprising and persistent as they would have been if they had had more faith in pure science.

In 1880 a German chemist, Adolf von Bayer, discovered how to make artificial indigo in his laboratory, but it cost too much. The German manufacturers took it up, and during seventeen years spent \$5,000,000 until success was achieved; and they had the satisfaction of being able to compete with the Indian plantations. They ruined the indigo trade of India, which exported to the annual value of \$17,500,000 in 1896, but in 1913 only \$300,000 worth, and Germany was exporting an annual value of over \$70,000,000 with indigo at 3s. 6d. instead of 8s. the pound. Dr. F. A. Mason, writing in the *Times* some months ago, touched on this synthetic indigo, along with monazite, which is used in making gas mantles. He said that their mention with beet sugar, etc.,

was not fortuitous, apropos of German industrial success and British failure. "The link connecting them all," he said, "may be summed up in one word—chemistry. There is no branch of science, pure or applied, which has been so shamefully neglected in the past as chemistry. Practically all the important industries in which we have been left behind by Germany have been those in which the chemist is predominant."

The incandescent gas mantle is a good example of the transcendent importance of pure chemical research. Auer von Welsbach, in 1884, did not start out with any intention to improve the illuminating power of gas. Those who had done so failed. He was conducting a purely scientific investigation of the rare metals, and he noticed that some of their oxides emitted an exceptionally brilliant light when incandescent. That was the beginning, but it needed money and enterprise, which German manufacturers supplied, to make the gas mantle a success before the annual consumption of the mantles reached 300,000,000.

There seems to be a notion, even amongst the educated, that the chemist is an ingenious experimenter who mixes things and then watches the result, which may be something useful or a nuisance—a stink—just as it happens. In fact, he is creative; he does not make imitation substances, like imitation jewelry, but the very same substances as Nature, only in greater quantities and more cheaply. The materials are Nature's, but she has not combined them into existing substances which it is useful or agreeable for man to possess. Artificial or synthetic indigo or madder are the exact

things the plants produce. The synthetic drugs are the same as those from the plants, built up on the same lines as Nature builds, though they were never in plants, except probably in the fossil plants from which we get coal tar. Adrenaline is a good example. It made bloodless surgery a possibility and an actuality. This substance was extracted for the first time in 1901 from the suprarenal glands of sheep and oxen. A pound weight could be obtained from 20,000 oxen. It was found that when injected under the skin, in exceedingly minute amounts, it contracted the arteries so violently that the blood was driven away from the parts on which the surgeon was about to operate. The chemist then found out, not merely what it is made of, but how the materials of it are built up, and arranged in such order as to give it its qualities and make it the specific substance it is. They discovered its molecular structure, the ground plan of the substance. This is not analysis. You can analyze the substance of which a house is built—bricks, mortar and so on; but that does not disclose the plan on which it is built. The chemist discovers how substances are built; and this he did with adrenaline. He knew both the materials and the plan, and he constructed an exactly similar product to Nature's, and it was then put on the market under the name of suprarenine as a commercial success.

To understand how this is done is to understand partly what pure science means, and how necessary it is for all our great modern industries. It is theory as to molecular structure, pure speculation without an atom of practicality about it; scientific imagination as to the nature of atoms and molecules, that not even the microscope reveals, which has resulted in synthetic chemistry. It is not possible here to trace the history of those theories, which began about sixty years ago. The chemistry of that time acted on a theory now obsolete, that the products of the wonderful chemistry of animals and plants could not be re-

produced without the vital processes. That is a theory which synthetic chemistry has entirely abolished, and now compounds that are found in no animal or vegetable organisms are prepared by the chemist, which, on that old theory, ought to be impossible. But if the theory cannot be shortly explained, a moral can quite easily be drawn, and it can best be done in the words of Prof. Alexander Findlay, in whose excellent book, "Chemistry in the Service of Man," is to be found a popular exposition of the theory of synthetic chemistry. He says: "But while the theories of molecular structure and constitution gave the guidance necessary for the altogether phenomenal development of organic chemistry during the past sixty years, that development could actually take place only through the genius, the energy, and the persistence of hundreds of zealous workers who devoted themselves to the task of synthesizing and elucidating the constitution of thousands of organic compounds, and it is, therefore, only natural that it is in that country, Germany, which amongst all other countries, has been conspicuous for its recognition of the importance of such investigations, and for the encouragement which it has given to them, that we find the industries dependent on synthetic organic chemistry chiefly flourishing."

Though it is well known that the first synthetic dye was made by Sir W. H. Perkin in this country, it is Germany which now makes out of coal tar, which a hundred years ago was a useless waste material and a nuisance, two-thirds of all the synthetic dyes now made, which amount to the annual value of \$100,000,000. It is exactly the same story as regards the numberless synthetic drugs and perfumes which, in many cases, are the identical substances to which the active properties of plants or the perfumes of flowers are due; though others are merely substitutes and imitations. Antifebrin, phenacetin and one of the latest, aspirin, are amongst such drugs; and the toilet soaps tell

of the value of the perfumes in articles of commerce. What was once merely distilled from plants and flowers is now made in the chemical laboratory, after the recipe supplied by Nature herself to the investigating chemist.

We may refer to two other chemical processes. These are the obtaining, or fixation as it is called, of nitrogen directly from the air; and the manufacture of sulphuric acid or oil of vitriol. The importance of nitrogen lies in the manufacture of agricultural fertilizers; nitrogenous compounds must be applied to the soil if the products of the land are to keep pace with the growing population; and the natural sources of those compounds are being exhausted—coal and saltpetre are amongst them. Chemists have addressed themselves to this problem, and the result is that there are now several commercial methods by which atmospheric nitrogen can be made to combine with other substances or elements. Almost every civilized country but the United Kingdom is developing these nitrogen industries. We are still using our coal for obtaining ammonia, and we export coal and get it back at a high price in fertilizers. It is said we have not cheap enough

electric power, but this appears not to be true, according to those who have studied the question. And Germany is producing synthetic ammonia which does not depend on cheap power. We are simply not making the effort to produce substances of vital importance to us.

England was once the chief producer of sulphuric acid, which is used in most of the great chemical and metallurgical industries, explosives being amongst the rest. Great Britain now only ranks third, and this is because she still uses processes of which the most that can be said is that they are not entirely superseded. In 1831 Peregrine Phillips, a vinegar manufacturer, of Bristol, made a discovery which it was believed would in a few years supersede the old method of production. But seventy years passed, and, in Prof. Frankland's words, then "the ability and persistence of the technical chemists in one of Germany's greatest chemical works succeeded in developing the discovery of Peregrine Phillips into a successful industrial process." Thus it came to pass that England took third place where for many years she had held the first. Yet it must be well understood that our chemists of theory have been second to none.

AFTER-DAYS

When the last gun has long withheld
Its thunder, and its mouth is sealed,
Strong men shall drive the furrow straight
On some remembered battlefield.

Untroubled they shall hear the loud
And gusty driving of the rains,
And birds with immemorial voice
Sing as of old in leafy lanes.

The stricken, tainted soil shall be
Again a flowery paradise—
Pure with the memories of the dead
And purer for their sacrifice.

ERIC CHILMAN.

Ysabella

A Romance of Spanish California

(Continued From Last Month)

By Clarice Garland

Author of "Spanish California Mission," etc.

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CHAPTER IX.

WITH your permission I will read it now," replied Fitch. He broke the seal and read the Spanish letter. It purported to give an unwilling consent to the betrothal of Senorita Ysabella Carrillo and Captain Fitch, provided the latter would become a Catholic and swear allegiance to Mexico. This unwilling consent rested on the preference of Ysabella.

"I agree to your conditions," answered Captain Fitch. "I scarcely would expect you to receive me as a son-in-law knowing so little of my family or history. It is really a compliment to me. Gracias, Don Joaquin Carrillo."

The two men sat down in the cabin, and the captain entertained his future father-in-law. Fitch showed daguerrotypes of his parents and his certificate of graduation from Harvard College to his visitor. He also showed letters of introduction from Mr. Welles—the Boston merchant and consignee of the Venture's cargo. He translated his mother's last letter, which intercepted him at Acapulco from Captain Cooper's ship sailing from Boston.

Don Joaquin departed a little more resigned to his future son-in-law. "Fitch might have construed his letters to suit his own whim, but the likeness of his parents, whom he resembled, the extensive cargo on board

the ship and his college certificates were convincing proofs of his veracity and position in life, even without taking into consideration his intellectual and commanding appearance," thought the visitor. "Come to-morrow afternoon to vespers in the chapel, and I will make arrangements with Padre Menendez to baptize you," advised Don Joaquin, as he left the brig, thinking that if Ysabella was determined to marry the American the sooner the marriage was consummated the better, and the wedded couple well started on their wedding voyage before the governor's return to San Diego.

Dona Ignacia Carrillo still cherished the hope that Governor Echandia would return and stop Captain Fitch's proposed marriage with her daughter.

"At last!" soliloquized Fitch, as he placed Don Joaquin's letter of consent in his safe. "Once married, and Ysabella on board the Venture, let the Governor storm. His term of office expires next year, and then the lion will be deprived of his claws."

At vesper service in the Chapel of the Presidio the family of Don Joaquin assembled with Lieutenant Domingo Carrillo, the don's brother, who would act as godfather on this occasion, and the Pico family as witnesses, their minds attuned to resignation by the urgent appeal and decision of Ysabella, to receive their future American relative into their exclusive family circle, yet still regretting the absence

of the governor, who might have turned the wheel of fate in his own favor.

Captain Fitch reached the chapel with his friend Captain Richard Barry, from the Vulture, and Monsieur Maximo Berestain, an officer from the French brig *Comete*.

Father Menendez entered the chapel in his sacristian robes. Captain Fitch and Lieutenant Domingo Carrillo took their places before him. The captain bowed his head over the waste bowl and the priest poured holy water from a silver shell over his blonde hair. Father Menendez received the captain into the Catholic church, naming him "Don Enrique Domingo Fitch." Captain Henry Delano Fitch was now Don Enrique Domingo Fitch, and a member of the Catholic church, brought into the fold by Dan Cupid. Thus the dashing Captain overcame the first barricade to the citadel of his desires. And his betrothal to Senorita Ysabella Carrillo was recorded in the matrimonial register of the chapel in the presence of witnesses. He was now at liberty to approach the object of his adoration. And in halting Spanish accents he inquired for Ysabella's health since she met with the accident at the *Wishing Well*.

The small company of witnesses pressed around them, extending congratulations to Fitch. "When you have sworn allegiance to the government you will be truly one of us," said Don Joaquin Carrillo. "Come and dine with us and bring your friends, the officers."

The Captain accepted the invitation for himself and friends, and they passed out of the *Presidio*.

Ysabella wore a single pink Castilian rose in the blue-black braids of glossy hair behind her dainty ear. Her vivid beauty was set off by a tunica of India lawn which was confined at the waist by a pink zerape that blended with the exquisite fineness of her skin and the splendid breadth of her black brows. A black China crepe shawl, fringed and embroidered, draped her slender form, and partially concealed

her white gown, and her glossy tresses were crowned by a graceful mantilla. Never had she seemed so charming, so fascinating to Captain Fitch.

At the dinner table Don Joaquin made a little speech that showed his apprehension regarding the betrothal. "I think it advisable, Senores, not to announce the betrothal of my daughter and Captain Fitch too publicly at present. Captain Fitch is a foreigner, and the governor may consider him an undesirable addition to this community in these uncertain times. I would not have consented to the betrothal, but Ysabella was so determined that I could not stand in the way of her happiness."

After dinner the lovers stepped into the patio. "My queen," said Fitch, taking Ysabella's arm. "My Castilian Rose, this is too much happiness. Look! I have brought a symbol to bind your promise to me." He took from his pocket a little velvet box and unclasping it displayed a handsome emerald ring set with diamonds.

"Beautiful," murmured Ysabella, "yet I would have kept my promise without the symbol to bind it," promised the girl, gravely.

"Try it on. It fits your finger exactly. The circle means love without end," he whispered.

"Without end," repeated Ysabella softly. In the semi-darkness of the afterglow Captain Fitch pressed his lips to those of his promised wife in the rapture of a tender embrace.

"It is sweet to have a singing bird in my heart in place of a heavy weight," confided Ysabella, softly.

"My Rose," whispered the captain, "a bird shall always sing in your heart by my wish."

"Shall we sail, indeed, to that far-off Boston city of your home?" she asked, incredulously.

"Certainly. I will take a run up the coast and buy more hides. In a few weeks I shall secure a full cargo. Will you be ready then?"

"It seems like sailing to the other side of the world, yet I will go with you."

"The saints speed the day, Rose of my soul!"

"We must join the company," said Ysabella, and together the lovers entered the sala where the officers waltzed with Dona Ignacia and Benicia to the music of Don Joaquin's violin. The betrothed couple joined in the dance with Senores Andres and Pio Pico, also Dona Eustaquia and Estafana.

Late in the evening the dons and officers bade "Adios" to their host and hostess, and Senorita Ysabella, the queen of the fandango.

"You're a lucky dog!" declared Captain Barry, as the officers rowed to their briggs.

"Fortune favors the brave," remarked Berenstein.

"I can stand any old epithet," returned Fitch, "since I have won the prize."

CHAPTER X.

The Interrupted Wedding and Elopement.

Captain Fitch felt an undertone of anxiety in the flood-tide of his emotions. It tore at his heart and urged him with primal warnings to conclude his business and hasten his departure from California during the reign of Governor Echandia. He directed Mr. Hatch to prepare the Venture sailing at once and made a parting call on his betrothed bride.

"I shall sail up the coast, anchor at San Pedro, Santa Barbara and Monterey, and conclude my exchange of cargoes with all dispatch," explained Fitch to Ysabella.

"I beg you not to sail to Monterey," entreated the girl in sudden alarm.

"Why not?"

"Some excuse might be made by the governor for detaining you there."

"Very well, I will respect your wishes. And no doubt I can secure a cargo from the Missions near the other ports. 'Discretion would be the better part of valor' in a strange country. I will return as soon as possible and take you from San Diego and the

vicinity of the lion's claws. I have brought a necklace of pearls to you, and think they will match the pearls of your sister Dolores' wedding gift. They came from Virmond's collection," and he clasped the jewels round Ysabella's white neck.

"Exquisite," breathed the girl. "I will tell an ave on each pearl every night for your safe and quick return," she promised.

"Adios, my Rose, and do not forget the circle without end," begged Fitch, tearing himself away.

The weeks passed quickly, but to Ysabella and Captain Fitch they dragged with anxiety. No one could tell how soon the governor might return to San Diego and frustrate the plans of the lovers.

Captain Fitch narrated his success, with Father Olivia Martin at San Diego Mission, to Father Peiri at San Luis Rey. The friar inspected his cargo and gave the shipmaster a large order.

"How is it that you are allowed to visit unfortified Missions?" asked the missionary.

"Through Don Virmond's intervention," replied Fitch. "He has great influence with the governor."

From the harbor of San Pedro, Captain Fitch rode to San Gabriel Mission and gained more hides. The thrifty Father Boscana held in storage many hundred hides from his vast herds for adventurous shipmasters. Captain Fitch kept his sailors busy preparing the hides, and when he had secured a cargo large enough for a return voyage he joyfully ordered sails set for the south.

Senorita Ysabella stitched and embroidered her wedding garments, and, with her mother's help, fashioned a white silk tunica cut from the same roll as Dolores' wedding gown and sent by Captain Fitch.

A few days later the Venture rounded Point Loma and stood up the bay. Captain Fitch was rowed ashore and hastened to Carrillo House, where he was warmly greeted by his betrothed bride.

"You came in answer to my prayers, Don Enrique," welcomed Ysabella. "The governor has sent a letter to his aide, my uncle Domingo, that he will return to San Diego next week."

"So soon!" exclaimed Fitch. "I heard your prayers."

"Let us be married this evening and take time by the forelock," suggested the captain.

"If you wish," answered Ysabella, urged by her anxiety.

"I will consult with your parents at once," proposed Fitch.

Don Joaquin entered the sala with Dona Ignacia. They greeted their visitor, and he explained his plan to them. They agreed that if the wedding was to be consummated it should be done at once.

"I will go to the Presidio and ask Padre Menendez to perform the ceremony this evening;—and the least said about it the better," advised Don Joaquin warningly, as he left the sala.

Captain Fitch went to the office of the Collector of Customs and paid his duties; then he obtained a marriage license from the alcalde and was rowed to his vessel to complete arrangements for leaving the port on the morrow.

The crescent moon had not yet appeared above the horizon. The pueblo of San Diego seemed asleep. A horseman dismounted in front of Carrillo House, accompanied by another, and disappeared within. A dark-robed priest followed on foot and entered also. Don Pio and Don Andres Pico, with their mother, Dona Eustaquia, were already assembled.

Captain Fitch and Senorita Ysabella Carrillo stood before Father Menendez with gathering confidence in their hearts. Soon they would be husband and wife. Captain Barry as best man and Benicia as maid of honor stood beside them.

Father Menendez, breviary in hand, began the ritual, when the door of the sala burst open and Lieutenant Carrillo rushed in.

"Stop!" he exclaimed. "This cere-

mony must not proceed!"

Captain Fitch turned upon the lieutenant. "By whose authority?"

"By the authority of Governor Echandia," replied the aide resolutely.

Captain Fitch and Ysabella looked at each other in dismay.

Dona Ignacia folded her arms resignedly. "I have expected it," she whispered to her husband.

Don Joaquin remained silent.

Ysabella clung to the captain's arm.

"What is the charge?" demanded the prospective bridegroom.

Lieutenant Domingo Carrillo opened a document. "This is a copy of the decree issued by Governor Echandia in Monterey. It states that no foreigner can marry in the territory of California without a special license," explained the aide.

"Tyrant!" exclaimed Fitch.

Ysabella burst into tears. Views of a nunnery flashed on her mind's eye.

"Go on with the service, Padre," commanded Fitch.

"I dare not," answered the priest.

"The governor would report me to Mexico and have me excommunicated from the church. I dare not proceed with the ceremony."

A buzz of voices from the witnesses drowned the dialogue.

"Why don't you run away with me, Don Enrique?" suggested Ysabella, while a sudden gleam of hope lighted her eyes.

"Yes, Captain Fitch, there is a way out of this tangle. And there are other countries where laws are not so strict in this respect. I will go with you if you desire and complete the ceremony in South America," volunteered Menendez in a low tone.

Captain Fitch was not the man to hesitate. "Carissima, it shall be done," he decided. "The good friar has recommended a very feasible way out of this difficulty. Gracias, Padre Menendez," added Fitch in a relieved tone. "But, cara mia, will your parents consent?"

"They must not be told," warned Ysabella in an undertone.

"Very well! We will apparently be

resigned to the governor's edict. I will make a parting call on you to-morrow and then set sail for Boston. Be ready——"

"This is unfortunate for you," interrupted Don Pio Pico, addressing Fitch.

"Yes, but 'what can a man do?' in-terrogated the captain.

"Nothing," replied Pio Pico, "un-
less——"

"Unless what?" asked Fitch with suppressed vehemence.

"Sh!" uttered Don Pio, warningly. "I will confer with you to-morrow noon at the big rock on the bay shore."

"Uncle Domingo, why did you come just at this time?" asked Ysabella, suspiciously.

"I was told that Captain Fitch procured a marriage license to-day. And when the governor's decree was handed to me by special messenger afterward, I knew that I must be up and doing, or his excellency would cut off my official head."

Captain Fitch expostulated against the fateful edict with sundry maledictions on the governor's head. "It will be impossible for *me* to obtain the special license under existing circumstances, *cara mia*," informed Fitch to his betrothed before the assembled friends. "I will make a farewell call on you and your parents to-morrow. Adios!" and he departed with Captain Barry.

"Have courage, my daughter," exhorted Father Menendez in a sympathetic voice. "Remember the old adage, 'All's well that ends well.'"

Dona Ignacia threw her arms around her daughter. "It is all for the best, my dear," she soothed. "The thought of your going to the end of the earth with a foreigner was entirely against my wishes and judgment."

"Stay with your friends, *cara mia*," urged Don Joaquin, taking his daughter's hand and patting it tenderly. "Here you will have every security, comfort and happiness and a high social position."

Ysabella smiled through her tears.

"Yes, padre and madre, it may be all for the best." She was resigned seemingly, to the situation. Her aunt Dona Estaquia consoled with her in like manner. "It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," she quoted.

"Yes, auntie," agreed the girl, drying her eyes.

Don Pio Pico in saying "Adios" to his cousin found an opportunity to whisper in her ear. "I will see you at vespers to-morrow. Do not fail me if you wish for happiness."

Ysabella smiled gratefully. "You had ever a good heart for your friends."

That night Ysabella felt a sense of fear overpowering her. On her knees she prayed silently for strength to withstand the uncertainty of her future in this unpremeditated plan of an elopement. Her vivid imagination urged her thoughts to a high pitch of emotion.

The reproach of her brother and sister, the deep dishonor of her parents, whose daughter would have tarnished their hitherto unstained house with her disgraceful act, these thoughts sank into her heart. Her unprecedented act of proposed rebellion in her home, the taunts of her friends, the direful account of her shocking misdeed would be recited in the whole province, with imprecations on her rebellious head.

"Do not cry, Ysabella mia," consoled Benicia, opening her sleep-laden eyes. "When Captain Fitch has sailed away from San Diego, you will forget him and think of some one more important in California."

"You are a dear little comforter," returned Ysabella, snuffing out the candles.

Early in the morning after the interrupted wedding, Captain Fitch, having passed a sleepless night, paced the upper deck of the Venture debating with himself in regard to his proposed elopement with his betrothed. "The Spaniards will think I am a worse fellow than Captain Bradshaw of the ship Franklin. I have paid my customs dues and am not attempting

to evade the law. But if I slip away in the night, carrying off the Flower of the pueblo with me, they will call me a villain.

"My business in California would be ruined. I could not hope to return and exchange Boston goods for the coveted hides. Mr. Welles would be greatly disappointed in my business integrity; and the Missionaries would look upon me with distrust and disapproval. I might even be forbidden to enter a California port again; or worse than that, I might be seized and imprisoned.

"But there is Ysabella! I must think of her and her happiness. She is giving up more than I in her proposed relinquishment of friends and in facing the disapproval of her parents and the church. She hates the governor and shrinks from him. And I would be a coward to leave her on shore to fight out her misery and disappointment alone.

"There is Virmond!" he muttered, halting suddenly in his impatient stride and glancing toward the Vulture. "I'll consult with him at once. I can trust him. And I must not leave Ysabella to fight her battle alone."

He rowed to Virmond's vessel. The shipowner had sailed recently from Lima in his ship the *Leonar*. Virmond sailed south in the *Clarita*, one of his trading ships bound south, leaving Captain Barry in charge of the *Vulture* in San Diego Bay. Don Enrique Virmond and wife had received invitations to Captain Fitch's wedding but they thought it prudent for state reasons to be absent from the ceremony.

"Buenos dias," greeted Virmond, genially to Captain Fitch. "Did you come for congratulations?"

"Not yet," answered Fitch.

"El diablo! What is in the wind?" asked the diplomat.

"A special license, which I, of all persons in California, cannot obtain," replied Fitch.

"The governor is up to your American speed," declared Virmond, after listening to Fitch's explanations. "You

cannot carry off the Flower of the Province."

"I can, and I will," exclaimed Fitch.

"Not run away with her!" protested Virmond.

"The lady herself suggested it," urged Fitch.

"You certainly have put your foot in the lion's mouth, if not your head," prophesied Virmond.

"A little mouse may gnaw and break the governor's rope."

"What do you propose?" asked Virmond.

"Make a farewell call on the Carrillo family and sail out of the harbor, returning under cover of the night. Pio Pico has privately offered to assist me. I shall meet him at noon on the bay shore," explained Fitch.

Virmond listened to the captain's plans. "None but the brave deserve the fair," he reflected. "Is your brig supplied with provisions for a long cruise?"

"No," replied Fitch gloomily. "I intended to take on supplies to-morrow."

"There will be no time, if you persist in your mad scheme. Rather than allow an American lover and the belle of San Diego to perish on the ocean for lack of food and water I will lend you the *Vulture*. Captain Barry has just supplied her with provisions," offered Virmond generously.

"Guardian Angel, you will have a high seat in Heaven!"

"I will see Captain Barry at once and tell him my wishes and send some provisions to your brig. We have a large supply."

"Barry is a friend of mine and will not act the traitor," asserted Fitch.

"Another reason has occurred to me for your not eloping in your own brig—a state reason," explained the diplomat.

"What next?"

"Governor Echandia might order your brig detained at any port in South America for such a flagrant breach of Spanish regulations, and yourself and bride imprisoned," declared the shipowner, impressively.

"You certainly are my guiding star," responded Fitch.

"I would hate to see two innocent runaways landed in a nunnery and a prison just for the sin of loving each other," declared Virmond, humorously. "But remember, I am no party to this affair. Captain Barry has full charge of my ship, with authority to make any port he chooses," warned the shipowner, with his finger on his lips, indicating secrecy. "Good luck to you!" he offered, carefully.

"Gracias, and adios, good Angel," replied Captain Fitch, disappearing over the ship's rail.

Don Pio Pico sat in his saddle by the big rock on the bay shore when Captain Fitch stepped out of his boat there at noon. "I thank you for your offer of assistance," said Fitch.

"One good turn deserves another," returned Pico. "I have not forgotten when you came to my assistance in rescuing me from the pirates. And I am anxious to relieve the anxiety of my cousin. I have noticed that you have gained her love. And it seems cruel to make her suffer by Echandia's jealous decree," confided Pico.

"I did not expect you would consider my feelings in this matter, but, if you have sympathy for your cousin I am deeply grateful," replied Fitch.

"On this account I agree to help you. What do you propose to do?" asked Pio Pico.

"I will make a farewell call and stand out to sea, returning after dark," answered Fitch, seeing he could trust Pico. "But how to bring Ysabella to the shore without detection——"

"There I will serve you for her sake," interrupted Pico. "I will meet my cousin at vesper service and advise her. Have a boat waiting here. It is best I should not be seen in your company," he warned, riding swiftly away.

Captain Fitch rode to Carrillo House, where Ysabella waited in suspense.

Don Ignacia and Don Joaquin were present at the parting of the lovers.

Therefore Ysabella made no sign of intended rebellion to parental authority. The girl was pale with excitement, and her heart throbbed heavily.

Captain Fitch bade a courteous farewell to Don and Dona Carrillo, thanking them for their hospitality and consideration to him, a foreigner. The young man tenderly pressed the hand of his betrothed bride, who trembled with excitement.

"Here is your ring," offered Ysabella, taking the emerald from her finger by order of her mother.

"The ring is not mine; it is yours forever. May Senorita Ysabella keep her ring?" asked Captain Fitch deferentially of the mother.

"Yes," agreed Dona Ignacia, "if she wishes," thinking it would be an easy matter to secrete the emerald on the arrival of the governor.

Captain Fitch replaced the golden circlet on Ysabella's finger. "Without end," he whispered softly.

"Without end," repeated the girl, as Fitch clasped her fingers and left the house.

All the remainder of the day after Captain Fitch's parting call Ysabella's mind was assailed with tormenting fears. Her maidenly reticence was driven against her will toward the younger man. There was no neutral ground on which she could rest. Either the hated governor, with his stilted ceremoniousness, or the attractive foreigner must be her choice. And there was no time for lengthy debates with her conscience. Captain Fitch's ship would sail at once, and she would be left to an unhappy fate.

"The church will reach out a menacing hand, weigh me in its spiritual balance, find me wanting, and excommunicate me from the solace of my religion," she thought. "I shall be an outlaw—thrust out from my associates and religious customs. And at the end of my rebellious life, if I begged for an opportunity to make my atonement, St. Peter, himself, the keeper of the gates of Heaven, would hurl my soul into purgatory, pronouncing a judgment for which no penance of eternal

regrets would avail. Forever banished!"

Snatching a lace mantilla, she wound it around her head, threw a China crepe shawl over her shoulders and fled from the haunting specter in her room. Joining Benicia in the sala she bade "Adios" to her mother and left her home to attend vespers. As she passed out, she threw a parting glance of sadness and longing toward her mother, who returned it with a look of satisfaction, in prospect of the union of the House of Carrillo with that of the governor, and pride in her daughter's beauty.

Ysabella responded absently to the litany. She looked anxiously around the chapel for her cousin Pio Pico, who seemed absorbed in his devotions.

After service, Estefano Pico took Benicia's arm. "Tell me about the governor's decree. I overheard mother talking about it," begged Estefano, curiously, as Ysabella walked down the hill with Pio Pico.

"My padre has ordered silence in the household regarding the decree," replied Benicia, with girlish interest. "But I will whisper to you that Ysabella is nearly frantic about it. Her face will soon be as long as Methuselah's."

"What a sympathetic sister you are!" exclaimed Estefana.

"Ysabella should stay at home and not think of wandering off with a foreigner, when she can do so much better in matrimony at home," retorted Benicia, revealing her mother's views.

"But Captain Fitch is handsome and rich too," remarked Estefana with girlish loquacity. In cheerful gossip of home affairs the girls descended the hill.

"Quick!" called Pio Pico in an undertone, leading Ysabella down the hill. "My horse is hitched yonder." They sped along in the gathering darkness. Pico offered his hand and Ysabella mounted lightly into the saddle. He sprang after her and gave his horse a vigorous lash with his riata. The startled animal flew down

the road on the bay shore, and Don Pio drew up at the big rock.

A boat was approaching the shore. Don Pio led his cousin to the boat and placed her within it.

"Ah! Captain Barry," he greeted, "my cousin is safe with you."

"I will take good care of the senorita," replied Barry, pulling at the oars with a sailor.

"Adios and good luck," offered Pio Pico to his cousin.

"Gracias and adios," murmured Ysabella tremblingly.

Captain Fitch paced the Vulture's deck, impatiently consulting his watch. "They should be here soon. Her father watches her like a cat."

A splash of oars came over the swell of the waters, and a boat rode alongside the Vulture's hull. "Who's there?" shouted Fitch.

"Boat ahoy!" spoke the welcome voice of Captain Barry, and in the next minute Ysabella was in the arms of her lover.

"Heart of my heart, they did not snatch you from me forever!" he rejoiced.

"Nay, Enrique," breathed Ysabella. "They thought I was resigned to the fate they marked out for me. They knew not the purgatory into which they were leading me." She clutched her throat and flamed at the thought of her prospective hated union with the governor. "Together, Enrique, at the end of many happy years hence, we will descend into purgatory and work out our atonement," she confided.

"Aye, together," agreed the captain. "Many years hence we will go and receive our punishment for being happy on earth."

"We must sail at once," said Fitch to Barry, "and keep well out to sea. The bird has flown. But a snare may yet be set for her. I don't need to suggest the best course to you."

"I will take you away from the coast in a very short time," replied Barry, turning to give some orders. "Up anchor and all sails set!" he shouted.

"Come into the cabin, Light of my

eyes," invited Fitch, leading Ysabella down the companionway.

"Why is Captain Barry sailing your brig?" inquired the girl when she had reached the cabin.

"This is not the Venture, *cara mia*. My first officer, Mr. Hatch, will take her to Lima for me. She passed Point Loma this afternoon. We are guests of Captain Barry, *carisima*."

Ysabella looked questioningly at her lover.

"No one will molest Don Virmond's brig," explained Fitch, answering the question in his companion's eyes. "Are you happy?"

"Thou art my happiness," Ysabella replied, nestling in his arms with a sigh of relief.

"I adore thee," replied Fitch. "Mia Rosaria, the rose, the rose of love has blossomed in my soul. It stands graceful and delicate, a perfect flower, giving forth a subtle incense that enwraps me in a dream of bliss. Unseen, unknown by the peering crowd, the rose of love, tinged with the hue of life, spreads its delicate petals watered by sweetest kisses."

"You are a poet," responded Ysabella happily.

"Thou art my inspiration," replied the lover.

"We have each other," replied Ysabella.

"My Rose," whispered the lover, pressing his lips tenderly to those of his promised wife." Captain Fitch placed his betrothed in a chair and pulled a bell rope. "You need some refreshments after your strenuous flight. Bring dinner for four," he ordered the cabin boy. "Senorita Carrillo will dine with Captain and Mrs. Barry and myself." The boy disappeared and soon brought steaming hot food which he set on a stanchioned table.

The shipmaster of the Vulture entered the cabin with his wife, who welcomed Ysabella to the brig. They dined together and congratulated themselves on the success of the plan.

"You do not object to my ordering dinner just once," apologized Fitch to

Barry. "I felt a little anxious, you know, and forgot that I was not in my own ship."

"I will excuse a little kindness like that," laughed Barry jovially.

"Captain Barry would not allow me to go ashore and meet you," asserted Fitch to Ysabella. "Some trap might have been arranged for me; if your escape was noticed. Your cousin seemed honest in his speech; but Captain Barry insisted that 'Discretion was the better part of valor.'"

"The authorities would have no excuse for detaining me," laughed Barry.

"Did they miss you when you left the pueblo, *cara mia*?"

"No, Enrique. Benicia was too busy gossiping with Estefana to notice when Pio and I left them," replied Ysabella. "I shudder to think of my padre's and madre's anger when they discover my absence."

"We shall soon sail beyond them," assured Captain Barry. "I will witness your marriage at the first port in South America, that I think advisable to call. This is your cabin, Senorita Ysabella, with my wife. Make yourself at home. Captain Fitch and I will bunk in the second cabin. Goodnight and pleasant dreams."

"Buenos noches, *Idola mia*; I will leave you to make up that sleep and rest which anxiety has deprived you of late," and Captain Fitch took leave of his betrothed.

Ysabella smiled confidently and pressed her lover's hand in mute confidence, as he withdrew.

Mrs. Barry threw her arms around her guest's waist and gazed at her sympathetically. "Do you feel any regret in leaving your home, dear girl? You are leaving much besides the prospect of social honors, my husband tells me."

"Do not mock me with social honors!" cried Ysabella, her eyes flashing fire. "Give me tenderness and that rare and involuntary respect that seems to place me on the throne of a goddess in the most sacred altar of Don Enrique's affections. I wish to

keep my place in his heart of hearts, secure in his loyalty, sure of his devotion. In that sacred retreat is a mine of wealth, a treasure of love, more valuable to me than the emptiness of stern and stilted ceremony of a governor's wife. I am so glad to sail with you, dear Mrs. Barry. You will be my duena, will you not?" she entreated.

"Certainly, dear, I will take charge of you until I give you to your husband."

"Gracias," replied the guest.

Ysabella, standing at the junction where two roads met, passed by the Road of Living Death that clogged the mainsprings of energy, closed the Springs of Happiness that watered the

Tree of Life, and paralyzed ambition and hope in the human heart.

She entered the road of Happy Life that caused the blood to bound in the pulses and made the heart throb with ecstasy of congenial companionship with the close relationship and camaraderie of loyal lovers assisting each other in meeting the exigencies along Life's journey. Happy Life inspired ambition to develop and the intellect to expand, encouraged and cherished by tenderness of the emotions, the living springs that feed the soul.

Onward sped the Vulture, blown by fortunate breezes, so thought Captain Fitch, as he paced the deck with his friend, Captain Barry.

To be continued.

Bret Harte

By Ina Coolbrith

What wizardry is this? What necromance?
These forest-aisles, these mountains grim and vast?
These shadowy forms and faces that advance
From out the misty past?

The old familiar faces, how they crowd!
Like ghosts returning from the farther shore!
These Beings without being, yet endowed
With Life forevermore.

Each in my own life-weft has woven part,
Whether or grave or gay; unkept or shorn;
This one, "The Luck" they call him, stole my heart
The day that he was born.

With these I sat beside the camp-fire's glow
And heard, through untaught lips, old Homer tell
The Tale of Troy, till with the falling snow
God's last white silence fell.

I knew the cabin in the lone ravine
Where she, the Fallen, far from mart and men,
Watched by the stricken, and, unknown, made clean
Her garment's hem again.

And these, the Partners in world-storm and stress
With faithful love, unknowing selfish aim;
The friendship pure that grew not hot nor less
Through good or evil fame.

These, too (I loved them!) reckless, debonair,
That life and fortune staked upon a cast;
The soul itself held lightly as the air,
To win or lose at last.

I tracked the mountain trail with them; the sweet
Cool smell of pines I breathed beneath the stars;
The laugh, the song I heard; the rhythmic feet
To tinkle of guitars.

I knew the Mission's fragrant garden-close,
Heavy with blooms the wind might scarcely stir,
Its little laughing maid—Castilian rose!—
And saucy speech of her.

I knew them all—but best of all I knew
(Who in himself had something of all these)
The Man, within whose teeming fancy grew
These wondrous histories.

I see him often, with the brown hair half
Tossed from the leaning brow, the soft yet keen
Gray eyes uplifted with a tear or laugh
From the pen-pictured scene.

And hear the voice that read to me his dear
Word-children—and I listen till I seem
Back in the olden days; they are the near
And these are but a dream.

O Prince of Song and Story! Thee we claim
The first and dearest, still our very own!
We will not yield the glory of thy name
Nor share thy laureled throne!



Germany at the Bottom of Every War for Twenty Years

By Q. Picard

I THINK I have something to say in this writing which has not been understood, said, or even hinted by any writer, editor, lecturer, or strategist during the four years this great war has gone on. I have lived in Germany, France, Russia and England, and I speak the languages of all these countries. Also I have been a student of world events. And it has been my very great and constant astonishment that no one seems to understand how far and deep Germany has played the game, or the trick psychology her imperialistic rulers use with the rest of the world as with her own people to play it.

First let me make this statement, and it is true, extraordinary as it may seem, that Germany has instigated and fostered every war that has occurred during the last twenty years. And during that time let it not be forgotten that Germany has covered the world with spies and propaganda.

Let us go back to the fracas in the Transvaal. The Boer war meant the birth of the German navy. Germany had already Kiel from little Denmark, and had built the famous canal. The Kaiser visualized a German fleet there. But at that time his power over the German people was not so great as to command them to whatever he willed. To build that fleet he needed an excuse, and he found it through the Transvaal war.

Recall a certain incident during that period when a British vessel ordered a German from a forbidden route. The German vessel was not there by ac-

cident. It was the Kaiser's cue for turning to the German people and saying: "No nation can command us from the seas. We must have a navy to protect our vessels." And the German people responded unanimously.

There, back of all, is reason for the Boer war, effected unquestionably through the instrumentality of German agents. What did it matter to the Kaiser and his war party if the British should get the Transvaal. Germany had already questioned British generalship and had smiled up her sleeve at British organization—and this was a way of determining it. In German psychology one must always allow for supreme German conceit. Germany believed that once she was ready and wanted anything British she could have it. This applied easily enough to the Transvaal. Moreover, it would be a fine field for rebellion, this conquered country, against British rule, when Germany was ready to strike her blow. The public will be more generally able to understand and believe this with the disclosing recently of the real ^{fact} behind Roumania's entry into the present war.

Germany wanted Roumania's rich harvest lands. The Czar in secret collusion with the Kaiser promised the little country a million and a half Russian soldiers for assistance if she would join the allies. She did, and the Czar left her to fight it out alone against the Hun hordes, for whom she was no match. Remember, also, that the Transvaal war enriched Germany.

About five years after this affair in

Africa came the Russian-Japanese war. It is impossible with any careful consideration of this melee not to recognize the hand of the German war party as initially involved in it. Moreover they had every reason to want it to take place. Though England and Russia were not allies at that time, already Bernhardt had prophesied in his book that Germany would have to battle France, Russia and England entente—and unquestionably German leaders had long thought the same thing.

They had attempted to influence as far as possible the civil life of Russia through the immigration of representative "efficient" Germans, who entered all branches of Russian endeavor, investing sufficient capital to give them power. They sought to control the banks, the newspapers, the pulpits and the industries most vital to a nation in war-time. They installed themselves carefully in every niche of politics. They cultivated Russia as the tape-worm cultivates the body. They assiduously assisted Russian autocracy in prosecuting every liberal idea which sprang in the hearts of the Russian people.

But whatever the evidence, the German imperialist prefers a crisis for any particular revelation or advantage he is attempting to bring about, providing he, himself, does not suffer by it. The Russian bear was so enormous that in spite of all possible disorganization he was still a question-mark to the German mind. So the Japanese-Russian war was started to see how he would really act. And again, while it must inevitably weaken Russia, this war meant the enriching of Germany through the enormous sale of war supplies—Russia being almost unprepared in that respect—and consequently the further development of war facilities within the German empire.

On the other hand, France and England, whom Russia was obliged to call upon to finance the war, were practically so much at loss in consequence. The Kaiser, who was getting ready to tear treaties like "scraps of paper," figured that any nation might repudi-

ate such war debts, and so that it might easily be lost money. By pretending friendly interest and lending German officers to advise Russia, this war likewise gave Germany opportunity to study and estimate with mathematical exactness the entire Russian military machine. In fine, it afforded her an intimate knowledge of the clumsy Russian bear she could have achieved no other way.

The knowledge gained induced a change of tactics. Anyway, the preparation of Russia for German victory had entered an entirely new phase. The German war lords wanted a Russia that would render itself helpless through revolution, that would fall to pieces in the hands of Russian military masters during any prolonged war crisis. And Russia was ripe for just such meddling. German propaganda, which can be exceedingly clever, achieved for the time the measure of its purpose in the Russian revolution of ten years ago.

But the Kaiser did not intend this revolution should be successful. He used it merely to increase the revolutionary spirit among the great masses of the Russian people, so that they would be ready to rebel when a revolution in Russia would mean most to the German war lords.

It is known diplomatically that the Kaiser at that time advised the Czar to grant the revolutionists everything. And then when they had subsided, believing in the Imperial promise, it was the Kaiser again who boldly enjoined the Czar to give them nothing, and who offered a million German soldiers to grind the rebellion into earth.

It was an indignity which no people could ever forget or forgive a sovereign. It left the Czar incapable of holding Russia in a great war. It arranged for complete disorganization of the Russian empire whenever the Kaiser was ready to start his fight for supremacy of the world.

Without the Russian revolution or without the Boer war the present great conflict could not have taken place.

During all this time Germany had

been inculcating Austria as deeply as possible with the principles of Prussianism. Followed the taking over of Bosnia and Herzogowina. Though these were Slav States the Czar merely blinked an eye. The Kaiser felt he could try out such small things successfully, though not yet ready to light the big conflagration. Also the German princess married to the Czar was constantly looking out for German interests.

Morocco was the next burning spot on the map. To what end did the sovereign war lords of Germany engineer this affair between France and Spain. The French and Spanish were both Latin people, their countries joined, they were natural allies. When France and Germany fought, Spain would be apt to assist the French. The Morocco mix-up, then, was necessary to Germany in order to create lasting ill-will between two nations whose friendly tendencies might mean combination against the Kaiser. France got Morocco, the Kaiser a part of Congo, and Spain got nothing out of the melange except untold expense and suffering. And the Spanish are an exceedingly proud nation, with a long memory for wrong.

If any one doubts Germany's hand in these matters he has only to look a little deeper than an eyelash into the intimate and unbiased records of those days; he has but to witness the German propaganda and eternal spy system of the present, sowing sedition in every country of the globe.

The Kaiser greed had always coveted the country of the Balkans, the reason for which is geographically apparent. But the Balkan country held wonderful fighting people. It was highly important then to impoverish them, to reduce their ranks to the crippled and the starved. So the German war lords lighted the match to the Balkans, who with a little provocation after whipping Turkey flew at one another's throats. Greece got a large piece of the pastry and Roumania stepped in and took Do Brudija. This left Bulgaria a bitter enemy of the two.

Any time Germany needed her assistance she had only to promise her Do Brujida back again. And though she put it in the mouth of the world that France was the banker of Europe, she had become extremely wealthy selling war supplies to all these nations whose different quarrels she had promoted.

Consider now the matter of Tripoli. Italy must be reckoned with as a foe of Austria. And with the Kaiser's great war assuming proportions in the near future, it would be an excellent plan, as in other cases, to weaken Italy with a minor war, to use up her finances and her men. Also, war would betray her military weaknesses. And the German war lords did not conceal their delight when they thought they had discovered that the Italian army was almost entirely lacking in brains. They had chuckled in just the same way over Russia. They were playing the world and believed themselves finding advantages, besides reducing their enemies, with at the same time, monetary gain for themselves from the sale of their ever-increasing output of war supplies. Wherever there was room for discontent in another nation, German agents took care of the seed. It was at the Kaiser's instigation that two years before the present war Russia revoked autonomy for the Jews. Within the Kaiser's own kingdom there was only one sore spot. The Duchy of Brunswick was ruled by a Duke who had admired Bismarck and who did not like the Kaiser. So the Kaiser, ever ready to sacrifice anything for power, took his daughter by the hand and invited Brunswick to marry her.

I will dwell now a moment on the boasted internal German "system." I have slept with Germans, eaten with them, discoursed with them, prayed with them, and have belonged to their labor unions. I know their so-called "good laws," and how little they bring in real happiness, and I want to state without prejudice, but with knowledge, that the whole German system is camouflage, that its benefits are merely reapings for the State taken from the hands of the people, who are given

them a moment to make and keep them content under the iron hand waiting to lead them to death. The old-age pension law, state insurance, the minimum wage, the roadhouses established by the government, where free meals can be obtained by tramps—the much vaunted fourth class in railroads—do these mean the same as they do in England or any country where the individual is free? In Germany such things amount only to “feeding the animals” in order to keep the revolutionary spirit down. Meanwhile the underhand of the German government proceeds to take everything away from the German citizen in taxation. But he must be made to feel that he is being treated well; no doctrine of revolution must creep into his veins, free speech must die on his mouth when it occurs, he must recognize the Kaiser first, last and always, as the God who is looking after him and who can do no wrong.

Should he speak of his poverty, his long hours, taxation, should he mention the fact that in England he can command three times his wage, it is pointed out to him the good laws under which he lives, some of which England has not. He is then told to go and live in England if he chooses, but that wherever he goes he cannot help but be true to Germany as being the most wonderful country in the world.

There is no socialism in Germany, nor has there been during the war. The Kaiser permits some things merely because they resemble liberties, but the moment they appear dangerous he crushes them beneath his heel. Witness the recent German strike. It was allowed only for the sake of camouflage. And the idea that Socialism was becoming a very strong element in Germany previous to the war was purposely fostered by the heads of the Empire so as to keep other countries off their guard.

Nor is there really, in finality, a German parliament, except as it obeys the orders of the autocrats. Parliament or no parliament, the war party must rule.

German autocracy, however, knows its people. It has an infinite faith in propaganda, and is clever enough to use it on its own as well as others. How can the German baby help but be a Kaiserite when from the moment of his birth the good things of Kaiserism are ground into his intelligence. An autocracy must have patriotism. Consequently patriotism is created by a perfect system of camouflage. In any country the intelligence of the mass is their hearts. And nothing is easier than to take hearts and fool them to death. The revolutionary spirit must not be permitted to think, else it might realize it did not possess freedom. Therefore it is choked with “paternalism” and a few advanced laws which amount only to bunting.

If a tramp arriving at a German roadhouse, and, accepting the hospitality of that institution, dares to express his misery in words, he is very quickly told by the master of the place, under instruction of the German emperor, that he has no right to criticise a government which provides him a free meal and a shave. What other government would treat him so well? Such benevolence does not cost the German war lords much, and it keeps the masses fooled and in subjection.

The fourth-class on railroads is exactly the same camouflage. Usually this fourth-class means standing room only—for very frequently no seats are provided. But the German higher-up will point out that no other country has such convenience.

And so it goes right down the line. It is by such system and suggestion the German autocracy attaches its people to the established doctrine of State. All over the German Empire it will be proclaimed that so much money—an enormous amount—has been spent during the year bettering the conditions of the people. Reading this, the people think they must have received the benefits, and probably wonder why their condition is so bad. But such things furnish hope—hope in the German government—and that is all that is necessary in autocracy. The

German working man is taught to figure. "Well, we have this and that, and in France they haven't."

As a matter of fact, nothing is done by the government inside or outside of the empire except with the one idea—war. Their wonderful transporta-

tion system was established with this in mind. Their sports partook of it, their endowed industries, always under the directing hand of the Kaiser. And religion was made play its part, too, a cruel, blinding and hypocritical part, indeed.

FACING THE GULF

Facing the sudden gulf, the silent
Precipice where the pathways stop,
Where flame by flame the silver constant
Lamps of our lives to darkness drop,

Life would I praise, this sentient being,
Careless, unpraised, unplumbed delights,
Movement and speech, hearing and seeing,
Sleep and awakening, days and nights.

Glory to Life in all things lovely,
Birds and lithe beasts and flowers and trees,
Praise in the marvelous joy of Beauty,
Nameless contents and ecstasies.

Praise to the power within the creature
Creative, hand and brain and will
Toiling through endless Time in rapture,
Failure, achievement, seeking still.

Father of Life, with songs of wonder,
I praise Thee, even to this end,
Love unto Thee all loves surrender,
From Whom they flow, towards Whom they tend.

Mine is Thy Will, I yield the spirit
Still on Thine errand without cease
Gladly to run, or to inherit
In Thine eternal dwelling place.

MARGARET L. WOODS.



The Contest for Acquiring the North West Territory

By Fred Lockley

THE first military organization in Oregon was the "Oregon Rangers." It was organized at Salem, and held its first drill on March 11, 1844, at the Oregon Institute, now the Willamette University. Thomas D. Kaiser was captain, J. L. Morrison first lieutenant, and F. C. Carson ensign.

This organization saw little active service and was soon disbanded.

The first United States troops to be stationed in Oregon were two companies, L and M, of the First Artillery, under Major John S. Hathaway. They were stationed at Fort Vancouver; therefore, Fort Vancouver is the oldest military post in the Pacific Northwest. A military reserve was made here by the Secretary of War on January 29, 1848, consisting of ten miles square. Colonel William Wing Loring commanded the Regiment of Mounted Rifles, the second body of Federal troops to arrive in Oregon. These do not include military exploring expeditions such as the troops under Captain Meriweather Lewis and Captain William Clark, who were here in 1805 and 1806, nor the troops with Fremont. Col. Loring was directed to define the limits of the military reservation at Vancouver. On October 31, 1850, on behalf of the United States, the Colonel defined the limits of the Vancouver Military Reservation to include an area of 16 square miles, subject to any and all valid claims of the Hudson Bay Company and others as set forth in the treaty between the United States and

Great Britain, signed on July 17, 1846. By instructions from the War Department, in compliance with the protest of the settlers, the Vancouver Military Reservation was reduced to an area of one square mile in place of 16 square miles, on October 29, 1853. The boundaries were defined in general orders issued December 8, 1853. Prior to the reduction in the area, settlers had constantly moved upon the reservation with the consent of the commanding officer that they be there temporarily, and had then refused to leave.

When the size of the post was reduced to one square mile the settlers tried to jump the claim of the United States. The troops were away from the fort chasing Indians, so the settlers laid claim to the land. So annoying had the situation become that on November 3, 1853, the Commanding Officer at Fort Vancouver issued the following orders:

"Notice is hereby given to all concerned that the military reservation made around this Post on the 31st day of October, 1850, under the orders of the War Department for and in behalf of the United States Government by Col. W. W. Loring, is still in force and virtue. The War Department has not reduced the limits, nor have they indicated what portion they will retain should they determine hereafter to make it less than its present boundaries. Persons are therefore forbidden to trespass upon it."

A little later the following orders were issued:

"Headquarters Fort Vancouver, Wash. Ter., Dec. 8th. Orders No. 77. In obedience to the instructions of the Secretary of War conveyed to the Commanding General, Department of the Pacific, on October 29, 1853, the following described lands containing 640 acres are reserved for military purposes: Commencing at a cedar post branded with the letters U. S. on the bank of the river near the boat landing, and extending from this point for 1200 yards up the river to a similar post branded with the letters U. S., thence a little over a mile and a half on a line running north 21-30 east to a cedar post described as above, thence south 21-30 west to the point of commencement. The line marking the front of the reserve extends to the channel of the river and cedar posts marked with the letters U. S. are placed at intervals along its boundaries. By order Lieutenant-Colonel Bonneville, B. D. Forsythe, 1st Lt. 4th Infy Adjutant."

Not until January 15, 1878, was this reserve finally approved by executive orders. Volumes of interesting history could be written from the old records at Fort Vancouver, particularly from those of First Lieutenant C. F. von der Brusche and from the manuscripts of Chaplain Franz J. Feinler of the First Infantry.

When the Post was first established it was officially named by Major Hathaway, its first commandant, on May 15, 1849, "Camp Vancouver." Shortly thereafter, to prevent confusion on account of the Hudson Bay Post being named Fort Vancouver, it was renamed Camp Columbia, because it was on the banks of the Columbia river. On August 12, 1850, it was officially christened "Columbia Barracks." General Orders Number 20, issued in 1853, changed the name to Fort Vancouver. On April 5, 1879, the War Department made still another change in its title, calling it Vancouver Barracks, which name it still retains.

In 1846 the Tenth Military Department was created, consisting of Ore-

gon and that part of the two Mexican provinces of California of which the United States had control. In 1848 the Tenth Military District was divided into two districts, the Tenth embracing California and the Eleventh including all of Oregon except Southern Oregon. These were officially designated the Pacific Division. In 1853 the Pacific Division was discontinued, and the Department of the Pacific was formed, which embraced all the country west of the Rocky Mountains, except Utah and New Mexico. In 1858 the Department of California was established, and the title Department of the Pacific was given to Oregon and Washington. Headquarters were established at Fort Vancouver with General Harney in command. On June 17, 1865, the Department of the Pacific became the Department of the Columbia, with headquarters at Vancouver. On August 6, 1866, headquarters of this department were removed to Portland. Ten years later, on August 26, 1876, headquarters of the Department of the Columbia were moved back to Vancouver.

On account of constant agitation by other communities to have the headquarters removed from Vancouver, a board of officers was appointed on Nov. 11, 1901, to settle the question without fear or favor on its merits. They reported that because Vancouver occupied a strategic position at the junction of the Columbia and Willamette valleys, not far distant from the junction of the Columbia and Cowlitz valleys, with both rail and water transportation to and from the Inland Empire, with tide water to the Pacific and with rail communication to Puget Sound, the Willamette Valley and California, that in their opinion Vancouver Barracks should be made a permanent post for headquarters, and that twelve companies of infantry and two batteries of artillery be permanently located here. They recommended that there should be 30 officers' quarters, one non-commissioned officers' quarters and 8 barracks remodeled, and that 4 new barracks

should be built here.

The present strength of the garrison is as follows: The Quartermaster's Corps, with one officer and 34 enlisted men; Medical Department, with 1 officer and 8 enlisted men; Signal Corps with 1 enlisted man; Post Non-Commissioned Staff with 4 enlisted men; Third Company Coast Artillery Corps with 1 officer and 94 enlisted men; Headquarters of the Second Battalion with Companies E and F of the Second Engineers, with 4 officers and 144 enlisted men, and 57 unassigned recruits. The Twenty-first Regiment is still carried on the rolls, but has been on the Mexican border for a considerable time.

Because Vancouver, commanding as it does the 250,000 square miles of the mighty Columbia River Basin, is the logical point for troop mobilization to defend the mouth of the Columbia river, it is not to be supposed the War

Department will impair its efficiency in any way, particularly as there are 14 companies of regulars in the work of coast defense on Puget Sound, with a territory of approximately 40,000 square miles to defend, while with a territory of 250,000 square miles in the Columbia River basin there are but three companies of coast defense troops at the mouth of the Columbia river. There are 23 companies of regulars in the coast defense along the California coast. Vancouver Barracks is the key to the Columbia, as approximately 50 per cent of our rail lines converge here, thus giving great mobility to the troops stationed here. Large bodies of troops can be handled here to advantage, so it is not to be supposed that the United States government will in any way diminish the value of this defensive point by making it less important as a military post than it has been in the past.

MY MOUNTAIN SHACK

I think the buildings tall are grand,
With polish, heat and fume;
But I am longing for the land
Of sunshine, air and room.
The pines and canyons call me back
To life around my mountain shack.

I have enjoyed the limousines,
In livery sublime;
But I am sighing for the scenes
Where I will have to climb,
Or hold fast in the old stage-hack
That jostles by my mountain shack.

I like the pavements, level, straight,
Without a gulch or bluff;
But I am starting for the state
Whose roads are steep and rough,
Up to whose jagged peaks a track
Leads winding from my mountain shack.

How to Read the Bible and Understand It

(The Watch Tower and Bible Tract Society)

TO THE average reader the Bible, aside from its history and plain moral teachings, is often as much a closed book as though written in a dead language. Some, however, understand the Bible. What is the secret of their knowing that which to many is hidden from view?

Though the means of understanding the Bible is not known to all, yet it is so simple that a child can grasp it. We will endeavor to make it plain. There are numberless passages in the Bible which, as they are read, have no sense whatever. We will take a specimen verse. In reading this verse, think exactly what it says, and you will realize how preposterous the statement is. We refer to Isaiah 2:2, which reads: "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains . . . and all nations shall flow into it."

It is manifestly absurd to think of a gigantic literal mountain being set up on top of the other mountains, and also of nations becoming fluid and flowing up hill and into or even unto a solid mountain! What is the matter? Is it that the Bible is absurd, or is there something that we do not yet understand? It is the latter thought. In sending forth his word in the Bible, God so arranged things that the real meaning should be hidden from all except consecrated, conscientious, heart-and-soul Christians who would care enough about him to be willing to go to some trouble to find out what his Word means. This strange verse

means something very important, and we are going to tell you how to understand it. God himself shows how to understand. To the thoughtful lover of his Word, the Lord explains his own mysteries.

Here is the explanation of the symbolism in Isaiah 2:2, and also some other verses to practice on: In one of the Old Testament prophecies there is described a great image, and a stone which came and struck the image in the feet, broke them up, destroyed the entire image and ended by becoming a great "mountain," which filled the whole earth. (Daniel 2:31-44.) God immediately explains that this "mountain" signified a great "kingdom" which should fill the whole earth. From this we see that for the word "mountain" in a passage where it does not make plain sense there should be substituted the word "kingdom," and then the verse will disclose its hidden meaning. It is like translating from a foreign language.

Now make the substitution, remembering that the phrase "the Lord's house" means "Christ and the Church"—and the verse will read thus: "The kingdom of Christ and the church shall be established over the kingdoms, and all nations shall join it." This will take place when the kingdom of God is established in power on earth.

Try it on another verse, Isaiah 11:9: "They shall not hurt nor offend in all my holy mountain." Substitute the proper meaning, and the verse reads: "They shall not hurt nor offend in all

my holy kingdom." Try it again: "The mountains shall melt like wax at the presence of the Lord." (Psalm 97:5). Think of the effect of heat upon a mountain. If high, the mountain would gradually melt down flat. So an autocratic kingdom affected by internal troubles, such as in Russia, comes down from being proud, lofty, autocratic, and becomes lowly. Making the substitution, you will see that the verse reads: "The kingdoms shall melt like wax (come down in trouble from autocracy to true democracy) at the presence of the Lord."

Here are a few more passages to practice on:

"They shall say to the 'mountains,' Fall on (cover, or protect) us." (Luke 23:30.) "The 'mountains' shall drop new wine" (new teachings.) (Joel 3:18). "The 'mountains' shall bring peace to the people." (Psalm 72:3.) "I am against thee, O destroying 'mountain.'" (Jeremiah 51:25.) "In this 'mountain' shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things."—Isaiah 25:6.

In this way, by the Bible itself, it is firmly established that the word 'mountain' frequently signifies 'kingdom.' Try this method in all Bible passages which you find containing the word mountain, and note the verses where the substitution makes the passage read more plainly; for wherever God has covered the meaning up there is something important for his true children to know.

We will now try another word. Let us take "earth," as in Psalm 82:5: "All the foundations of the earth are out of course." What does this verse mean? That the planet earth has no foundations is plain from the divinely inspired passage: "He hangeth the earth upon nothing." (Job 26:7). What, then, does the word earth in Psalm 82:5 signify? Let God himself explain it, through the Bible; for our Heavenly Father has explained enough such hidden-meaning words for us to understand much that once was dark to us. In Psalm 89:14, God tells us that justice and judgment are

the establishment or foundation of his throne; and the context of Psalm 82:5 tells us of a disordered state of justice and righteousness in the Hebrew civilization of that day. Note Verses 2 and 3: "How long will ye judge unjustly, and accept the persons of the wicked? Defend the poor and fatherless; do justice to the afflicted and needy." It is not that the foundations of the planet earth are out of course, but the justice-and-righteousness foundations of society, civilization, the prevailing order of things or state of affairs.

Now substitute for the word earth the meaning intended, and the verse makes perfect sense. It then reads: "The foundations of 'society' are out of course" or "The foundations of 'civilization' are out of course." In each case the thought is the same, but to some minds one word may express the thought more clearly than the others. It is only natural that these symbols should be used; for just as a mountain is a prominent part of the physical earth, so a kingdom is a prominent part of human society, the symbolic earth. This method of substituting the thing signified for the symbol is just like making a translation from the Latin or some other language.

Let us now practice on some Bible passages containing the word "earth" used with a hidden or symbolic meaning. First let us try Amos 9:5: "The Lord God of hosts is he that toucheth the 'land' (earth), and it shall melt." Substitute the meaning intended, and the verse reads: "'Human society' shall disintegrate, or change its form, or "'Civilization' shall be leveled down," just as society, the social structure, civilization, has begun to disintegrate in Russia.

This time let us practice on Zephaniah, 3:8, 9: "All the 'earth' shall be devoured with the 'fire' of my jealousy. For then (afterwards) will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent." But in the proper meaning for the quoted

words, and the passage reads plainly: "All 'society' shall be destroyed in a trouble due to God's jealousy; afterwards he will turn to the nations the unadulterated truth, that (understanding the Bible) they may serve him (not to be divided into many religions, but) with one consent (as one great world-wide church.)"

Practice a little more on these passages:

"The 'earth' is full of the goodness of the Lord" (Psalm 33:5), a prophecy of the future. "He ariseth to shake terribly the earth." (Isaiah 2:19.) "For behold I create a new 'earth.'" (Isaiah 65:17.) "The Lord hath forsaken the 'earth' (Ezekiel 8:12). "'Earth' shall pass away." (Matthew 24:25), "O 'earth, earth,' hear the word of the Lord!"—Jeremiah 22:29.

Now take another word, "sea." The sea is the volatile, restless, troubled, stormy part of the planet. As regards human society, the Lord tells us that "the wicked are like the troubled sea." (Isaiah 57:20.) From this and other passages we understand that in prophecy the word "sea" signifies the "wicked," the "discontented masses," the "restless, lawless classes," as contrasted with the law-abiding and the more contented and conservative people, who are spoken of as the "earth."

Practice on this passage in Luke 21:25:

"The 'sea' roaring." Give the word "sea" its intended meaning and the phrase reads: "The 'discontented masses' roaring out their discontent," or "The 'wicked classes' clamoring."

Then try these passages:

"There was no more 'sea.'" (Revelation 21:1.) "We will not fear, though the 'earth' be removed and though the 'mountains' be carried into the midst of the 'sea.'" (Psalm 46:2. "He rebuketh the 'sea.'" (Nahum 1:4.) "I will shade the 'earth' and the 'sea.'" —Haggai 2:6.

Just as the word "earth" signifies "society," the word "earthquake" means a destructive shaking of society, as by revolution. Practice on these

passages: "A great and strong 'wind' (war) rent the 'mountains,' and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; and after the 'wind' an 'earthquake.'" (1 Kings 19:11.) "When he had opened the sixth 'seal,' lo, there was a great 'earthquake.'" (Revelation 6:12.) "And there was a great 'earthquake,' such as was not since men were upon the 'earth,' and so mighty an 'earthquake' and so great." (Revelation 16:18.) "Yet once more I 'shake' the 'earth,' and this signifieth the removing of those things that are 'shaken.'" (Hebrews 12:26, 27.) "God riseth to 'shake' terribly the earth."—Isaiah 2:19, 21.

There are not a few other words used with a hidden meaning, but the following examples will do for practice in this article: Fire signifies either 'trouble, trials' or 'destruction.' Use the proper meaning in each of the following: "The people shall be as the fuel of the 'fire.'" (Isaiah 9:19.) "He hath kindled a 'fire' in 'Zion'" (the churches.) (Lamentations 4:11.) "When I have set a 'fire' in 'Egypt' (Christendom). (Ezekiel 30:8.) "I am come to send 'fire' on the 'earth.'" (Luke 12:49.) "A great 'mountain' burning with 'fire' was cast into the 'sea.'"—Revelation 8:8.

Water means either the "Word of God," the "truth;" or, like the "sea," it signifies "peoples." Practice with the proper meaning in these passages: "And he saith unto me, The 'waters' which thou sawest, where the 'whore' sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues." (Revelation 17:15.) "And the sixth 'angel' poured out his 'vial' upon the great 'river Euphrates;' and the 'water' thereof was dried up, that the way of the 'kings of the east' might be prepared." (Revelation 16:12.) "Though the 'waters' thereof (of the 'sea') roar and be troubled; though the 'mountain shake' with the swelling thereof." (Psalm 46:2, 3) "A 'drought' is upon 'Babylon's waters'; and they shall be dried up." (Jeremiah 50:38) "O thou ('Babylon') that dwellest upon many 'waters,' abundant in treasure, thine

end is come, and the measure of thy covetousness.” (Jeremiah 51:13) “That he might sanctify and cleanse the Church with the ‘washing’ of ‘water’ by the Word.” (Ephesians 5:20) “Whosoever ‘drinketh’ of the ‘water’ that I shall give him shall never ‘thirst,’ but the ‘water’ that I shall give him shall be a ‘well’ of ‘water’ springing up into everlasting life.” (John 4:14.) “And he showed me a pure ‘river’ of ‘water’ of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the ‘throne’ of God and of the Lamb.” (Revelation 22:1.) “And let him that is ‘athirst’ come. And whosoever will, let him take the ‘water’ of life freely.”—Revelation 22:17.

The word ‘woman’ may signify a ‘church,’ good or bad, true or apostate, according to the character of the woman described. A prostitute would mean a church which had not loyally waited for Christ, her espoused Bridegroom, but had been guilty of the carnal, unhallowed union of a church with a government. Practice on these verses:

“I have ‘espoused’ you to one ‘husband,’ that I may present you as a chaste ‘virgin’ to Christ.” (2 Corinthians 11:2) “Rise up, ye ‘women’ that are at ease; hear my voice, ye careless

‘daughters.’” (Isaiah 32:9.) “And there appeared a great wonder in ‘heaven;’ a ‘woman’ clothed with the ‘sun,’ and the ‘moon’ under her ‘feet;’ and upon her ‘head’ a ‘crown’ of twelve ‘stars.’” (Revelation 12:1) “And the ‘earth’ helped the ‘woman.’” (Revelation 12:16.) “So he carried me away into the ‘wilderness;’ and I saw a ‘woman’ sit upon a ‘scarlet’ colored ‘beast’ full of names of blasphemy, having seven ‘heads’ and ten ‘horns.’” (Revelation 17:3) “And the ‘woman’ which thou sawest is that great ‘city’ (ecclesiasticism) which reigneth over the kings of the ‘earth.’” (Revelation 17:18) “I have a few things against thee, because thou sufferest that ‘woman Jezebel,’ which calleth herself a prophetess, to teach, and to ‘seduce’ my servants to commit ‘fornication’” (union of church and state.)—Revelation 2:20.

The foregoing are illustrations of hundreds of verses in the Bible, which have been well known to be metaphorical, but the meaning of whose symbolic words has not been clearly seen by all. Not all verses are symbolic, nor are all words; but many are, and these hidden passages are now giving up their meaning to the sincere thoughtful child of God.



In the Realm of Bookland

"America at War," edited by Albert Bushnell Hart.

The national security league is sponsor for a "handbook of patriotic education references" entitled "America at War," with a preface by James M. Beck. It is primarily a bibliography of war topics, and, as such, is reasonably comprehensive. But it also consists of extracts from significant documents, so that it is a collection of material as well as a key to the finding of material. Questions of peace and the league of nations are also treated. The book undoubtedly has some bias, containing, as it does, arguments for universal military service in this country, without giving representation to the arguments of those who oppose the adoption of the continental system as a permanent American policy. It may be doubted, too, whether James M. Beck is the best man to set forth the aims of non-imperialistic America. But Prof. Hart, in spite of this bias which would be natural in a book issued for the national security league, has done his work well, and the space devoted to the league of nations shows that he conceives of larger and more disinterested sanctions for the maintenance of an army than the ambition of militarists or commercial imperialists.

\$1.50 net. Doran.

"English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians." Cecil J. Sharp and Mrs. Olive Campbell.

The results of their experiences covering two years are incorporated in this book. The people among whom Mrs. Campbell and Mr. Sharp collected songs are, in a word, the mountain whites of the South—or, more specifically, of the district traversed by the Appalachian mountains in West Virginia, eastern Kentucky and Ten-

nessee, western Virginia and North Carolina, and northern Georgia and Alabama. Of all Americans of English race only these have preserved in tradition unbroken, though with many variations in texts and tunes, the folk-songs of their ancestors.

This region, as is generally known, is backward, and largely impervious to social progress, but the backwardness, thinks Mr. Sharp, who admittedly lays stress on the pleasanter traits of the people, has its compensations. Mr. Sharp's impression of the inhabitants are hardly less interesting than the songs, and, indeed, need to be taken into consideration by any one who studies the subject, as they help to explain the songs. Mr. Sharp, with a secretary and an agent of the Russell Sage foundation, visited towns of North Carolina, exploring the major portion of the Laurel country. They also spent some time at Rocky Fork, Tenn., and Charlottesville, Va. Mrs. Campbell has apparently traveled more widely. They have not yet exhausted the region. In fact, Mr. Sharp himself has not yet collected songs in Kentucky, and he tells us that he has yet to come upon a single feud.

From the evidence of the songs, the inhabitants of the Laurel country appeared to Mr. Sharp to be descendants of original settlers from England and the lowlands of Scotland.

\$3.50 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"American Journalism," by James Melvin Lee.

James Melvin Lee's "History of American Journalism," is believed to be the first attempt at a comprehensive account of the subject since Frederick Hudson, in 1873, issued his "Journalism in the United States." In the earlier chapters Mr. Lee is able,

through more or less extensive research, to correct many of the errors incorporated in Mr. Hudson's book and copied into a work on the "newspaper and periodical press," published by the United States government in 1880.

As a whole, Mr. Lee's method is, if one may say so, anecdotic. He has a keener "nose" for picturesque episodes than for historical connections, and his book, which is readable enough, is more a series of disjointed sketches than a history. The early part is the most thorough. One cannot but wish that Mr. Lee had left off his account at about the year 1890. What follows is extremely haphazard. He has chapters on certain phases of modern journalism and even reprints a paragraph from the Boston Transcript complimenting the Providence Journal on its zeal in detecting German plots, real or alleged, in this country. But in a history of American journalism, one would have preferred an account of the rise, development, influence and, finally, the changed intellectual standards of the Boston Transcript.

One will not look in vain in Mr. Lee's book for much entertaining information, and information about methods and policies that will interest the newspaper publisher or editor of to-day. But one will look in vain for much, for very much, that should go into a solid history of American journalism.

\$3.50 net. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

"In the Heart of a Fool." By William Allen White, author of "A Certain Rich Man."

It was nine years ago that "A Certain Rich Man" was published, and in all the time that has intervened, thousands of people who read that book have been looking for its successor. "In the Heart of a Fool" comes at last as the gratifying response to this long expressed demand.

The dominant theme of "In the Heart of a Fool" is suggested by its

title. It is primarily the story of a man, Thomas van Dorn, who says in his heart, "There is no God," and who sets himself up to take what he wants from society, with the complacent belief that he can take as much as he wants without impairing his powers or his personality. The scene of the novel is a Kansas town; its growth from the days of its settlement to the time that it is a flourishing industrial center is portrayed. In this town are many interesting people who figure in the story. Dr. Nesbit, a kindly, delightful, well-intentioned man, who nevertheless has his point of moral obtuseness on the side of politics; Mrs. Nesbit; their daughter, Laura; Margaret Muller; Amos Adams, an idealistic printer with a tendency to spiritualism; his wife; their son, Grant Adams, who inherits all of the idealism and part of the visionary quality of his parents—these are but a few of them. They are all alive, and the incidents in which they figure compose what is sure to be voted a notable addition to American fiction.

With frontispiece. \$1.60 net. The Macmillan Company, New York.

"Western Flower Guide," by Charles Francis Saunders.

Its text written with the pen of a scholar, its illustrations traced with the pencil and brush of a painstaking artist, the "Western Flower Guide" appears full of charm and instruction for all those interested in the life of the floral world. Many will be surprised to learn that the West contains such a wide variety of wild flowers and shrubbery, and interested to know that the medicinal shrubs of our vast territory are just coming into their own since present conditions demand the usage of all things efficacious in the countless hospitals of the day. That the great war could reach so far as to touch upon the simple wild vegetation of our Western shores seems almost impossible, yet beside the herbs, the native trees are being made use of. One tree in particular, the yucca, long

overlooked by the woodman, has proved itself of value, having been cut in great quantities during the past two years, its fibrous wood turned into splints and artificial limbs and forwarded to the war hospitals of Europe. The leaves of our mints, the bark of our cascara and quinine trees are among the many articles of easy transportation and of value over seas.

That the castor oil tree grows wild in the warmer sections of our State stands as a surety that the present planting of thousands of acres in the Sacramento Valley will terminate successfully. The oil from this forest of a single season will be turned over to the government for its motor use.

In addition to the valuable trees and herbs already mentioned, we have the wonderful amole for soap purposes, the cactus for use in the candy of today, and so on down the list. Much of the more valuable of our wild Western flora was brought into our State by the Franciscan friars, the plants being natives of Asia, Africa and Europe.

And so, like all wanderers upon the face of the earth they are returning home in the hour of need to lend their aid and comfort to those of their native land.

Published by Doubleday, Page & Company, New York.

"The Economic Basis of an Enduring Peace," by C. W. McFarland, C. E., ex-Vice-President American Economic Association.

This book will furnish the reader a new angle regarding a fair and enduring peace that is based on economics, rather than on territory and millions of indemnity wrenched from the conquered. It is a peace founded on economic divisions of mineral wealth. The world is practically industrialized, and nations now become strong as they get control of these natural resources. If these resources are within their own border, so much the better in strengthening their position. For instance, Germany now has an estimated supply of 409 billion tons of coal within her

boundaries; England has a supply of 189 billions; France 17 billions, and Belgium 11 billion tons. Germany is in a position to drive France to the wall in a commercial contest. Germany recognizes the strength of this position. Already she has seized the oil wells of Roumania, under the pretext of a ninety-nine year lease, thereby controlling the petroleum distribution in Europe, and reaching out for more mineral power. Only by a peace that will return to her sufficient coal lands for her manufactures can France survive in the forthcoming industrial struggle.

Says the author: "Let us not deceive ourselves. It is not common language, literature and traditions alone, nor yet clearly defined or strategic frontiers, that will in the future give stability to the boundary lines of Europe, but rather such distribution of its supplies of iron and coal as will prevent any one of the great nations of Europe from becoming strong enough to dominate or absorb all the others.

"Here, then, in giving to France an adequate supply of coal, we have the only possible way in which the old "balance of power" in Western Europe can be re-established." And he shows by proper distribution how Germany and the other nations may be apportioned their shares and thrive without warfare.

We quote: "In a word, no adjustment of the problem of Alsace-Lorraine is possible till Germany is absolutely beaten to her knees, and when that is accomplished there will be little additional difficulty in collecting a well earned indemnity for France in terms of the Western coal lands. Let us have no illusions about this matter, for unless Germany is thus forced to her knees so that a readjustment of these coal resources can be brought about, she will emerge triumphantly from this war, feeling assured that as the years pass by her 409 billion tons of coal ultimately will enable her to conquer all Europe."

George W. Jacobs Company, Philadelphia.

"On the Cross of Europe's Imperialism Armenia Crucified," by Dina Agabeg Apcar, author of "The Great Evil," "The Peace Problem," etc.

The Germano-Turco government has explained that the Armenian massacres and deportations (a scientific form of massacre) were a "military necessity," just as the German government has explained that the invasion of Belgium was a "military necessity." Ample elucidation and enlightenment have been given to the civilized world by Belgium's friends why the invasion of Belgium was a "military necessity," but Armenians having no friends in the sense that Belgians have, no elucidation and enlightenment have been given to the civilized world as to why the Armenian horrors became a "military necessity."

It is clear now, and has been clear for some time, that without the co-operation of the United States, Germany could not be defeated. It has been clear for a longer time that without the co-operation of the United States there can be no stable peace in Europe. Having entered actively into the war, and having now put aside or been compelled to put aside the old policy of non-interference in European affairs, "shall we not hope that the great American people will carry the work to a finish, and assume a protectorate over the autonomous Armenia?" The book is a strong appeal of an earnest and patriotic woman for the preservation of her country. She tells the truth about the awful and woeful exploitation and devastation of her native land by the Germans and the Turks.

Diana Agabeg Apcar, Yokohama, Japan.

"A History of the Christian Church," by Williston Walker.

The difficult task of writing a history of the Christian church in one volume has been accomplished with considerable success by the professor of ecclesiastical history in Yale University. The work discloses a fresh point of view, and differs with many

of the older church histories in its conclusions. There is no trace of sectarianism in it. The author may be disposed to treat most fully the subjects that appeal to him, but for the most part he discloses individuality without capriciousness. He dislikes Luther. He admires Calvin. But these predilections do not detract from the solid merit of the work.

In treating of the apostolic age, Dr. Walker asserts that the high sacramental ideas now taught in the Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches were the beliefs of St. Paul and the church of his day. J. Estlin Carpenter's volume throws light on this phrase of sacramentalism. He finds them also in the gospel of St. John. As to church polity, he thinks episcopacy was established by the end of the apostolic age as the undisputed method of ordering the church. Dr. Walker does not think it was of divine appointment, but that it grew up and justified itself as the best method of government. He acknowledges that it is more primitive than either the theory of the papacy or pure congregationalism. The author follows the German historians in estimating the influence of Greek ideas and thoughts on the early church.

Price \$3. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

"Modern Civic Arts," by Charles Mulford Robinson.

General principles which all progressive minded citizens need to know are stated with attractiveness and cogency by the late Charles Mulford Robinson in a fourth edition. The work is less plentifully supplied with detailed plans and diagrams than one or two other books by this eminent "town-planner," but it performs the very useful task of demonstrating what ought to be done in laying out and beautifying the modern city. It is a book of large instructiveness, and of sufficiently "practical" temper to win the attention of "practical men"—if, indeed, there are any such now remaining who do not see how essential it is for the future wel-

fare of the country that towns and cities should be planned with the full consideration for the health, convenience and mental comfort of the people.

One might complain that the opening chapter, "A New Day for Cities," contains a surplus of generalities, to which too few concrete examples are attached, but surely an artist of wide and practical vision has a right to state the faith that is in him. The book, as a whole, while more concerned with principles than examples, does not lack reasonable concreteness. For the most part, the reasoning is so clear, shows such grasp of needs and possibilities, and is so tempered with good sense that the reader enters into the mind of the author and appreciates the soundness of his point of view.

\$3 net. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

"The Little Red School House," by
Amanda B. Hall.

This story of an Irish-American family by the name of Haggin is as tonic and refreshing to the reader as a salt sea breeze in July. Sundown Peter, lovable, but wholly irresponsible; Daphne Haggin, the dreamer, whose little bark of idealism is almost wrecked; Andrew Pritchard, strong and resourceful, even if a little crude compared to the white suited, artistic "Win;" Bridget Harrigan, with a heart as big as her body, who lords it over the Haggin youngsters with an iron hand—all enter into this clean, sweet and wholesome story, and it is with real enjoyment that one wanders through the fields of clover and purple asters.

\$1.35 net. Colored frontispiece and three wash drawings. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. \$3 net. Scribner's, New York.

"The High Cost of Living," by Frederic C. Howe.

Frederic C. Howe, like other believers in State socialism, is more acute in seeing evils than in creating reason-

ably safe remedies. But a book like "The High Cost of Living," while it contains some misstatements, is useful just because it presents an analysis which is reliable up to a certain point and must therefore be in the mind of the constructive statesman. Mr. Howe holds, in brief, that high costs are due to our system of land tenure and to profiteering in distribution. "There is a submarine zone about the western farmer which costs our people hundreds of millions annually," he says. "This submarine zone is in all respects like the zone which surrounds the cattle raiser, the egg and poultry man, the truckman and the dairyman of the Eastern cities. These agencies include the railroads, the warehouses, the terminals, the slaughter houses, and the banks." Mr. Howe estimates that in 1915, when this country produced 1,100,000,000 bushels of wheat, the consumers paid 40 cents on the bushel in speculative prices to the grain gamblers, or \$440,000,000.

Mr. Howe assails the chambers of commerce of western cities. Testimony before the committee on rules of the House of Representatives during the 63d Congress showed that "the Minneapolis chamber of commerce is a private and secret organization like a club. It is managed by a small group of men closely identified through interlocking directors with the banks, railroads and public utility corporations. The producers of grain are not admitted at all." If this is true, it is no wonder that North Dakota has a non-partisan league, and that it is being assailed now on the ground that it is a "pacifist" organization by people who are hostile.

\$1.50 net. Scribner, New York.

"Representative Plays by American Dramatists," edited by Montrose J. Moses.

The first volume of "Representative Plays by American Dramatists" covers the years from 1765 to 1819. It contains plays in prose and verse on historical subjects and two comedies,

"The Contrast," by Royall Tyler, commonly held to be the "first American play," by which is meant the first play written by a citizen of the United States of America, and "The Politician Outwitted," the work of an ardent antifederalist, named Samuel Low, who was opposed to the ratification of the federal constitution. It also contains "The Group," a satirical farce, written by that zealous patriot, Mrs. Mercy Warren, whom John Adams afterward described playfully as "the historical, philosophical, poetical and satirical consort of the then colonel, since Gen. James Warren of Plymouth, sister of the great but forgotten James Otis." Mrs. Warren's skit was written to satirize the British loyalists in Boston and did so unsparingly.

Mr. Moses has done a useful service in making accessible these examples of the earliest American plays. The comedies and Mrs. Warren's skit can be read to-day with pleasure as well as historical interest. The historical dramas and tragedies, which on the whole are less interesting to read but have value for the student, are as follows: "The Prince of Parthia," by Thomas Godfrey, Jr.; "Ponteach, or The Savages of America," by Robert Rogers; "The Battle of Bunker's Hill," by Hugh Henry Brackenridge; "The Fall of American Tyranny, or American Liberty," by John Leacock; "Andre," by William Dunlap; "The Indian Princess, or La Belle Sauvage," by J. N. Barker, and "She Would Be a Soldier, or The Plains of Chippewa," by M. M. Noah.

Price, \$3.00. Dutton, publisher.

"A Rumanian Diary, 1915-1917," by Lady Kennard.

Rumania is so far away from the other battle fronts, which have been

so much more closely watched by the non-combatant, that the casual reader who has but little knowledge of how things went on in that little kingdom will find in this book by Lady Kennard much he has wanted to know. Lady Kennard went to Rumania in the fall of 1915, and her diary records the attitude of the people of the country during those months when, sympathizing almost wholly with the entente, they yet managed to remain neutral.

A land of corn and oil is Lady Kennard's verdict on Rumania. It was the lack of other things that played such a large part in the upset suffered by the Rumanian army after their brilliant first attacks. With no factories turning out ammunition, dependent for almost everything upon supplies brought by train over an independable route, it is little wonder that the small nation knew a fear that is foreign to the big countries engaged in the struggle. After Rumania's entry into the war there was only a single line into Russia; everything else was cut off, and over this line had to come all hospital supplies, food and other necessities, which in consequence were often sadly lacking. And the destruction of the oil fields and machinery, which meant so much to the allies, only added to the misery of the Rumanian peasant, who entered the war without actually knowing why.

After the Rumanian reverses, Lady Kennard and thousands of others became refugees, flying to Jassy, where living conditions for a time were almost intolerable. But there was nowhere else to go. Only the Russian borders miles away could offer more safety, and there was too much to be done for the relief of the soldiers to make it possible to desert them for Russia.

Price, \$1.25. Dodd, Mead & Co.

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